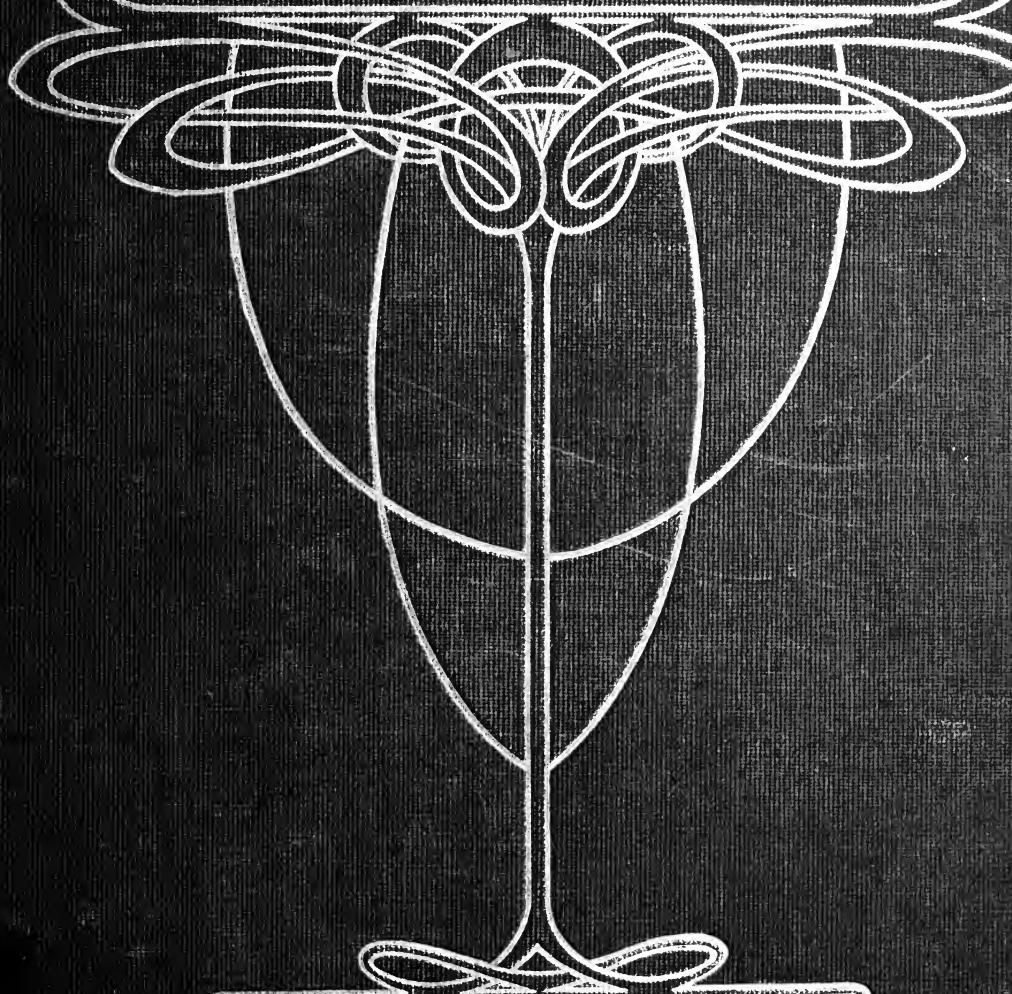


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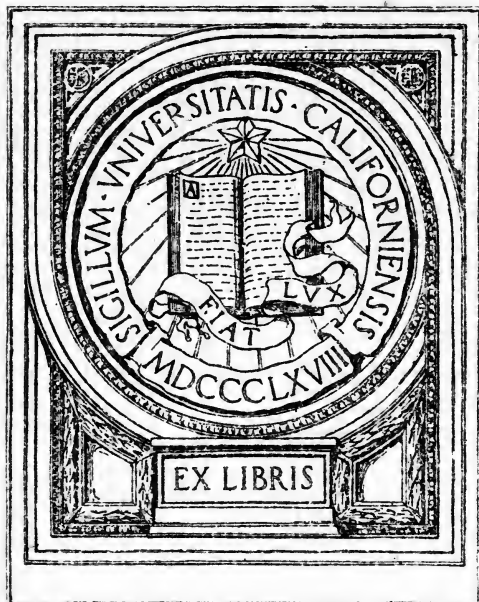
LYRIC ECHOES



BY
RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

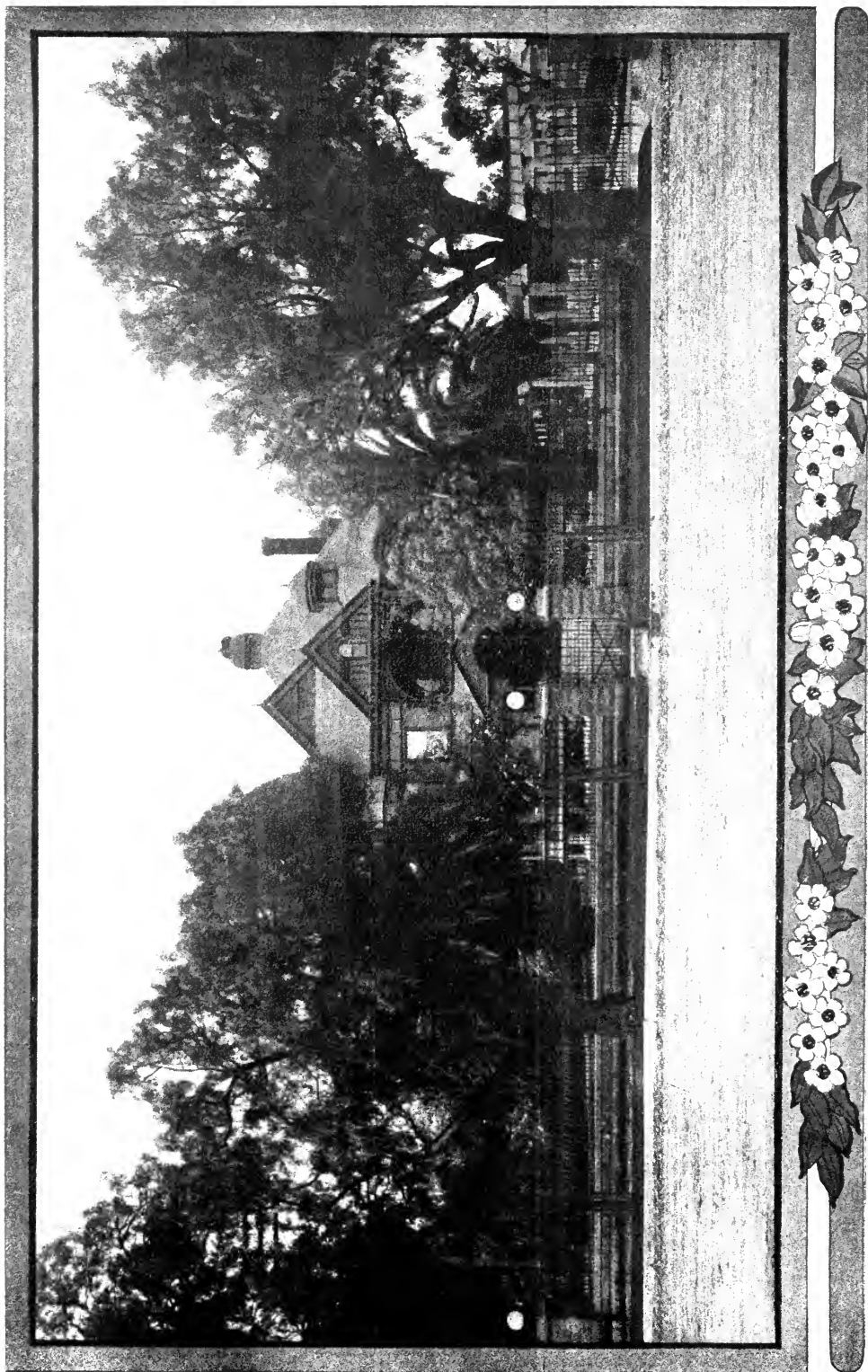
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HOME OF RUSSELL J. WATERS

LYRIC ECHOES

BY

RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

AUTHOR OF

LEGEND OF TAUQUITZ, PETER DUNDERHEAD PAPERS,
A MAN FOR BREAKFAST, A PIONEER WOMAN,
THE DUDE'S HUNT, ETC.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Los Angeles, California

1907

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ABSTRACT

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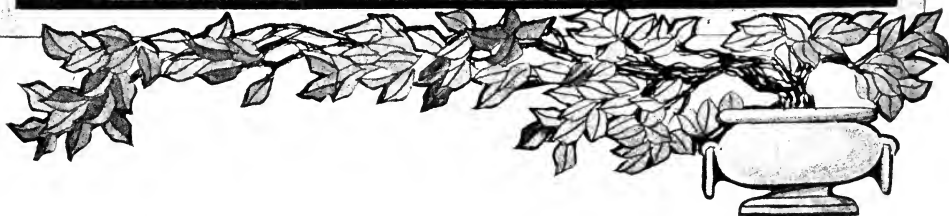
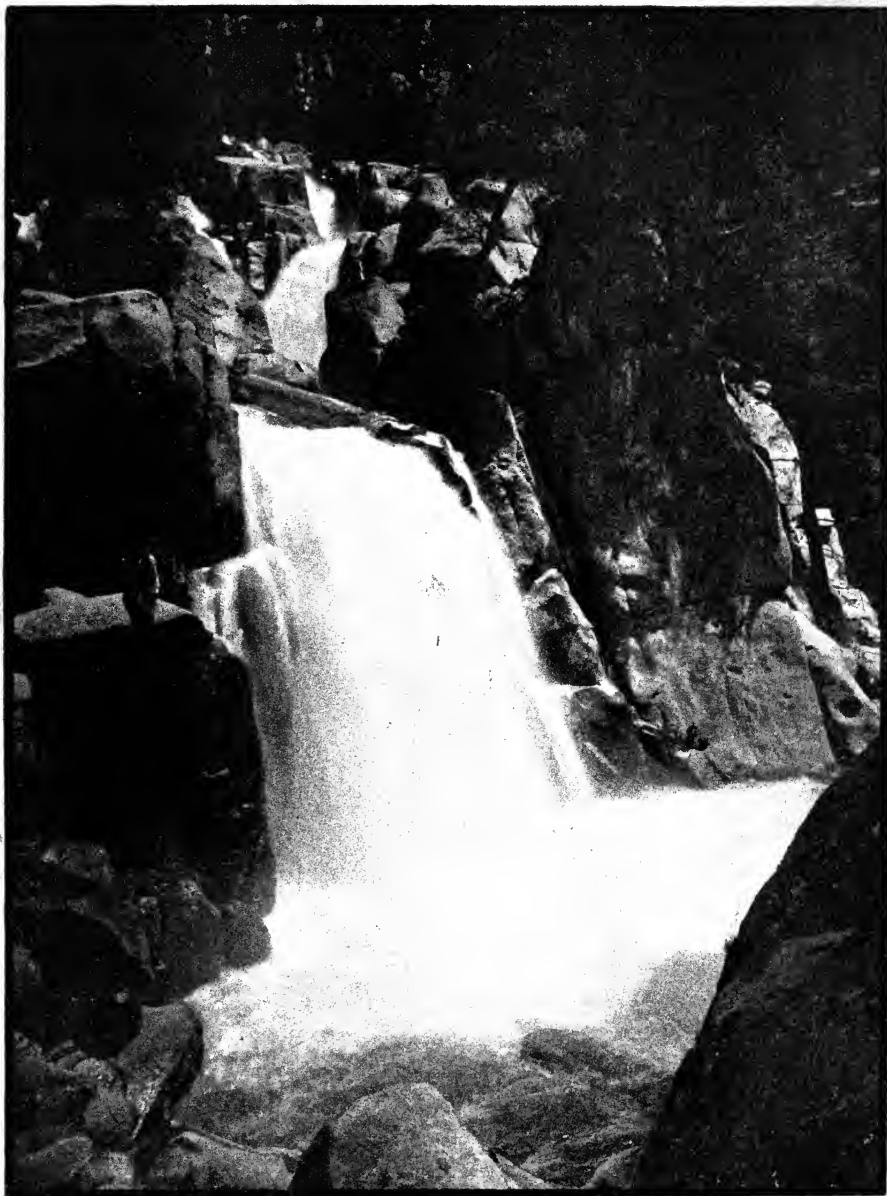
Preface

This volume—"Lyric Echoes"—was written in odd moments snatched from a busy and strenuous life during the past two years.

To me, the time spent in the composition of these Poems has been such a change from the arduous duties of business, with all its cares and burdens, that the mental diversion and consequent rest has been a blessing for which I am truly grateful.

This book is hereby lovingly dedicated to my dear children, in the hope that it may sometime while away an idle moment and carry with it the blessing of a loving father.

Los Angeles, California,
January 1st, 1907.



Dashing and splashing white with foam
It roars and tumbles wild and free;
Over the rocks it hurries home
Through woods and forests to the sea.



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RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

70 1941
AUGUST 10



Greeting

'Tis pleasant to meet on the threshold of life
Our friends to be, as our journey begins,
The pleasure of greeting when joy is rife
Enhanced by friendship, thus happiness wins.

Life marks our progress, there is no ending
What seeming as such transition enfolds
In every fiber our soul is blending
And striving for joy that the future holds.

Accept this greeting, our hands now clasping
We'll travel together on life's stony road
Only youth on earth, our thoughts now grasping
May brighten the way, and lighten our load.

Then let this greeting all true hearts rejoice,
All musical souls in harmony sing;
Let the song of friendship attune our voice
Till the ending of time full harmony bring.



Sylvan Echoes.

When earth and sky and sea were framed,
And sun and moon and stars were born,
When order out of chaos came
And darkest night gave place to morn—

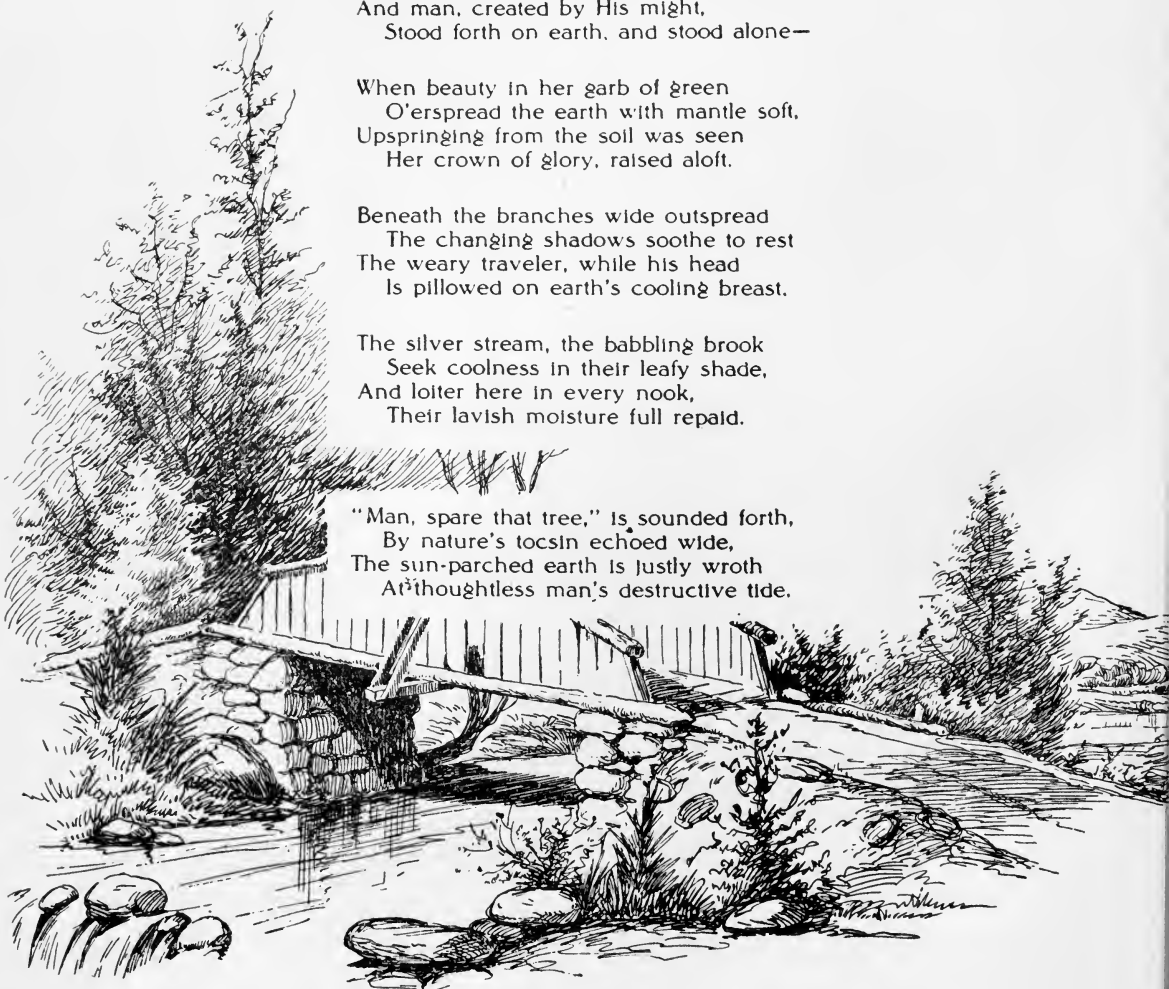
When God first said, "Let there be light,"
And sun's bright rays refulgent shone,
And man, created by His might,
Stood forth on earth, and stood alone—

When beauty in her garb of green
O'erspread the earth with mantle soft,
Upspringing from the soil was seen
Her crown of glory, raised aloft.

Beneath the branches wide outspread
The changing shadows soothe to rest
The weary traveler, while his head
Is pillowed on earth's cooling breast.

The silver stream, the babbling brook
Seek coolness in their leafy shade,
And loiter here in every nook,
Their lavish moisture full repaid.

"Man, spare that tree," is sounded forth,
By nature's tocsin echoed wide,
The sun-parched earth is justly wroth
At thoughtless man's destructive tide.



As well might we in truth expect
To make our honey with no bees,
As fruits or flowers to protect
Without the shadow of our trees.

Or children without laughter born,
And song birds with no songs to sing,
Nor misty eye, or dewy morn,
Without the shade that forests bring.

Let us replace what now is gone
Or plant the shade that ne'er was here,
Rejoicing in our work well done
With faith and hope and conscience clear.

All hail to those the thought to give
One day a year a tree to add,
Till lofty forests around us live
Whose use and beauty make us glad.

All hail, then, to our "Arbor Day!"
The harbinger of brighter morn,
When earth stands forth in full array
With stately forests to adorn.



The Simple Life.

The whispering of the summer breeze
With lightsome trill of meadowlark,
The shimmering leaves of forest trees
And murmuring brook so green and dark,
On mountain heights with light and shade
'Neath sunlit crags deep marked with strife,
In song of birds of wood and glade—
These are the joys of simple life.

Could we but live in sunny calm,
And thus relax our social ties,
Could we find rest in nature's balm
'And thoughts sublime help us to rise,
Could sunlit skies our souls uplift
With babbling brooks to calm our strife,
Thus with all nature we could drift
Through happy days of simple life.

Not all the love for hoarded wealth,
Nor all the power that gold could bring,
Not social life with waste of health,
Nor happiness from these could spring,
No glittering gems do us adorn,
Nor want of place in us is rife
But close to nature we were born
To this we owe our simple life.

In sunshine and in shade we rest,
Breathing from nature and her joys,
Serene in thought we live our best,
Abjuring man and all his toys.
Then we journey nothing daunted
Towards that bourne which has no strife
Calm and restful, nothing wanted
We live today our simple life.



THE
SUNNY
SIDE



Deep in the shade of sylvan park
I saunter musing, at midday,
Beneath its leaves so cool and dark
My thoughts have wandered far away.

TO THE
AMERICAN

Summer's Invocation.

Earth, transcendent in her beauty,
Charms us forth from every duty,
Sunlit skies and summer haze
Bring to us such happy days.

Minstrels sang of pomp and splendor,
Wealth that strength and force could render
But to me there's nothing seen
Equal to earth's emerald green.

Leaves with gold and green resplendent
Shimmering on the trees dependent,
Cooling shadows from whose wealth
Nature brings to us our health.

Sunny nooks with glades and grasses
Swarm with joyous lads and lasses,
Till their laughter fills the air—
Glorious youth, so bright and fair.

Feathered songsters fill with gladness,
Driving out all thoughts of sadness,
With their notes of joy and love
Gathering shadows from above.

The sleepy droning of the bees,
Beneath the shadows of the trees,
Birds in flight to their repose
Proclaim that day is near its close.

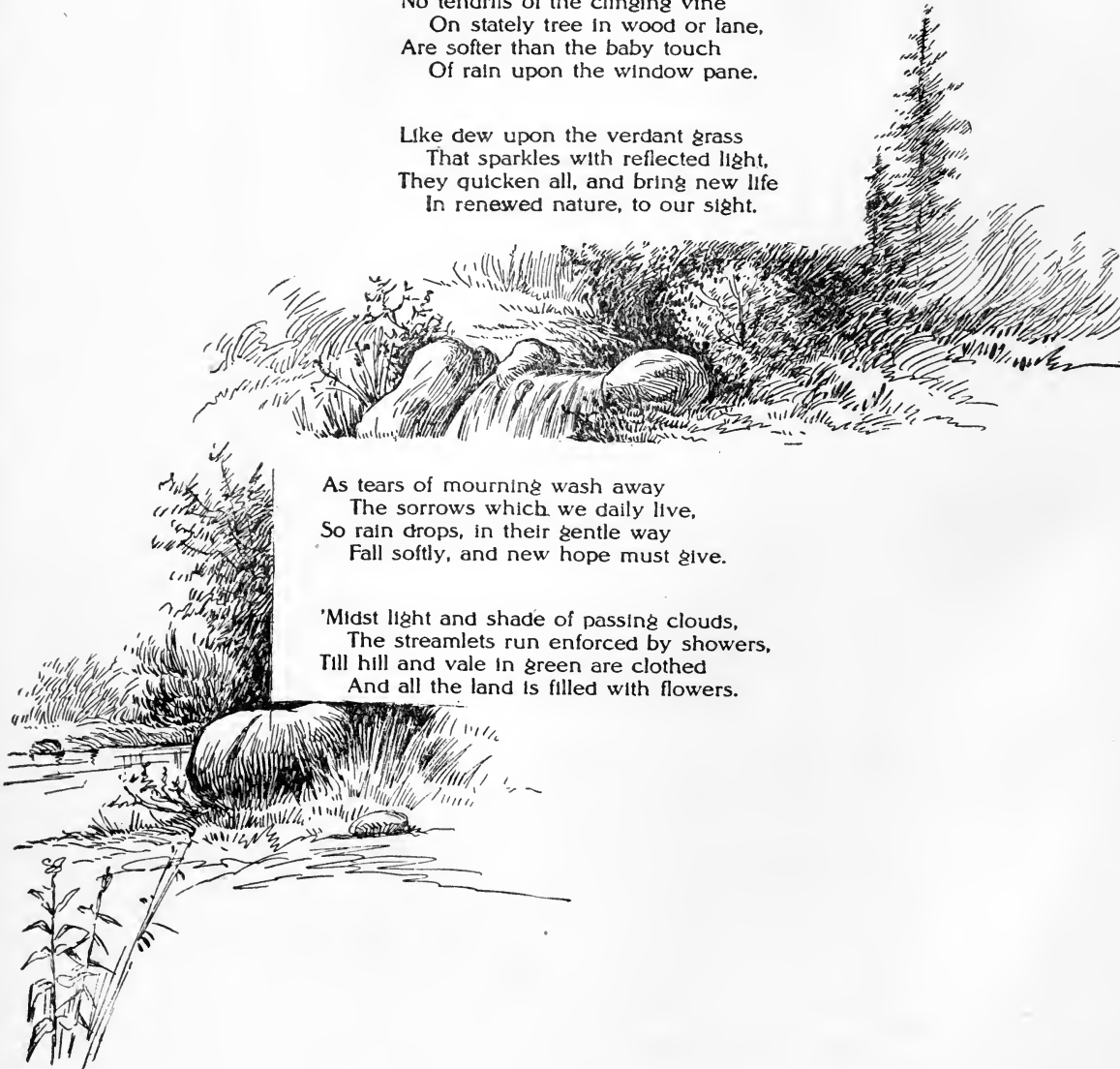
Comes the night, so calm and restful,
With its sleep so sound and peaceful,
Till the early morning ray
Brings to us another day.



Nature's Tears.

No tendrils of the clinging vine
On stately tree in wood or lane,
Are softer than the baby touch
Of rain upon the window pane.

Like dew upon the verdant grass
That sparkles with reflected light,
They quicken all, and bring new life
In renewed nature, to our sight.



As tears of mourning wash away
The sorrows which we daily live,
So rain drops, in their gentle way
Fall softly, and new hope must give.

'Midst light and shade of passing clouds,
The streamlets run enforced by showers,
Till hill and vale in green are clothed
And all the land is filled with flowers.

THE
MOUNTAIN
SHEPHERD



In canyon deep with sombre hue—
Winding its merry way along—
A streamlet flashes into view,
Joining its voice with birds of song.

This streamlet on its journey goes;
Through meadows and fields it winds its way,
Refreshing life where'er it flows;
Making flowers so bright and gay.

Figure 1 shows a 3D schematic diagram of a rectangular box with dimensions L , W , and H . The box is divided into two horizontal layers. The top layer is labeled "Top layer" and contains a grid of small circles representing particles. The bottom layer is labeled "Bottom layer" and contains a grid of small circles representing particles. The top layer is shaded with a light gray color, and the bottom layer is shaded with a darker gray color. The top layer is labeled "Top layer" and the bottom layer is labeled "Bottom layer".

To El Paso.

Birds of passage through this country,
Fathom not thy future fate,
Like thy state within the nation,
Thou art destined to be great.

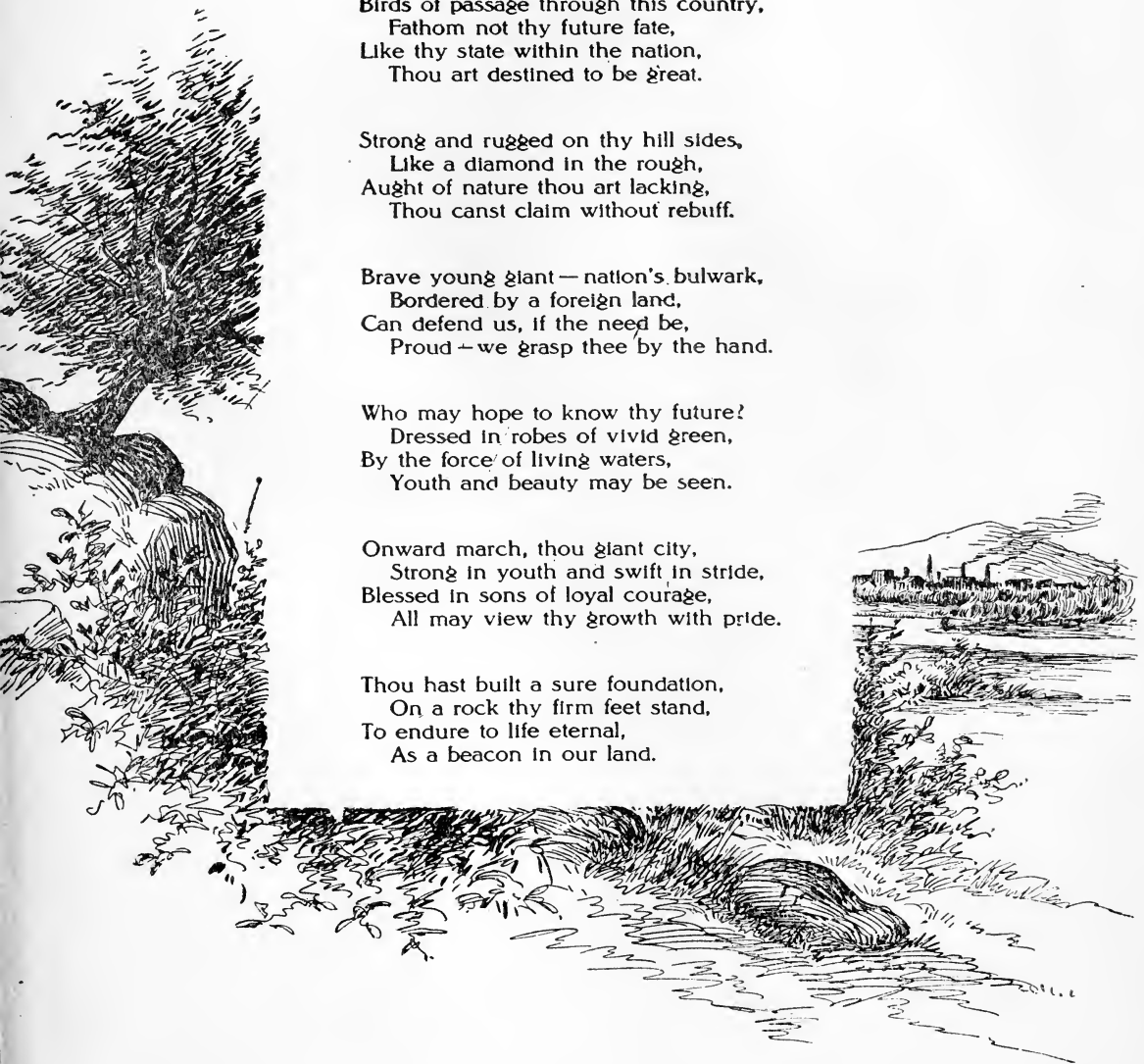
Strong and rugged on thy hill sides,
Like a diamond in the rough,
Aught of nature thou art lacking,
Thou canst claim without rebuff.

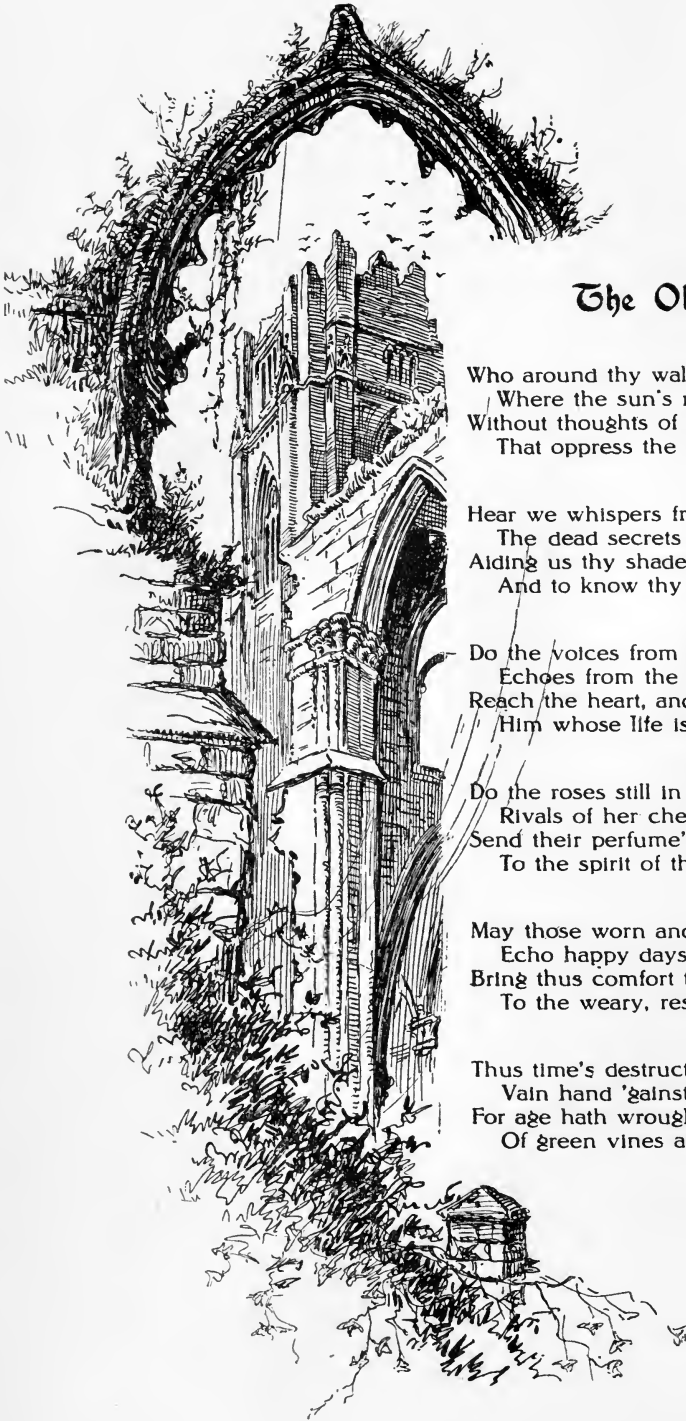
Brave young giant — nation's bulwark,
Bordered by a foreign land,
Can defend us, if the need be,
Proud — we grasp thee by the hand.

Who may hope to know thy future?
Dressed in robes of vivid green,
By the force of living waters,
Youth and beauty may be seen.

Onward march, thou giant city,
Strong in youth and swift in stride,
Blessed in sons of loyal courage,
All may view thy growth with pride.

Thou hast built a sure foundation,
On a rock thy firm feet stand,
To endure to life eternal,
As a beacon in our land.





The Old Ruin.

Who around thy walls can linger
Where the sun's rays eastward dart
Without thoughts of deeper sadness
That oppress the fondest heart?

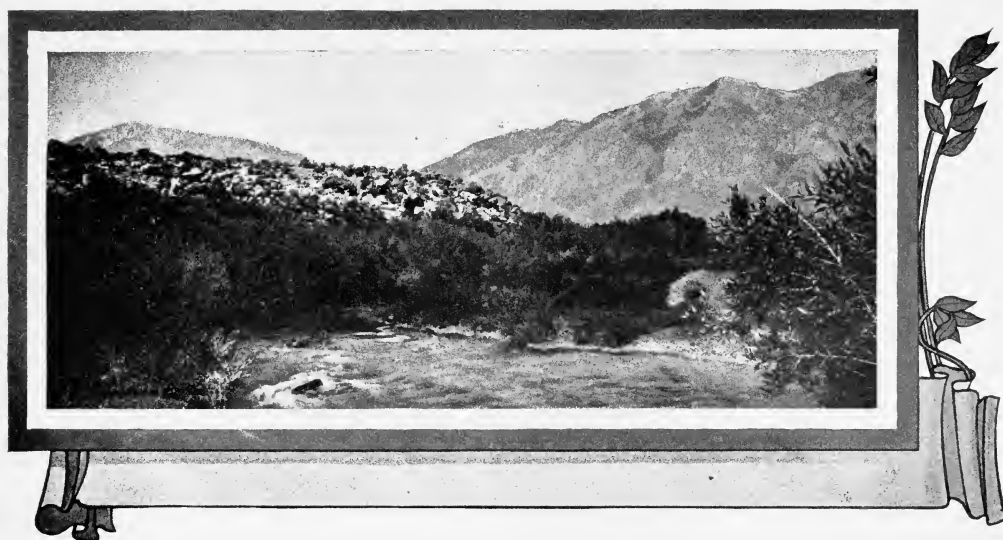
Hear we whispers from 'thy ruins
The dead secrets of its past,
Aiding us thy shade to ponder
And to know thy tale at last?

Do the voices from thy portals,
Echoes from the days gone by,
Reach the heart, and drive to madness
Him whose life is but a sigh?

Do the roses still in blooming,
Rivals of her cheeks so red,
Send their perfume's incense heavenward
To the spirit of the dead?

May those worn and broken columns
Echo happy days long past,
Bring thus comfort to the living,
To the weary, rest at last.

Thus time's destructive tide hath laid
Vain hand 'gainst this stately pile,
For age hath wrought a healing growth
Of green vines and flowers that smile.



Fountain of hope, our desert land
Bids thee welcome to this shore,
Thy limpid waters cool and grand
Refresh our waste forever more.

Maiden Memories.

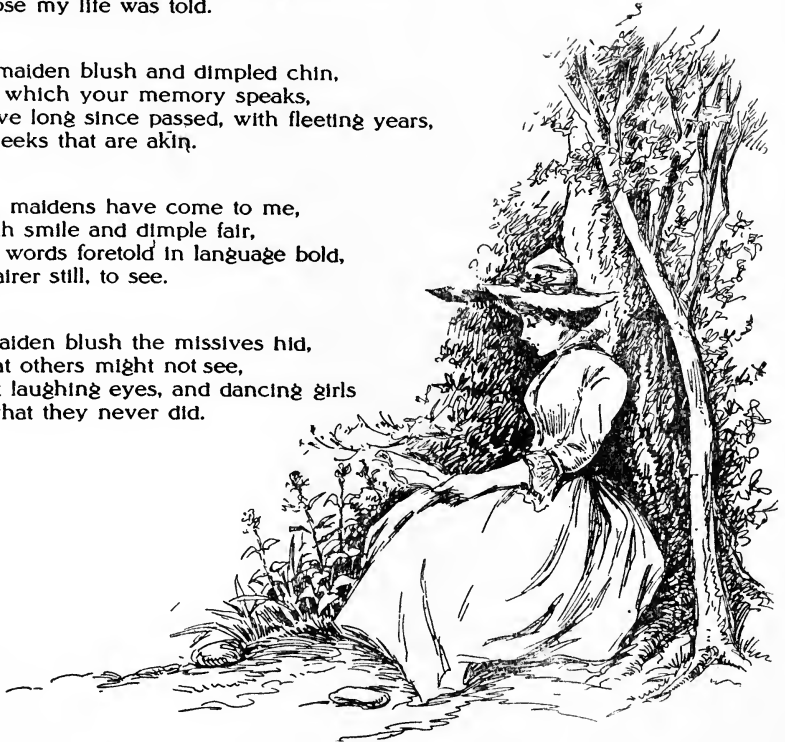
Why ask such pointed questions, mate,
Of one who was your friend,
Have you not learned in joyous phrase
What was and is my fate?

Those letters large from "him" so bold,
By me so highly prized,
No seer was sought, no questions asked,
In those my life was told.

That maiden blush and dimpled chin,
Of which your memory speaks,
Have long since passed, with fleeting years,
To cheeks that are akin.

Other maidens have come to me,
With smile and dimple fair,
No words foretold in language bold,
Yet, fairer still, to see.

My maiden blush the missives hid,
That others might not see,
But laughing eyes, and dancing girls
Tell what they never did.



The Dude.

Can you think who he can be
This man alive?
This young scion of our tree
Just twenty-five?

We have known him long and well
Him we admire,
His acquaintance as a swell
We much desire.

With sweet sound he does entrance
Maidens so fair,
Those he loves best in the dance
Have dark brown hair.

With their Belgian tresses straight
Hung down their backs
He plays coyly with their fate
Then gives the sack.

Tears and sighs do not avail
He loves his pipe,
For tears, sighs, and faces pale,
He wants no type.

Could he think as others do,
Of damsels fair
He might have another zoo
Of damsel's hair.



THE
TROPICAL
LANDS
OF
THE
EAST



Thy feathery verdure delicate and light
In tropical lands greets ever our sight.

ALPHABET

The Old Maid.

Say it not in Gath or Gaul,
What they think is many years
It has worn my hair away
And increased my baldhead fears.

My blond locks are growing gray
As the dawn of early morn,
Soon I fear they'll be so white,
My head will with snow adorn.

Girlhood days are sweet in thought,
Their return I daily pine:
It is mournful to reflect
That I'm just past forty-nine.

Oh could I with Aladdin's lamp,
Bring back youth and all the boys,
It would seem a heavenly boon
With love and hope and all its joys.

Say it not in Gath or Gaul,
Where its echoes sound so bold,
But I must confess to you,
That I feel I'm getting old.



The Musician.

Busy player
With the horn
Greatest blower
Ever born.

Cheeks distended
With hot air
Tones are blended.
With his hair.

Says he has not
A dead cinch
Must blow a horn
With a pinch.

Waiting people
In amaze
Listen to it
With a craze.

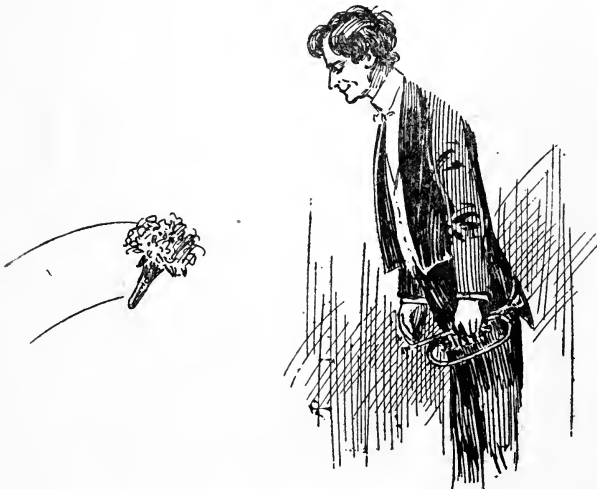
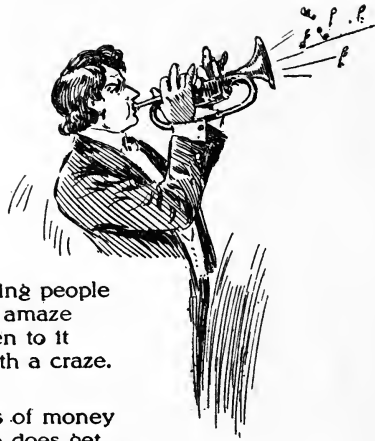
Piles of money
He does get
Makes the ladies
On him bet.

Happy blower
With his horn
Makes him glad
That he was born.

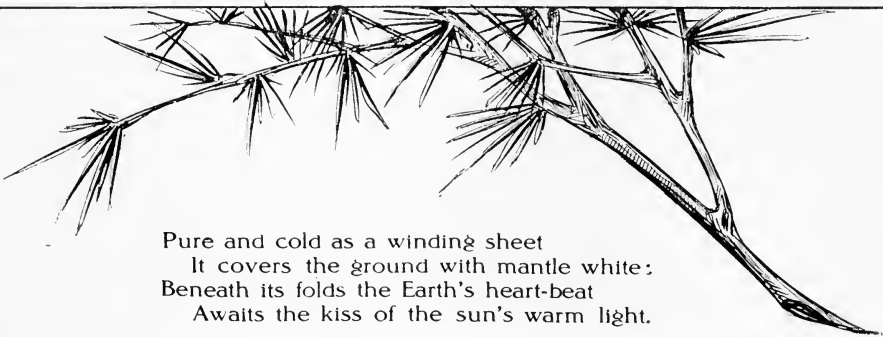
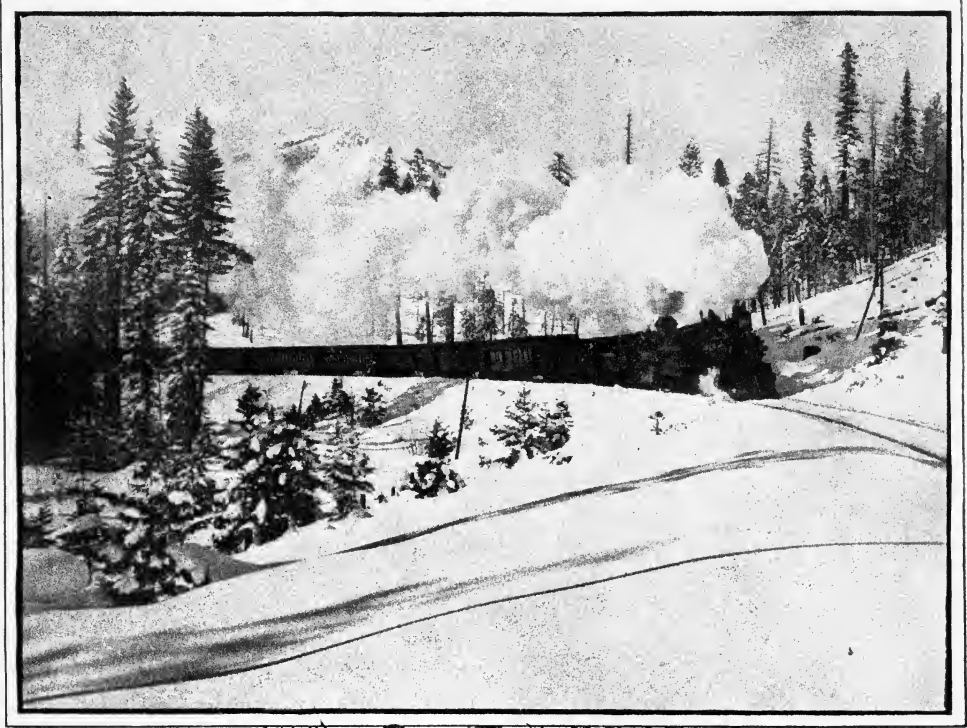
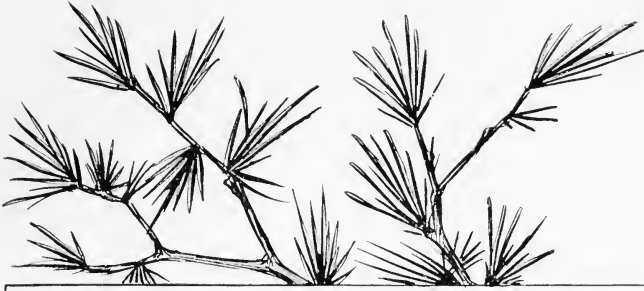
Asks the public
To hear him
Busy people
Laugh and jeer him.

Plods along
His weary way
Dotes on music
That don't pay.

Made a killing
With his horn
The public glad
That he was born.



WINTER
SONG



Pure and cold as a winding sheet
It covers the ground with mantle white;
Beneath its folds the Earth's heart-beat
Awaits the kiss of the sun's warm light.

Our Traveler.

Dedicated to Mabel Knowlton Waters

I have journeyed far and wide,
On land so brave and free
From ocean to ocean side,
It was my lot to be.

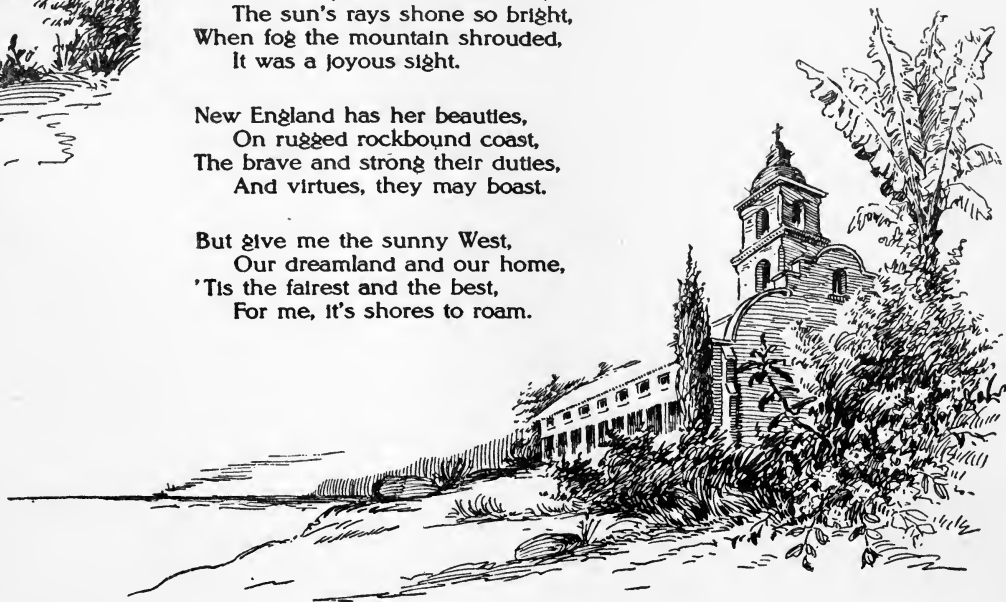
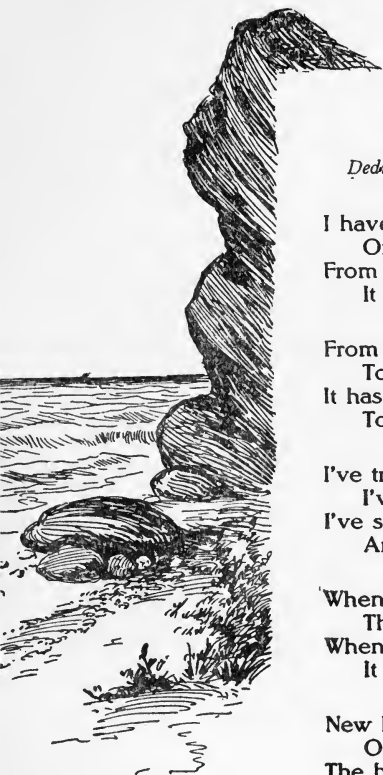
From the great Pacific Ocean,
To Atlantic's angry crest,
It has been my daily portion,
To enjoy and view the best.

I've traveled in the gloaming,
I've traveled in the light,
I've seen the billows foaming,
And the desert glow at night.

When the sky was over clouded,
The sun's rays shone so bright,
When fog the mountain shrouded,
It was a joyous sight.

New England has her beauties,
On rugged rockbound coast,
The brave and strong their duties,
And virtues, they may boast.

But give me the sunny West,
Our dreamland and our home,
'Tis the fairest and the best,
For me, it's shores to roam.



Naughty Fives

Of all the lads and lassies
Who have walked these Norwood floors
We rival former classes
In our passage through these doors.

As we pass within the whirl
Of the town's resplendent glare,
We expect, both boy and girl,
To increase the good folk's stare.

If we meet with sage or bard
In our journey through the Earth
We will crowd their honors hard,
And contract their mental girth.

There are others better read,
(If you don't care what you say)
But we'll pass them by a head,
As we travel on our way.

We know we'll have some trouble
For the world will envious be,
We'll beat them more than double,
Just watch us, and you'll see.

There's Enoch, Leslie and Jack,
Three of a kind in the play,
Daniel and Alex in the pack,
Good hand to draw to, you'll say.



Our girls: to name so many,
It is hardly worth a smile,
I'll bet a pretty penny
They'll change them after a while.

By some name where they may be,
In the North, South, East or West,
There'll be no trouble to see
That they are the very best.

Why it's thus — Miss Moore we've had,
That's what's the matter with us.
She held us taut, but we're glad,
Because we now stand E plus.

Mr. Fosdick, a man of note,
The head of our school, you see,
In teaching us how to vote
When we some older shall be.

We know much by hook or crook
Which we have absorbed this year,
What we don't would fill a book
So large t'would throw a steer.

Thanks to teachers all so kind,
Your help we cannot repay,
Grateful thoughts we'll have in mind,
Loving praise shall be our lay.



Mabel

Who's the girl who thinks she's some
And does often beat the drum,
Who's gray eyes and hair that's dark
Leads us often on a lark?

Can you tell?

Who's the girl that parlez-vous
And so French with high heel shoes,
That she's always half in France
And does lead us such a dance?

Is she Belle?

Hablais usted espanol
With her heart and all her soul
Till the Spanish all do cry
"She's a beauty! Oh, my eye!"

Is it well?

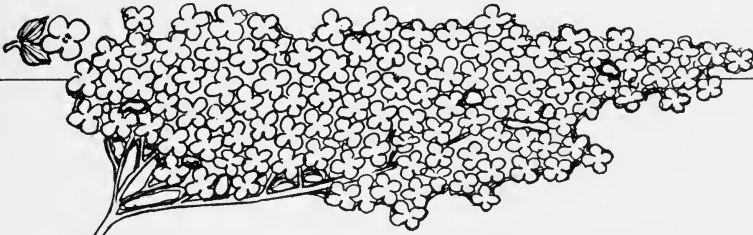
To what church does she belong
And each Sunday sings her song
From her book she holds so high
As the preacher's new necktie?

Can you tell?

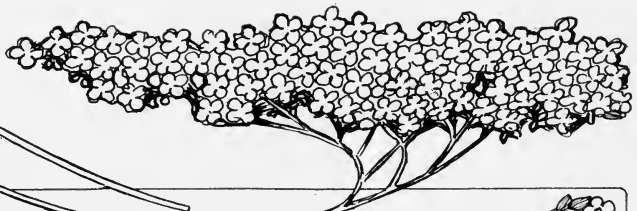
Who's the lady that's so swell,
With the dude she is the belle
Who with every man is "it"
And all other girls are "nit"?

It's Mabel.





The murmuring brooklet winds along
Twixt banks of beauty seen
It sings its lone but merry song
Through meadows bright and green.



TO: FIRST
ABSTRACT

Grandma

Sitting in the old arm-chair,
Dreaming of the days gone by,
Age has sprinkled white her hair,
Listen, do we hear a sigh?
Does she regret?

Memories take her back, once more
Prattling voices fill the air;
Only these she has in store;
All are gone, the young, the fair,
Can she forget?

By her side a manly form
Stood erect and fair to see;
From her life he's long since gone
In this world no more to be.
Does she regret?

Children came to bless their hearts,
Youth and beauty all around,
Mirth and sunshine played their parts,
Life and joy in every sound.
Can she forget?

Life began as bright for her
As the young and blithe today;
On her page of life no blur,
Joyful as a morn in May.
Does she regret?

Piercing through the clouds above,
Hope is beckoning from afar,
Voices clear in tones of love
Call her to the gates ajar.
Can she forget?



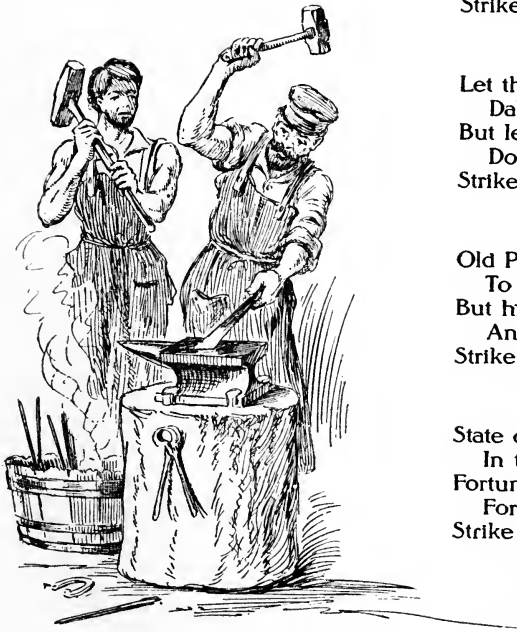
Strike While the Iron's Hot

Strike now while the iron's hot,
Be your motto, as it may,
Do it now or do it not
In the safe and surest way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Let the idler and the drone
Dally with the thief of time,
But let you, if you alone,
Do the work that's in your line.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Old Procrastination stands
To prevent your sawing wood,
But his fish he seldom lands
And his work is never good.
Strike while the iron's hot.

State occasions seldom come,
In this grim old world of ours,
Fortune's luck will wait for none,
For this life's no bed of flowers.
Strike while the iron's hot.



Make your way with push and zest,
Doing manly work today,
What is done is the true test
Of your power on your way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Nature's work goes on apace,
In her sphere there's no delay,
Time is "essence" in the race,
With no faltering by the way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wait not for the morrow's sun,
Do the work that's due today,
Having both your work and fun,
Neither one will brook delay.
Strike while the iron's hot.





Auf Wiedersehen

Hope's brightest rays illume our pathway,
The spring of youth o'erflows with pleasure
Beckoning us on with illusions rare,
Its font of joy our greatest treasure.
With cheerful cadence in life's bright morn
We meet and part, in naught regretting,
In voice harmonious and tuneful sound
Cheerfully echoes our daily parting—
Auf Wiedersehen.

Life's meridian, too, soon is reached,
Our fond hopes are still creation's joy,
Clouds and sunshine together mingle,
No happiness comes without alloy.
Ambition's summit we leave behind
Less brightly shining upon our heart,
The flickering rays of joys thus past
In fast fading light we crying part—
Auf Wiedersehen.

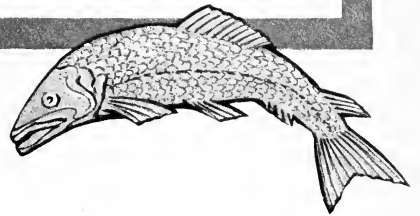
The shades of evening o'ercast our lives
In sombre hues and shadows lessening,
We turn our eyes toward heavenward light
And seek anew the longed-for blessing.
With hopeful gaze intent is fixed
Our sight upon that beauteous star
And voices attuned in accents high
Triumphant calling both wide and far—
Auf Wiedersehen.



THE
LAKESIDE
COTTAGE



Lake and wood so restful here,
On thy banks we have no fear,
Neath thy shade replete with health
Gain we thus what's more than wealth.





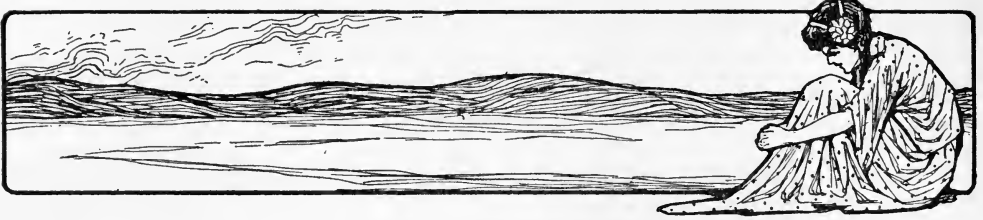
Sail On Together

In voy'ging on life's ocean wave
O'er peaceful vale or stormy sea,
Returning to the One who gave
Our barque, to bring back you and me,
We sail together.

Needing something on our voyage,
Something wanting in days gone by,
Each the other to encourage,
Finding, holding, that loving tie,
We sail together.

Heart to heart, trusting thoughts confide,
Hand in hand, working as of yore,
Never leaving the other's side,
Traveling towards that golden shore,
We sail together,

When at last our journey's ended,
And together we reach that land,
Ours with other voices blended,
Joining the chorus of that band,
Sail on forever.



Alone

Alone! We hear the word
And shudder at the thought
Of saddening stress that brings
Our lives 'gainst that we fought.

Is there a soul so dark
In life's terrestrial way
No human voice can reach
One chord, one brightening ray?

What is in life, well worth
If not a word, a sigh,
A touch of kindred love
Before we say— Good bye?

Is life worth living, then,
Bereft of loving ties;
To miss the word, the smile,
As every moment flies?





Can e'en our joy of heaven
Bring solace for such grief
The lonesome life we live
Made painful, if so brief.

Commune with nature, thus
We bring ourselves in touch
With higher laws—perhaps,
But miss our kin o'er much.

Perchance this form could live—
At least exist hereon—
But joy of human kind
The soul must live upon.

Tears are the lot of those
Whose loving natures cry
For our affection's pride,
And have those cherished—die.



Our Flag

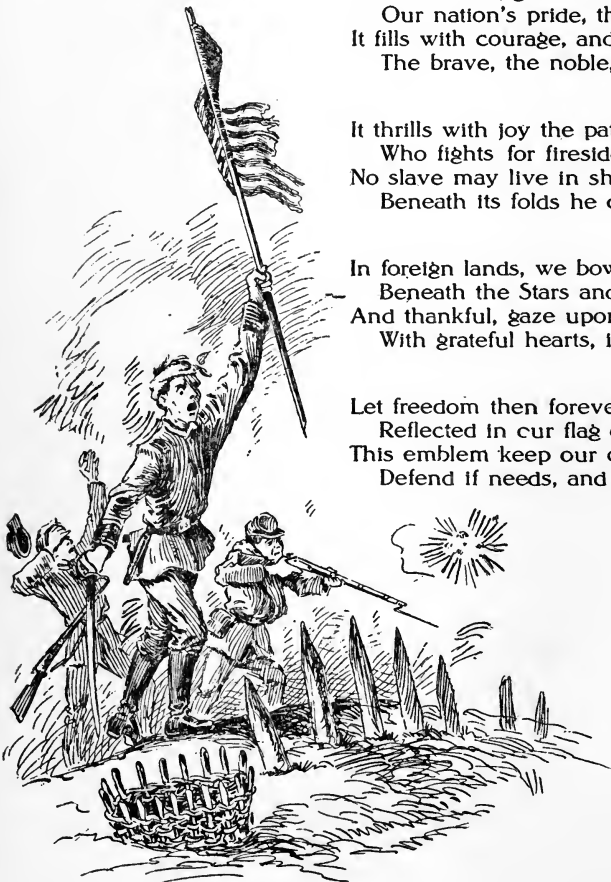
Glorious as the summer sun
It floats so proudly in the air,
Symbolic of our country's fame
In freedom, we may do and dare.

All hail that flag! the emblem high,
Our nation's pride, the hero's might,
It fills with courage, and inspires
The brave, the noble, to do right.

It thrills with joy the patriot bold
Who fights for fireside and hearthtree,
No slave may live in shackles bound,
Beneath its folds he can be free.

In foreign lands, we bow our heads
Beneath the Stars and Stripes above.
And thankful, gaze upon its folds
With grateful hearts, in joy and love.

Let freedom then forever reign
Reflected in our flag on high,
This emblem keep our courage strong,
Defend if needs, and for it die.





Product of a foreign clime
We meet thee,
Reared in our native soil
We greet thee.

March On

March on, whatever may betide,
On life's highway; let others see
Your helpful, cheerful, smiling face
Uplifting all, their friend, their guide—
March on.

If clouds o'ercast another life
That needs a helping hand from you,
Grudge not kind word, and friendly look,
Their cheer may help him' through this strife—
March on.

Your future may be rough and drear,
Its tangled web seem past your ken,
But poorer, weaker souls must live,
Your help may make their pathway clear—
March on.

March on, thou soldier of the age,
Keep step to trumpet clear and strong,
Thy courage lead to mountains high
Of hope, and faith, your moral gauge—
March on.





Eastertide

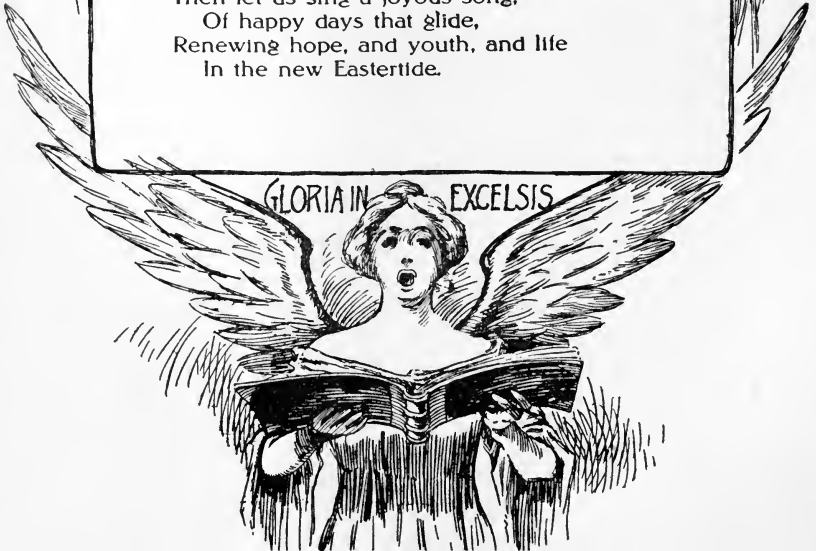
Oh, what a glorious time of year
The spring of Eastertide,
The songs of robin, thrush, and lark
Are echoed far and wide.

Glittering rays of brightest light
Add beauty to the scene,
The dewy leafage sparkling glint
Reflects its golden gleam.

Fresh youth, new life, fond hopes are here
To beckon us along,
Delusive mirage each may be,
But fill our hearts with song.

Could life retain this joyous thrill
Of hope so bright, but past,
No sorrow need we ever fear
As long as life shall last.

Then let us sing a joyous song,
Of happy days that glide,
Renewing hope, and youth, and life
In the new Eastertide.



70 1980
Abstracts

Christmas Carol

With the twilight's evening shadows
Christ was born in Bethlehem;
In the voice of angels singing
Shepherds heard the Heavenly band.

Echoes of this Heavenly music
Fill the heart with thought divine,
Blessings promised for tomorrow
Are in store for thee and thine.

Much of sorrow and of sadness
Is on earth our lot to bear;
Sounds of Christmas voices singing,
Lightens every thought and care.

Memories past come surging o'er us,
Quickened by a sound so dear,
Bring to us a wave of gladness,
In those voices sweet and clear.

Then may we with hearts rejoicing,
Listen to those voices rare,
Sure that we will join the chorus
When they greet us over there.

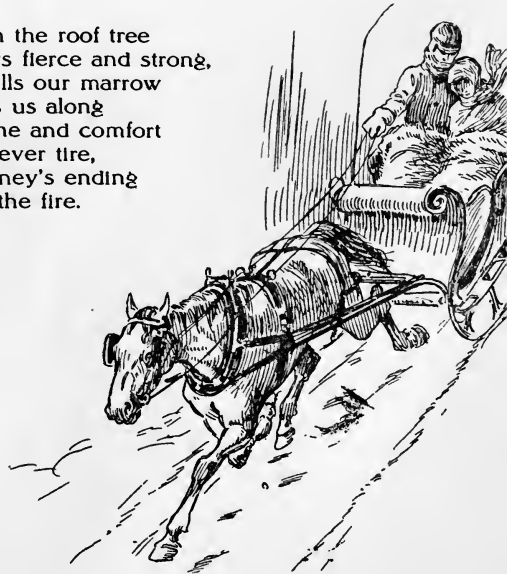


The Old Fireside

When the snow is on the mountain
And the ice is on the plain,
When the frosty prisms glisten
On the glowing window pane,
When the sleighbells' merry jingle
Mark the moments passing slow,
Sitting by the cozy fireside
I enjoy the warming glow.

There are sleigh rides in the winter
Wrapped in robes of fur so warm.
Fun in skating on the glare ice
With much glee to face the storm;
To my mind this recreation
Which so many thus inspire,
Is yet nothing to be thought of
To a seat by cozy fire.

When the rain falls on the roof tree
And the wind blows fierce and strong,
With the sleet that chills our marrow
And the gale bowls us along
Then we think of home and comfort
And of these we never tire,
As we reach our journey's ending
And are sitting by the fire.



Who ever can those days forget,
The hearth in our dear old home,
With the cider and the apples
To refresh all those who come!
All the faces bright and winsome,
Merry laugh did never cease,
In this loving family circle
'Round the fire of love and peace.

Of the dear girl sitting by us,
Rosy cheeked and bright of eye,
Slyly glancing at her lover,
Dreaming of the bye-and-bye;
Many children playing happy
By the mother and the sire—
Charming picture of contentment
'Round the hearth and cheerful fire.

Oh, bring us back those happy days—
Those memories bright and fair—
The solace of our later years
In bright days, so free from care,
When beauty, health, and action free
Raised youthful spirits higher,
And mingled voices happy sound
Soft, around the hearthstone fire.



Decoration Day

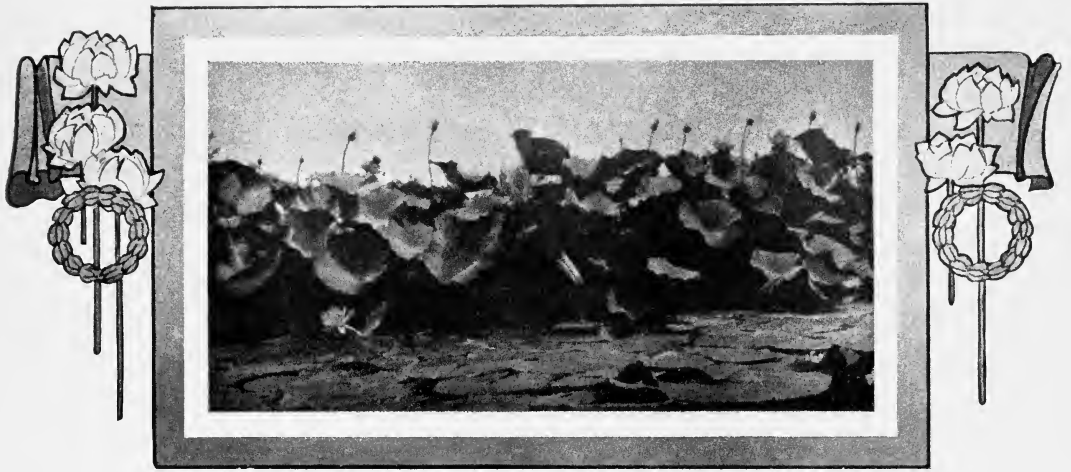
Under the sod we lay our dead,
Scatter the flowers upon his bed,
Lest we forget for what he fought
And the lesson to us was taught—
Scatter the flowers.

For the flag he suffered and died,
In battle grim his soul was tried,
Quickly he went at honor's call,
Bravely he fought, only to fall—
Scatter the flowers.

The bugle call he'll hear no more,
For him the struggle of life is o'er,
Beneath the green, peaceful he sleeps,
Heaven's refuge the reward he reaps—
Scatter the flowers.




~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~



Thy beauty's bloom,  
Sweet flower of light,  
Where'er you roam  
Is pure and white

ALPHABET



## In Memoriam

Mrs. Eliza A. Otis

She has left us sadly mourning,  
Her white winged soul has gone before,  
Sweet music, her voice attuning  
With angels, on that other shore.

Eternal life has opened wide  
Its portals, her soul to receive,  
Our loss, giving heaven a bride  
Rejoicing angels, though we grieve

She sang, soothing the aching heart  
Bowed down with burdens, grief and care,  
On earth she bravely bore her part  
With all her strength, to do and dare

Through ceaseless work in endless strife  
She cheered the toiler's weary way  
With echoes from a purer life,  
In songs of hope and brighter day

The needy knew her generous hand,  
Uplifting, aiding, on life's road,  
Her love for all the toiling band,  
Assisted each to bear his load.

Her thoughts surcease of sorrow brought  
To weary, heavy laden hearts,  
By muse, the way of life was taught,  
And list'ning, each one knew his part.

Beaming with smiles of love she moved,  
Inspiring noble acts and deeds,  
As with her every word she proved  
Her right, in heavenly ways, to lead.

Clear as the sky in summer morn,  
Bright as the sunbeam's early ray,  
Her verse repeating—"Christ is born"—  
Gave hope and courage by its lay.

Wondrous words of joy, her song,  
Beauteous soul in faith so high,  
Scattering flowers her way along,  
Strengthening friendship's sacred tie.

"She is not dead, but gone before,"  
Angels above will welcome one  
Into that rest—hold wide the door—  
For her, whose work has been well done.

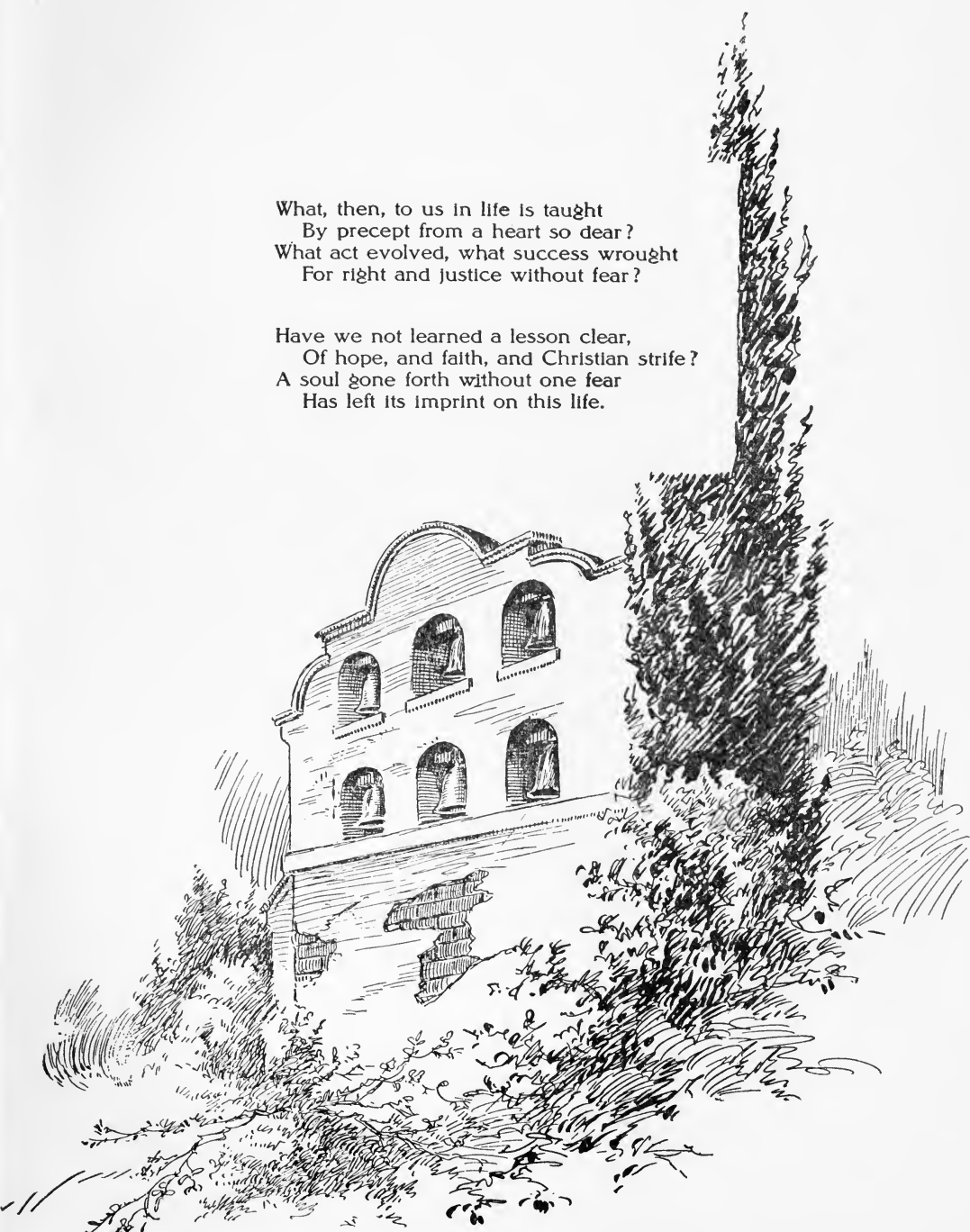
Celestial music greets her ears  
With dulcet cadence sounding far,  
Its soothing strains allay her fears,  
Proclaiming thus the "Gates Ajar."

Voices of angels welcome ring  
Resounding anthems sung on high,  
"Hosannas to our Heavenly King!"  
She joins the chorus in the sky.



What, then, to us in life is taught  
By precept from a heart so dear?  
What act evolved, what success wrought  
For right and justice without fear?

Have we not learned a lesson clear,  
Of hope, and faith, and Christian strife?  
A soul gone forth without one fear  
Has left its imprint on this life.

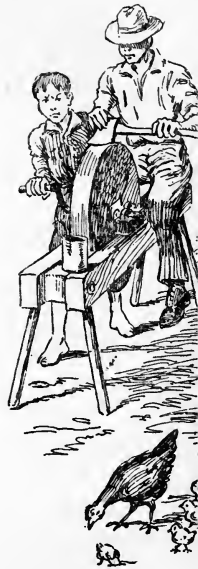


## The Old-fashioned Grindstone

Oh, don't you remember the days of your boyhood,  
When active as chore boy, upon the old farm,  
The big chips that you turned on which your bare feet stood,  
As the frost on the meadow you viewed with alarm;  
The old family cutter the chickens would roost on,  
The sweet-scented barnyard the male cow did guard,  
The wide-spreading hayrack thrown down on the green lawn,  
And e'en the old grindstone that stood in the yard—  
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,  
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

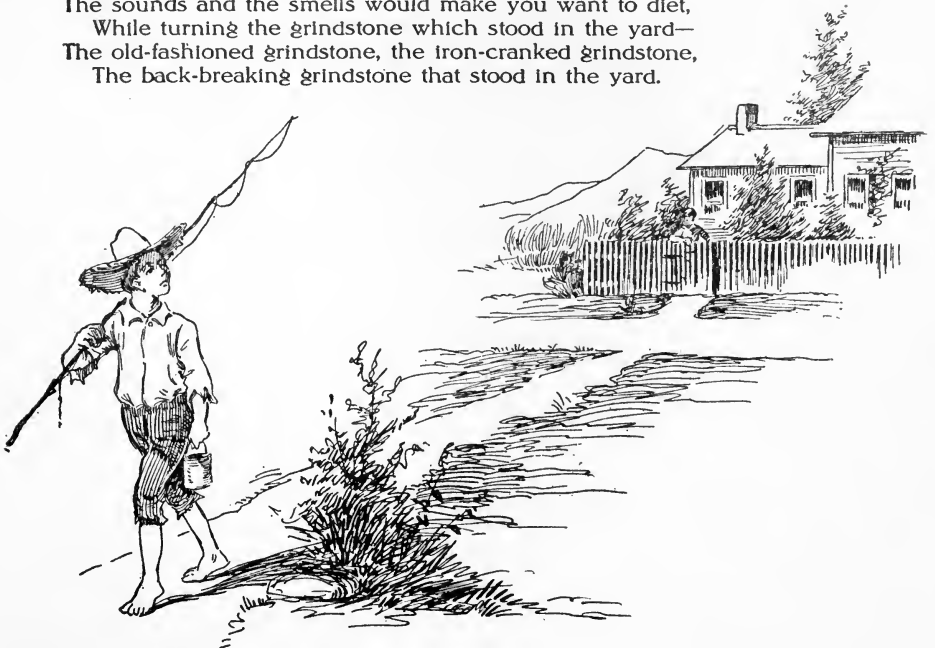
Say, don't you remember the old-fashioned grindstone,  
The straining your muscles to turn the old crank,  
The back-breaking process to move that old grindstone,  
The struggle to turn for the man lean and lank;  
The old flaring tin horn that called you to dinner,  
Its sweet sound so dear to the heart of a boy  
Who, starved for refreshments, could hardly get thinner,  
While turning the grindstone not wholly a joy—  
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,  
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

Oh, don't you remember the knock of the broom,  
The start from your slumbers at dark hour of four,  
The shivers you felt as you rushed from your bedroom  
And voted the old cook to regions much lower;  
The cows in the stables must be milked and watered,  
The cattle in the yard be foddered with corn,  
The chores of the farm boy would stand if you loitered,  
And e'en the old grindstone would wait thus forlorn—  
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,  
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.



Oh, don't you remember of sprouting potatoes,  
In cellar below, on a dark rainy day,  
The feeling of sadness when your neighbor's lad goes  
Fishing for suckers, while you're made to stay;  
The dark, gloomy cellar, the lonesome lad in it,  
The feeling of despair, with heart like a stone,  
The strap of your father, the cane that stood nigh it,  
And e'en the old grindstone that stood all alone—  
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,  
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.

Oh, don't you remember your father's old woodshed,  
Replete with memories of the old leather strap,  
The sawbuck and axe, with the old-fashioned bob-sled,  
And every known torture to plague the small chap;  
The old open doorway, the swill-tub that stood by it,  
The pig-pen in sight with fragrant smell on guard,  
The sounds and the smells would make you want to diet,  
While turning the grindstone which stood in the yard—  
The old-fashioned grindstone, the iron-cranked grindstone,  
The back-breaking grindstone that stood in the yard.



## Dolly's Sick

Little Alice Wright



My dolly's bery sick,  
I'm 'fald she' doin' to die,  
She's had the tummak ache  
Betause she telled a lie.

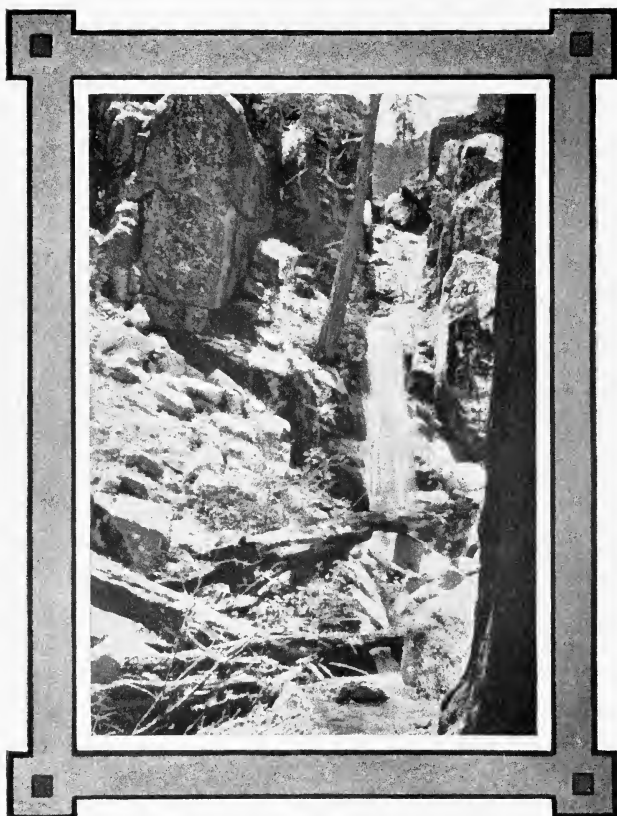
I twy to make her dood  
And say her pwayers at night,  
She ticks her closes off  
And opes her eyeses wite.

I'm 'fald she is so bad  
That Dod won't let her seep,  
When the room dits all dark  
Her eyeses won't dast to peep.

My ma says she's teeny  
And growd folks 'spects too much,  
"Babies are such darlins  
We must 'em softly touch."

Dood night, baby buntin,  
Do sut your eyeses tight,  
Be my little darlin'  
And seep 'till mornin' light.





"Let rocks and rills thy works proclaim"—  
In beauteous wilds inscribe thy name.



## Let Us Be Thankful

Let us give thanks for many, many things,  
At the present time and for the past,  
For what we have had, and what we've missed,  
Not more for the first than for the last.

We can be thankful, and should be, too,  
For clothes to wear, and our daily bread;  
It's as well that all should not forget,  
And be grateful that we are not dead.

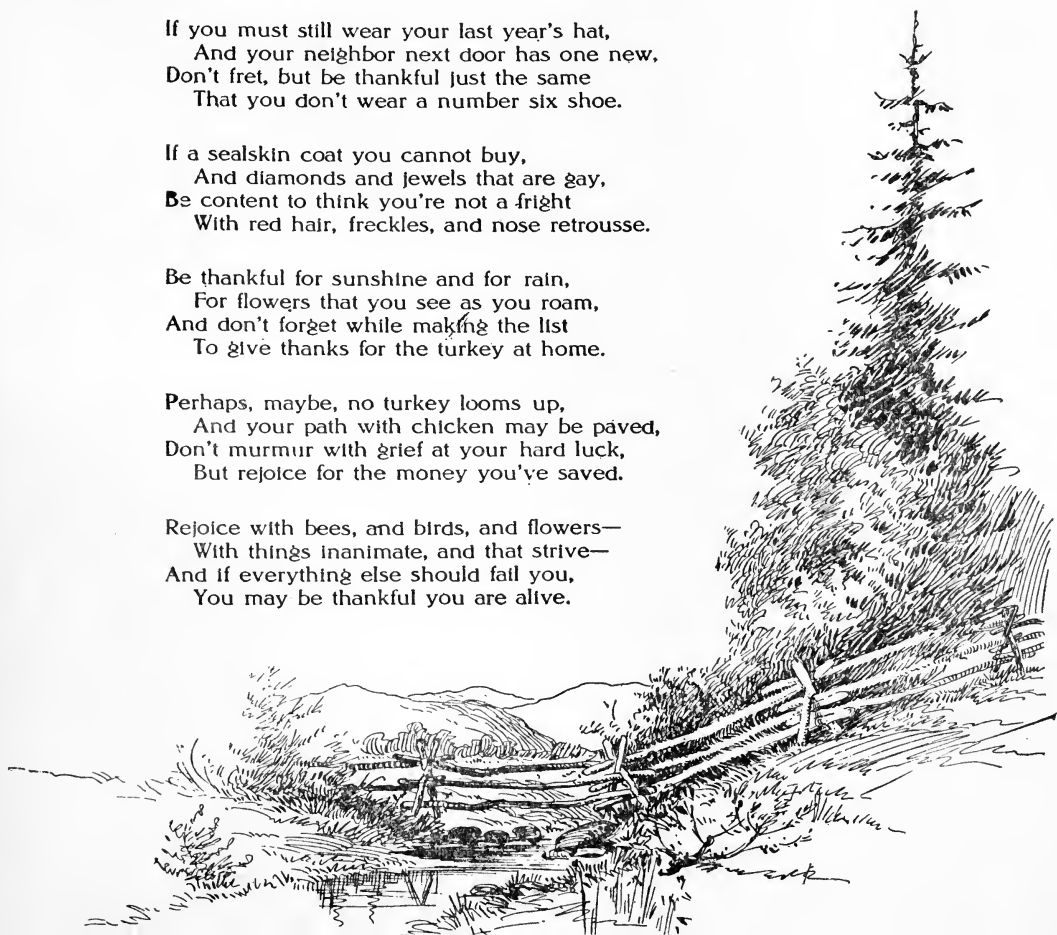
If you must still wear your last year's hat,  
And your neighbor next door has one new,  
Don't fret, but be thankful just the same  
That you don't wear a number six shoe.

If a sealskin coat you cannot buy,  
And diamonds and jewels that are gay,  
Be content to think you're not a fright  
With red hair, freckles, and nose retrousse.

Be thankful for sunshine and for rain,  
For flowers that you see as you roam,  
And don't forget while making the list  
To give thanks for the turkey at home.

Perhaps, maybe, no turkey looms up,  
And your path with chicken may be paved,  
Don't murmur with grief at your hard luck,  
But rejoice for the money you've saved.

Rejoice with bees, and birds, and flowers—  
With things inanimate, and that strive—  
And if everything else should fail you,  
You may be thankful you are alive.



## Long Ago

Now boys and girls, come hither all,  
'Till a story I recall  
Of the time we did the knitting—  
Long ago.

When a slice of bread and butter  
Did make our hearts to flutter;  
From the fence our legs did dangle—  
Long ago.

When Nancy and I went sliding  
Down old Jones' cellar siding,  
While our laughter rang out happy—  
Long ago.

And we coasted on my bob-sled,  
Sending chills from feet to head,  
As the snow-spray e'en our back felt—  
Long ago.

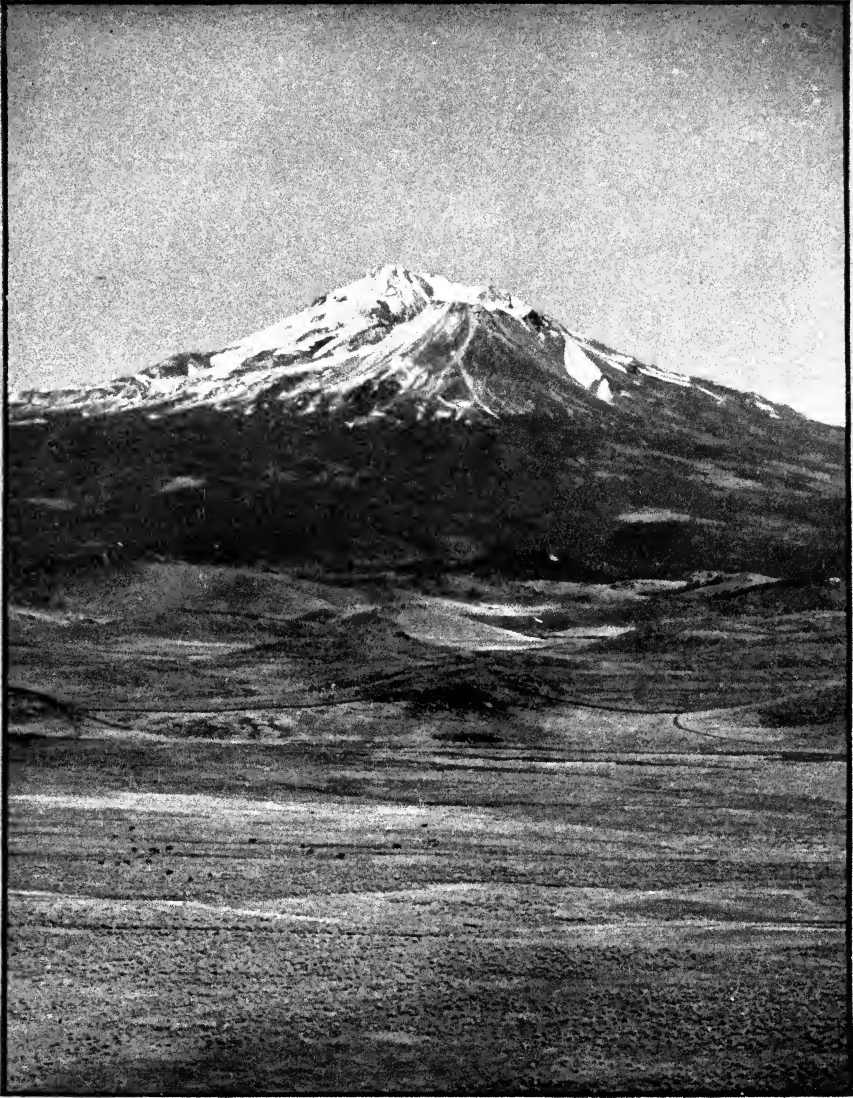
When we waded in the puddle  
That made our clothes a muddle,  
As our bare legs gleamed in sunshine—  
Long ago.

When together in the warm brook,  
Hid from sight, our bath we took  
In nature's garb, we were happy—  
Long ago.

Now Nancy 's a stately lady,  
And my age 's slightly shady,  
'Tisn't proper for us to do as  
Long ago.

As lady prim she cannot run,  
And we miss a lot of fun,  
As we never can get back to  
Long ago.





A snow-capped peak uprising high  
For miles around a beacon light;  
The thirsty traveler with a sigh  
Turns from the desert at the sight.

The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagon with vertices labeled  $a$  through  $f$ . The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice with vertices labeled  $a$  through  $s$ , illustrating the connectivity between adjacent hexagons.

## The Boy's Lament

It kinder makes a feller mad,  
Say nothing what he goes to do,  
When he can never please his dad  
Or get one word from sister Sue.

I've run all day at beck and call,  
For dad, and Sue, and I've run tight,  
(When I'm not busy playing ball  
Or in the cupboard for a bite.)

Dad allers says that I'm no good,  
Sue says that I am a great pig,  
They use me 's though I was a toad,  
And for my fun don't care a fig.

My ma's the only one that's white,  
She treats me like a feller wants,  
If 'twant for her I'd show 'em fight  
At sister's sass and daddy's taunts.





Sue 's got a beau what comes from town—  
A dude that 'lows he's mighty smart—  
He dasn't drive the oxen round,  
Nor hitch them in the old bull cart.

He don't know nothin' 'bout a cow  
'Cept what I told him—he's a chump—  
He thinks the milk is pumped, I vowed  
Her tail the handle of the pump.

A feller like that makes me sick,  
He just as well might been a girl,  
All Sue will get is just a stick,  
She says he's sweet—you know a girl.

Under the lounge I hid one night,  
Just to see what was doing near,  
'Twant a very good place for sight,  
But just a dandy place to hear





You ought to heard that dude remark  
'Bout "angels," "wenuses," and things;  
Oh, my, 'twas just a jolly lark  
To hear him say Sue's built for wings.

I nearly giggled just right out  
At "lovely," "sylph," and "angel" names—  
While sister isn't so awful stout  
She is an armful, just the same.

Suspicious noises rose and sunk,  
Like a duck's foot pulled from the mud,  
When down the old lounge came, kerplunk,  
Nipping my fun just in the bud.

I yelled, of course—it hurt like sin—  
That loafer seemed to weigh a ton,  
(And sister isn't so very thin),  
With both on top I couldn't run.



Gee, whiz! but what a row we had!  
Sis cried; that measly beau—he swore!  
But that was nothing to my dad,  
Who stamped the floor, and ripped and tore.

I don't know what I should have done,  
But ma came in and stopped the row,  
She saw it wasn't any fun,  
And sent me out to feed the cow.

You bet I's glad to get away!  
A feller never has no fun;  
Having a sister doesn't pay,  
I'd rather have a dog and gun.



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ANTHROPOLOGICAL  
INSTITUTE  
OF  
Great Britain  
and  
Ireland  
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No. 161



By nature's wondrous hand  
And it alone  
Redeemed is desert land  
From sand and stone



## Old Song

My girl is a fickle jade,  
She's broke more hearts than mine,  
But oh, how she'd laugh,  
Could she but see me pine.

Chorus:

Oh! Oh! she's a fickle wild rose,  
Damask, cabbage, a china rose;  
Oh! Oh! she's a fickle wild rose,  
Damask, cabbage, a china rose.

If I were a pumpkin vine,  
I'd straggle off to sea,  
But oh, how she'd laugh  
That I a fish should be.

Chorus.

With a twinkle in her eye  
She makes my heart so glad,  
But oh, how she'd laugh  
If I were ever sad.

Chorus.

I'd hang myself upon a tree  
If I thought 'twould make her cry,  
But oh, how she'd laugh  
At me hung up to dry.

Chorus.



## Invocation

Our Father in Heaven, we come to Thee  
When trouble and grief fill our hearts with fear,  
Clear as the sky above, Thy face we see,  
Giving us faith, and hope, when Thou art near.

Help us to bear the burdens of this life,  
As soldiers of the Cross, to march for Thee,  
And Thine armor bravely wear in this strife,  
From murmuring at our lot keep us free.

Grant to us the spirit of love supreme,  
Endowing us with noble thoughts, and brave,  
By work, and act, and deed, our souls redeem,  
Reflecting thus the soul of Him who gave.

Give us this day the saving grace we need  
To bear the daily load that is our task,  
Should we then shrink from duties that us lead,  
Give Thou us light and wisdom, help to ask.

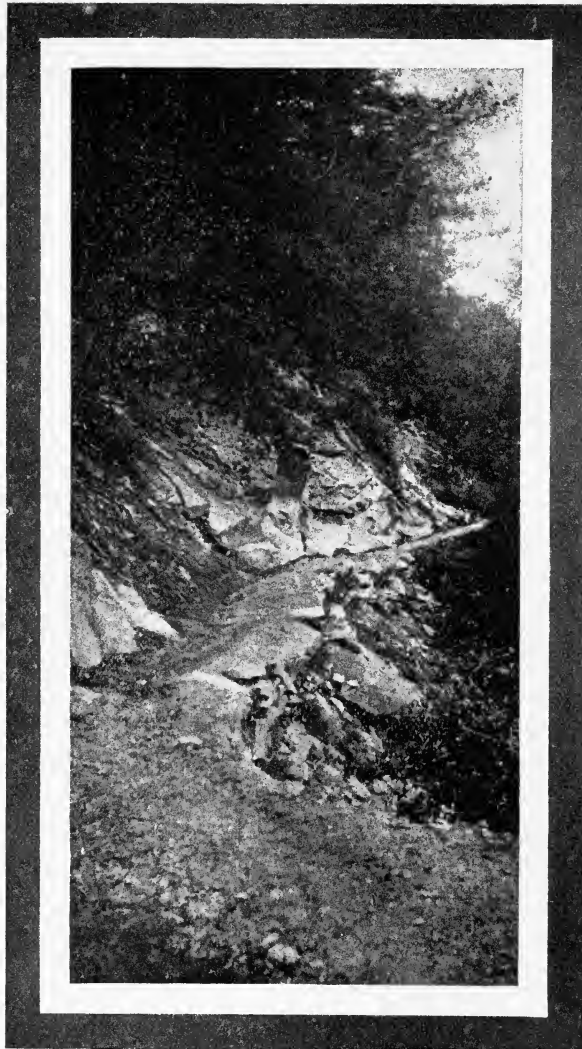
In our great weakness we live by Thy strength,  
Faint of heart, Thy presence our fears dispel;  
To the Cross with our might we cling at length,  
In Thy promise we trust and sin repel.

May the blood of atonement make us pure  
As the waters of life, keep thus the soul,  
To reflect our lives, making us secure  
In the sunshine of hope, for the heavenly goal.

Let Thy light shine upon our darkened way,  
Illumining thus our feet the path to find,  
Till doubt and darkness turn to brightest day,  
And hope eternal rests within the mind.

Just as we are, receive us in Thy love;  
May Thy rich grace support us in Thy sight;  
When earth shall pass and heaven reign above,  
Receive us in Thy Kingdom, by Thy might.





Thy stony path my feet hath trod,  
Through nature's grandure thus I roam  
To view the glorious works of God  
In beauties of our earthly home.





### In Memoriam

To her, eternal life has opened,  
Though we are left in gloom;  
Oh, could she again be with us  
We would ask no other boon.

Grant us, our Heavenly Father,  
The strength to bear our loss,  
She, we know, is in Thy presence,  
She has bravely borne the cross.

May the darkness that surrounds us,  
Making life a living night,  
By her faith in life be banished  
And again be clear and bright.

Such a life, so meek, so truthful,  
We can never hope to live;  
Yet the strength her life to follow  
Is with Thee, O Lord, to give.

Let this world with all its sorrow—  
With its gloom and heavy care—  
Banished be from us tomorrow  
As we climb the golden stair.

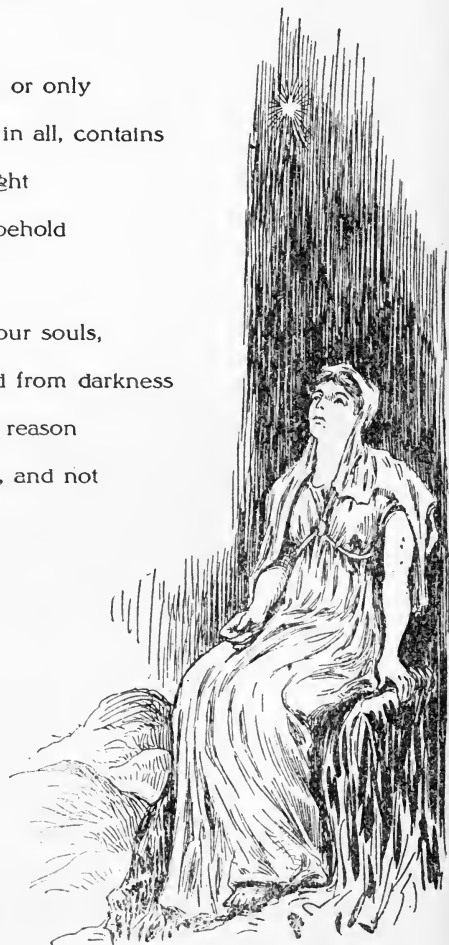
And again when we shall meet her  
Whom we now so deeply mourn,  
Her bright smile the first shall greet us  
As we reach that heavenly bourne.

## Infinitude

Implanted in our souls, a thought,  
A hope, a wish unfilled,  
To be the sport of every changing view, from  
Time and thought distilled;  
Unless, perchance, we are to be something  
Beyond, above, intact—  
Conscious of our present span, desiring  
Our future to perfect.

Is aught in nature, then, destroyed, or only  
Changed within our sight—  
Renewed by Him whose being, all in all, contains  
That power and might?  
Is it that wish is father to the thought  
But darkness is beyond?  
Or will the veil be raised and we behold  
What, half revealed, is found?

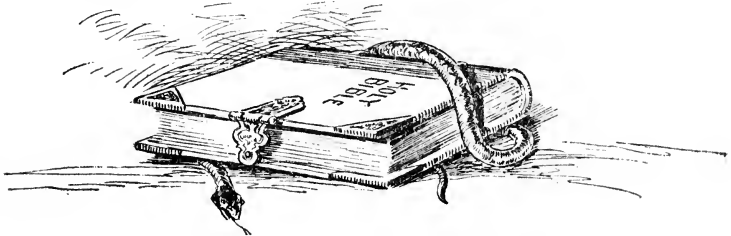
Faith, through ages the anchor of our souls,  
Has saved us from despair;  
Has reason, then, no power to lead from darkness  
To regions fair?  
Life immortal planted in the mind, reason  
Saw without belief;  
Now reason dwells within the soul, and not  
In body weak and brief.



Soul, tenant of this form of clay, has thoughts  
And wishes unexpressed;  
Our dormant senses while at rest stay not  
The mind with action blessed.  
Without our eyes we see with vision bright  
And clear by inward sight,  
Without our ears we hear the mystic voices  
Calling us to light.

Has hope no anchor, then, which reason in her  
Wisdom can accept  
If mind doth know, through other source, what  
Nature, unrevealed, hath kept?  
Mind to mind our thoughts express—no words  
Are spoken, our lips are sealed—  
No world so far, no space so great, but soul  
To soul may thoughts reveal.

Let conscience demand that reason, then, accept  
What hope has raised;  
With certitude and love we fix our thoughts on Him  
Whose name be praised.  
And let the glory of eternal faith  
In word, and deed, and strife,  
Be reflected in all our thoughts, our hearts.  
And every act of life,





### Duty's Inspiration.

Knowing sins and pitfalls lie about our feet  
As the day near spent is followed by the night,  
Doing and daring what to us may seem meet,  
Thinking of naught else but that which may be right.

Church bells are to us as the voice of our God,  
Guiding our footsteps in paths of peace and love,  
The end we see is not in gloom, 'neath the sod,  
But joyous hope divine beckoning from above.

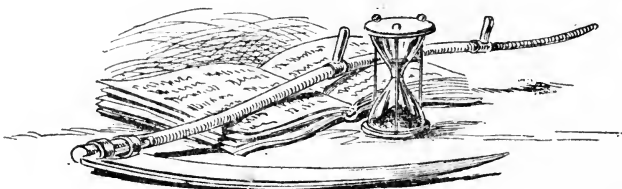
Conscience needs not castle walls nor lofty tower  
When duty's enshrined within a heart of gold;  
Faith shines as bright within a lady's bower  
As in valiant deeds performed by warrior bold.

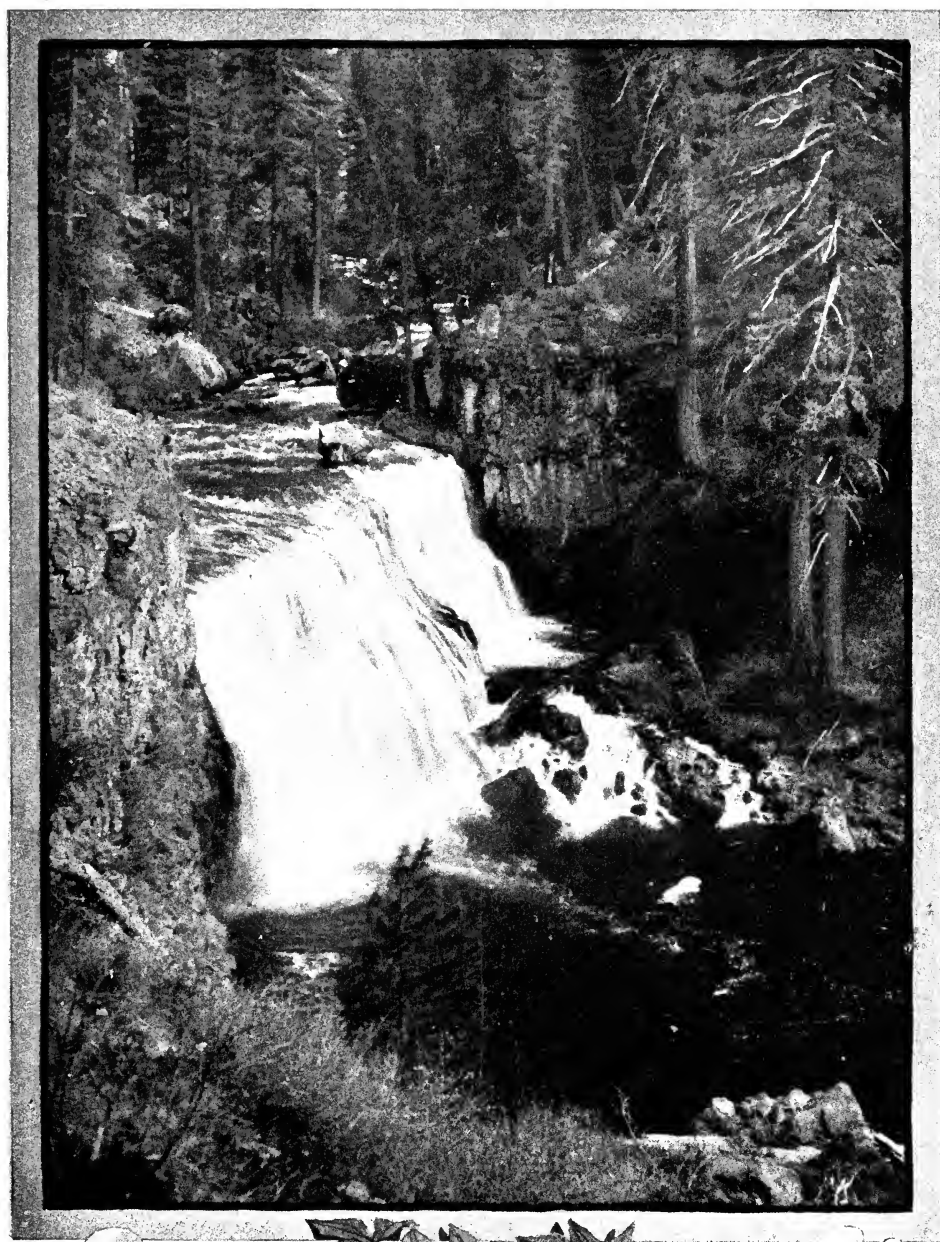
We seek applause of naught but conscience given,  
Angels from heaven above, unknown, might take their flight.  
By duty well done may dark clouds be riven,  
And the bright star of hope cleave darkness to light.

Truth's a tower of strength that confidence gives,  
Aiding him who strives the light of truth to find,  
Nothing daunted, by its brilliant light he lives,  
Seeking virtue's own reward in peace of mind.

Something doing, something daring for the right,  
Life's tide ebbs without regret in thought or care;  
Striving for the noble, using all our might,  
Hope hears the rustling of a wing—over there.

Then may our footsteps in cheerful cadence sound,  
Hope, inspired by love, to cheer us on our way,  
Till "Time" with his sickle reach us on his round,  
And darkness of night gives place to brighter day.

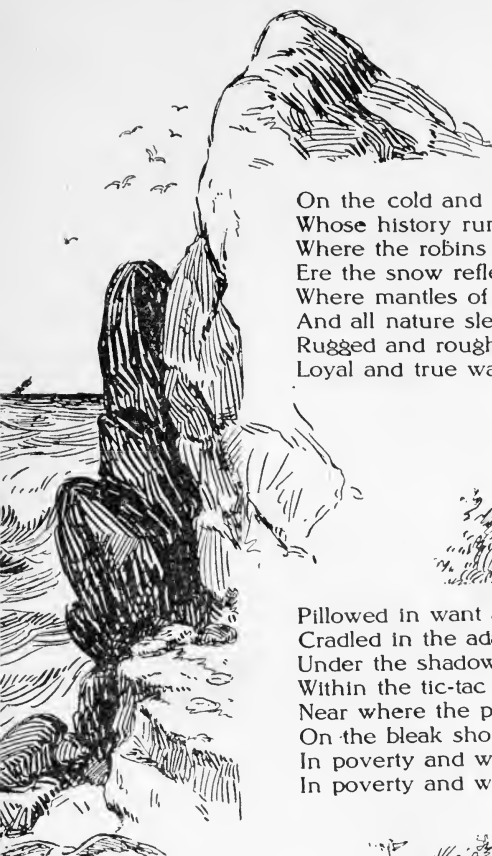




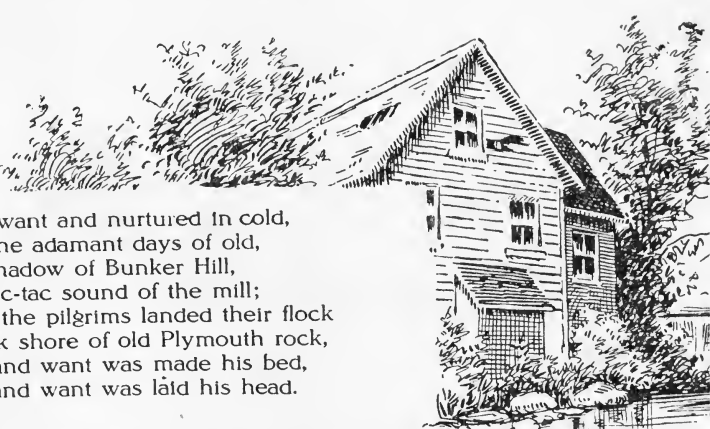
'Neath sombre shade it wends its way  
Through quiet glade o'er dashing rocks;  
The wild has called, it brooks no stay,  
Untiring stream, at rest it mocks.




## Quo Animo



On the cold and bleak New England shore,  
Whose history runs in old folks' lore,  
Where the robins wing their southland flight  
Ere the snow reflects the northern light;  
Where mantles of snow, deep, cover the ground,  
And all nature sleeps a sleep profound,  
Rugged and rough for an infant's bed,  
Loyal and true was an infant bred.



Pillowed in want and nurtured in cold,  
Cradled in the adamant days of old,  
Under the shadow of Bunker Hill,  
Within the tic-tac sound of the mill;  
Near where the pilgrims landed their flock  
On the bleak shore of old Plymouth rock,  
In poverty and want was made his bed,  
In poverty and want was laid his head.

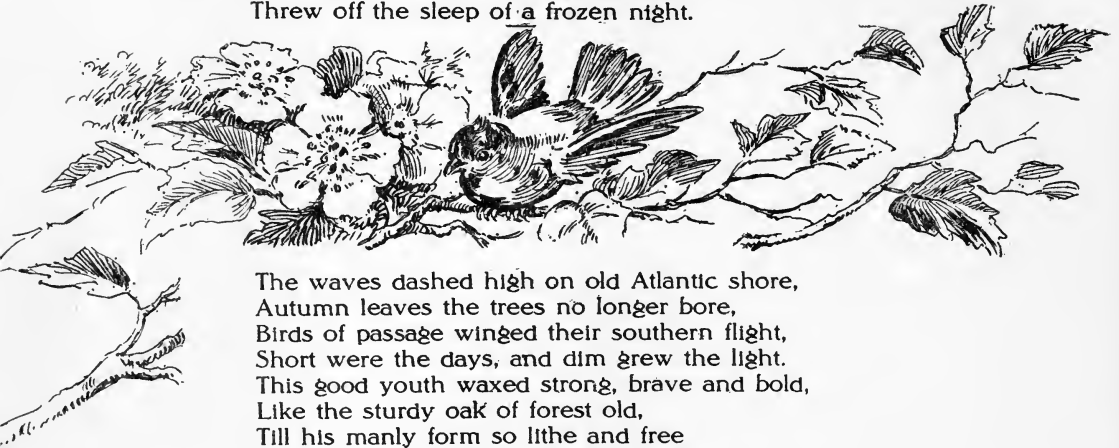


He grew and flourished with little care,  
Developing frame and soul so rare,  
That the sun's warm rays smiled on a face  
A noble child, of a hardy race.  
A sturdy boy at a thoughtless age,  
Was destined to write another page  
In life's day book, on a pure white leaf—  
A strenuous life of joy or grief.





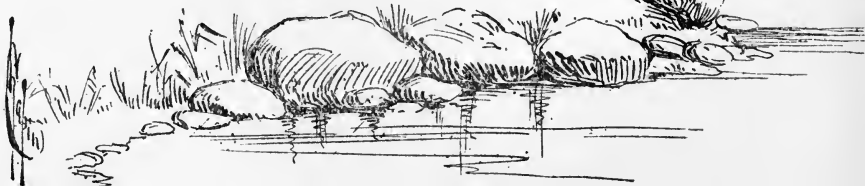
Spring time came as the springtide of life,  
Filling him with hope armed for the strife,  
As bursting buds of the stately trees  
Pushed forth to the air their shimmering leaves—  
As imprisoned waters burst their cell,  
And icicles loosed from the roof tree fell—  
So, nature, in all her wakening might,  
Threw off the sleep of a frozen night.



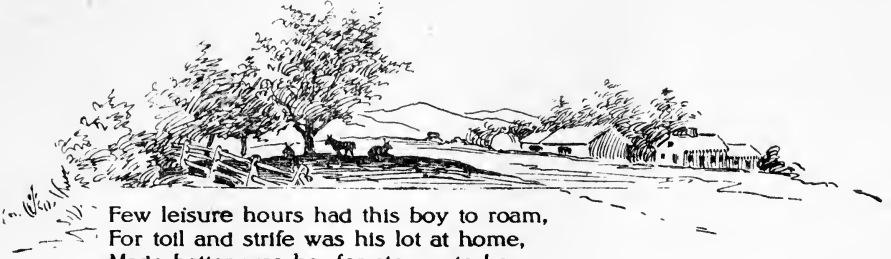
The waves dashed high on old Atlantic shore,  
Autumn leaves the trees no longer bore,  
Birds of passage winged their southern flight,  
Short were the days, and dim grew the light.  
This good youth waxed strong, brave and bold,  
Like the sturdy oak of forest old,  
Till his manly form so lithe and free  
Resembled still more that stately tree.



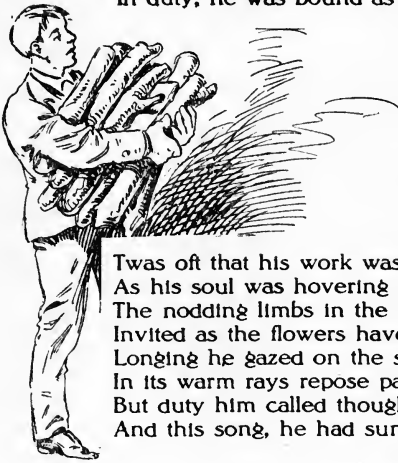
He grew thus apace, this child so fair,  
Loving the breezes of June so rare,  
Sporting in wood and dale and meadow,  
From early morn to evening shadow,  
Till the summer days began to wane  
And beach trees shed their leaves in the lane;  
This fair boy played and dreamed not of foe  
Till the tide of summer's sun was low.







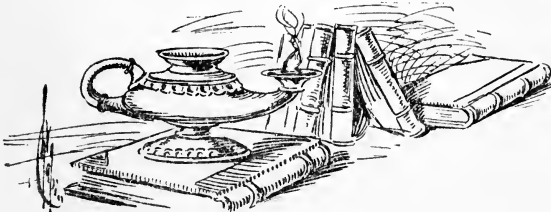
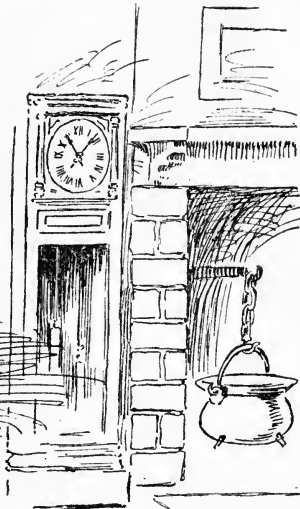
Few leisure hours had this boy to roam,  
For toil and strife was his lot at home,  
Made better was he, for storms to be  
As the boat that's fashioned to the sea.  
True to his home in his heart and soul  
As the needle is true to the pole,  
His toilsome work was cheerfully done,  
In duty, he was bound as a son.



Twas oft that his work was done in vain  
As his soul was hovering on the main,  
The nodding limbs in the bright green trees  
Invited as the flowers have the bees.  
Longing he gazed on the sun at noon  
In its warm rays repose passed so soon,  
But duty him called though harsh and hard  
And this song, he had sung like a bard.

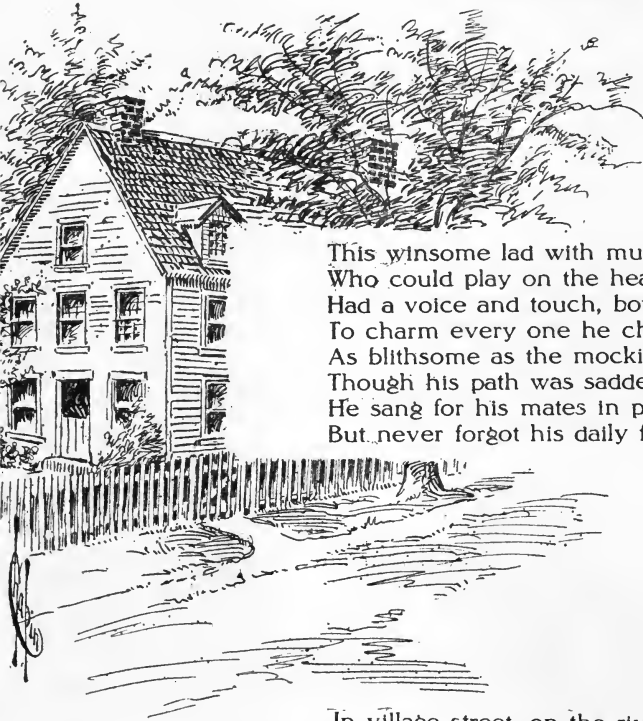


Season after season thus had done  
To youth, what to flowers had the sun,  
Nor soured was his nature, at such fate  
But sweet as the lilac of his state.  
He plodded his weary way along,  
Made happy by his wit, and his song.  
Both father and mother felt his care,  
And prized those traits, in youth so rare.



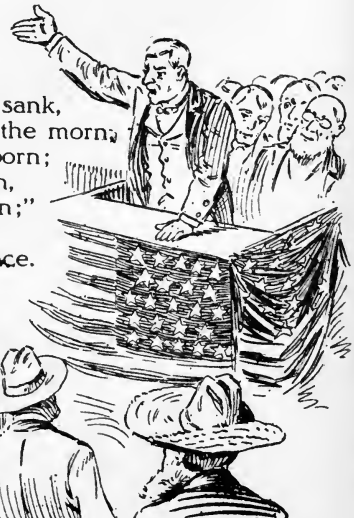


Not free from sorrow was this strong lad,  
Whose history was both bright and sad,  
In his grief he bowed his youthful head  
To mourn in sadness a father—dead;  
Care of his parent's invalid life  
Burdened his youth, made weary his strife,  
But his work seemed nothing in his fight,  
His grief was heavy—all else was light.



This winsome lad with musical soul,  
Who could play on the heart strings of all,  
Had a voice and touch, both pure and sweet,  
To charm every one he chanced to meet;  
As blithsome as the mocking bird's song,  
Though his path was saddened all along,  
He sang for his mates in pure delight,  
But never forgot his daily fight.

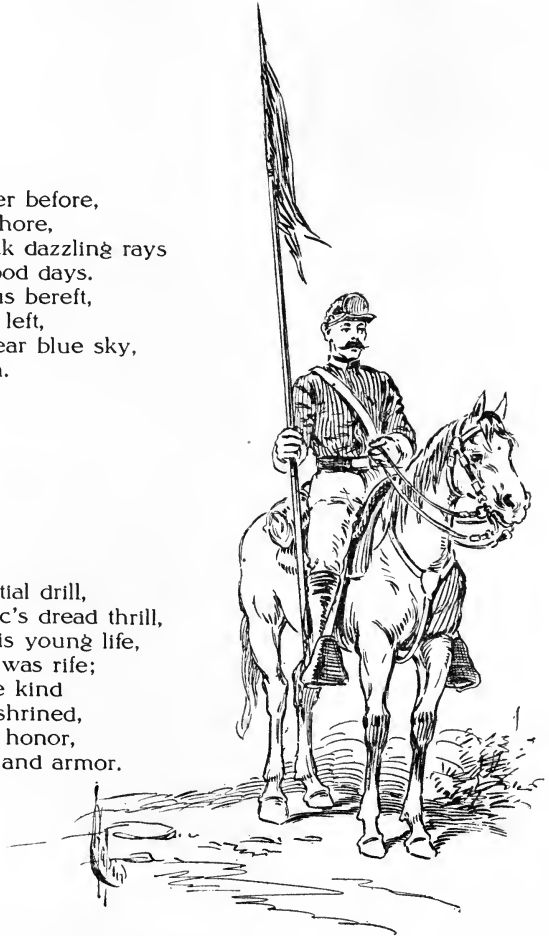
In village street, on the river bank,  
Where the buzz of the mill rose and sank,  
Stood the plain brown house, facing the morn;  
Where this youth's poetic soul was born;  
It's often said, and the saying's grown,  
"A prophet in his country's unknown;"  
The advent of the lad in this place  
Marked only a soul, just one more face.

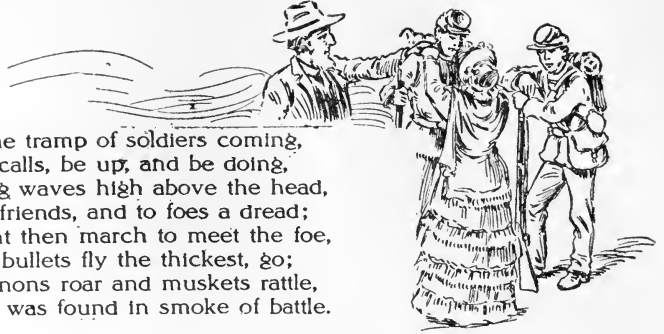


He woke one morn to the bugle call,  
Whose clarion tones pealed forth to all,  
And called to arms the patriot brave,  
By force of arms, the nation to save.  
A quick response, gave this lad so young,  
Whose heart and soul to his home had clung,  
'Gainst sister's charm, and mother's cry,  
In duty's loud call, to do, or die.

The sun shone bright as never before,  
As he lingered on the river shore,  
That silver stream flashed back dazzling rays  
Beside the paths of his boyhood days.  
Homesick at heart, feeling thus bereft,  
Sorrow, the lot of those to be left,  
The river's sheen, and the clear blue sky,  
Added only to sadness, a sigh.

Of all the pomp of war's martial drill,  
His heart, to drums and music's dread thrill,  
Could find no response in this young life,  
While the grief of the parting was rife;  
But duty's first call was of the kind  
In the heart of the soldier enshrined,  
To hold firm to his word and honor,  
While buckling on his sword and armor.





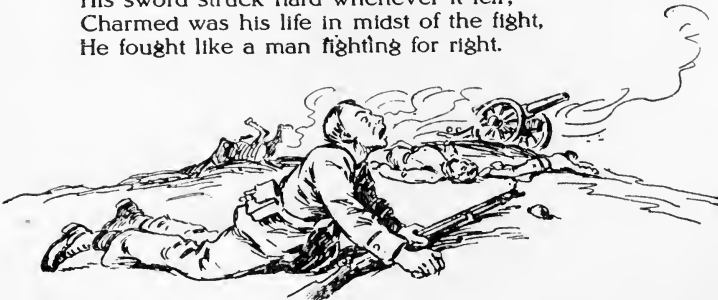
We hear the tramp of soldiers coming,  
The bugle calls, be up, and be doing,  
The old flag waves high above the head,  
Protecting friends, and to foes a dread;  
To the front then march to meet the foe,  
Where the bullets fly the thickest, go;  
Where cannons roar and muskets rattle,  
This youth was found in smoke of battle.



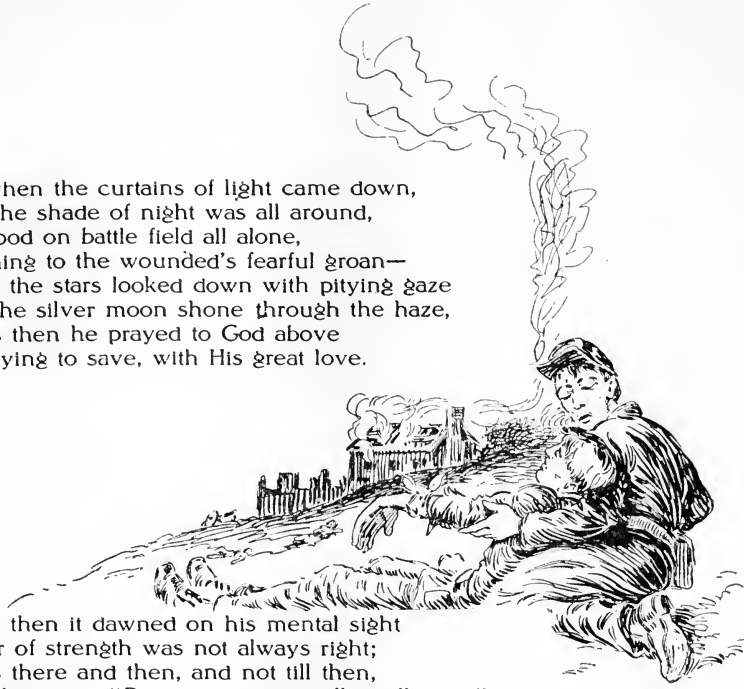
He fought in rank, always in the van,  
His sword flashed high as the enemy ran;  
The demon courage was in his arm,  
His life was shielded from every harm;  
No fear of danger entered his thought,  
In thick of battle was where he fought,  
His life being charmed from shot and shell,  
Before his charge the enemy fell.



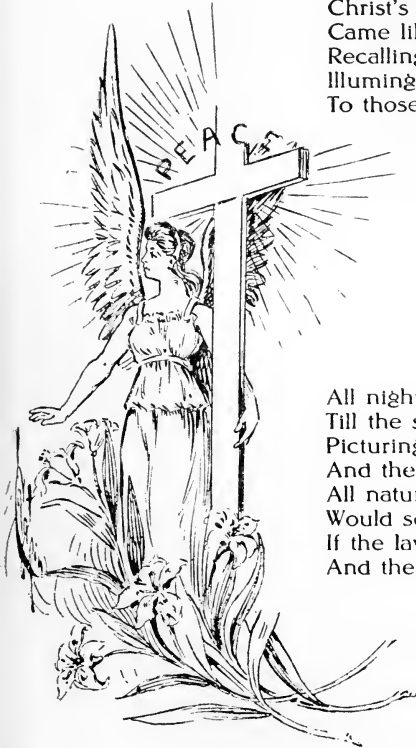
His stout heart quailed not at the sound,  
Nor at the sight of the dead all 'round,  
At the fierce strife, and clashing of arms,  
Nor the cannon's roar, or bugle's alarm;  
He fought like a brave man long and well,  
His sword struck hard whenever it fell;  
Charmed was his life in midst of the fight,  
He fought like a man fighting for right.



But when the curtains of light came down,  
And the shade of night was all around,  
He stood on battle field all alone,  
Listening to the wounded's fearful groan—  
When the stars looked down with pitying gaze  
And the silver moon shone through the haze,  
It was then he prayed to God above  
The dying to save, with His great love.

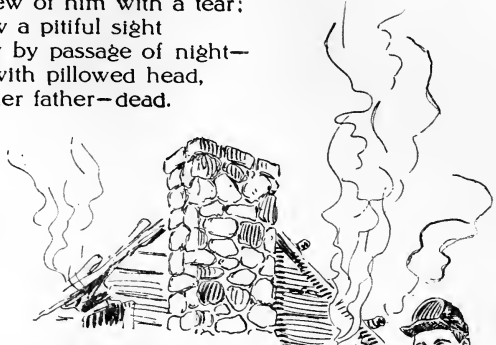


'Twas then it dawned on his mental sight  
Power of strength was not always right;  
It was there and then, and not till then,  
Christ's words, "Peace and good will to all men,"  
Came like a deluge filling his mind,  
Recalling His face, gentle and kind,  
Illuming the soul like flash of sight  
To those words of peace, with love and light.

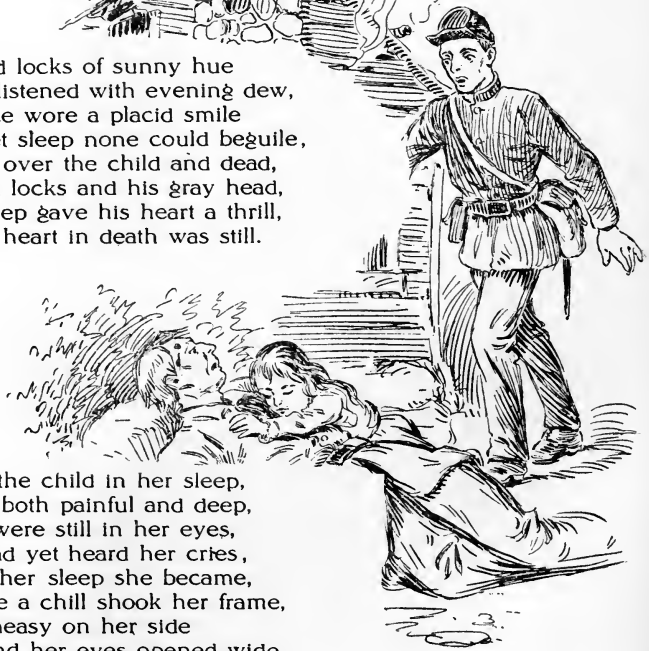


All night he stayed on this field of blood,  
Till the sun-beams came down in a flood,  
Picturing the wounded lying all 'round  
And the silent dead covering the ground;  
All nature so serene and so bright,  
Would scarce reflect so cruel a sight,  
If the laws of God should be obeyed  
And the bloody hand of man be stayed.

And when the clear morning light revealed  
To his vision all parts of the field,  
When each separate form lying near  
Was brought to view of him with a tear:  
It was then he saw a pitiful sight  
That came to view by passage of night—  
A little child lay, with pillowed head,  
On the breast of her father—dead.



Her long tangled locks of sunny hue  
Were wet and glistened with evening dew,  
And her fair face wore a placid smile  
As if from sweet sleep none could beguile,  
The youth bent over the child and dead,  
With her golden locks and his gray head,  
Her smile in sleep gave his heart a thrill,  
But the father's heart in death was still.



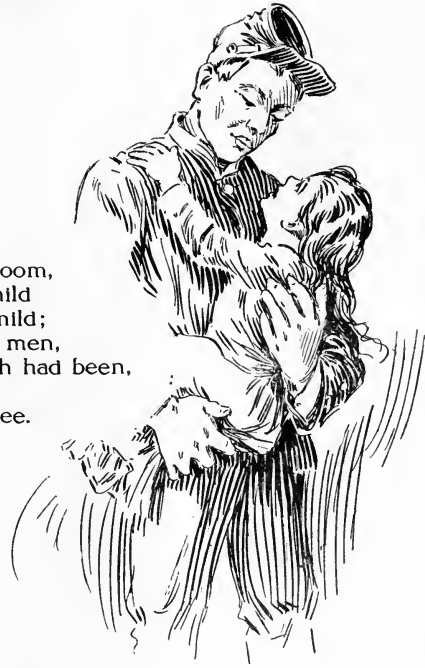
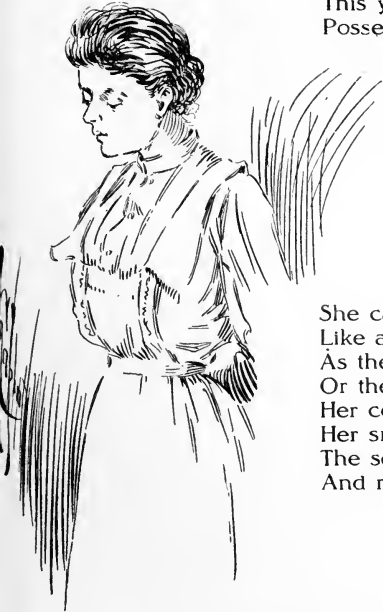
As he gazed at the child in her sleep,  
His sorrow was both painful and deep,  
Traces of tears were still in her eyes,  
Only heaven had yet heard her cries,  
Now restless in her sleep she became,  
As by cool wave a chill shook her frame,  
Then turning uneasy on her side  
Quick sat up, and her eyes opened wide.



Heaven's azure was scarcely more blue  
Than those eyes opened wide and so true,  
Her little baby hands reaching out,  
And her lips so ruby in a pout,  
Touched a spot in the heart of the lad,  
As a spring in the desert makes glad,  
So he clasped this young child in his arms  
Resolved then to protect her from harm.

The memory of a sister at home  
Was as the glimpse of flowers in bloom,  
The softening touch of this fairy child  
Filled the vacant place of a sister mild;  
On the battle field, midst wounded men,  
Where destruction stalked and death had been,  
This youth almost happy could be  
Possessing this child, lovely and wee.

She came to him as a sunbeam goes,—  
Like a dew drop on a parching rose,  
As the tender light comes from the eye,  
Or the morning breaks the darkened sky,  
Her coming thus made the day more bright,  
Her smiling face made his heart more light,  
The song birds sang in sweeter low notes,  
And ruffled in glee their little throats.



As he gazed around this bloody morn,  
This wicked old world seemed less forlorn,  
The baby head pillowed on his breast  
Gave him the sense of peace, joy and rest.  
He wondered at his sweet thoughts so vain  
And he looked sadly 'round this field again,  
As he travelled o'er the battle ground,  
He suddenly heard the bugle sound.



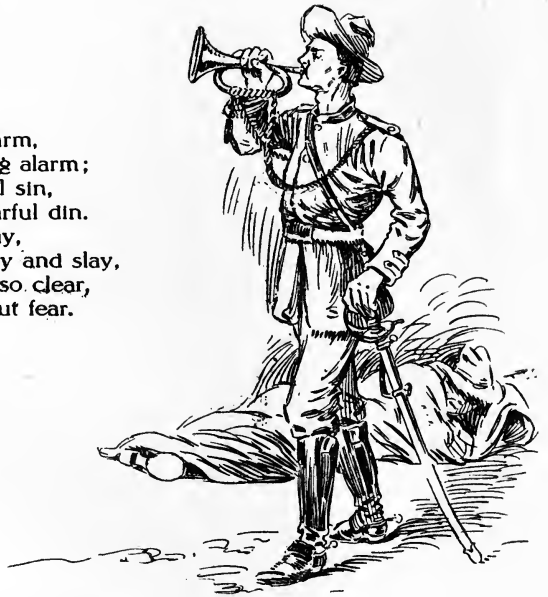
First with joy, he heard the coming feet,  
As rushed o'er the plain the steed so fleet;  
But alas! he saw with quick dismay  
That his foes before had blocked his way.  
He looked to the front, to side to rear,  
And with his first sensation of fear;  
And as he looked far over the plain  
His heart sank lower, all hope seemed vain.

On every side the fierce dashing steed  
Wide covered the ground. Far over the mead  
The glittering sabres flashing in air  
Surrounded as prisoners this loving pair.  
From all sides they gathered, this array,  
Horse and soldier looking brave and gay  
With surprise to see this child and lad,  
Wondering to hear the story so sad.



But stern duty called this martial clan,  
Not one wished to be following the van.  
Ordering this youth and babe to ride,  
A soldier rode guard on either side.  
Far from the field to the enemy's sight  
Rode they to camp by the star's dim light.  
Without complaint this baby's head lay  
On the youth's broad breast all of the way.

He awoke to hear the call to arm,  
The enemy's trumpet sounding alarm;  
He woke to recall this dreadful sin,  
Midst clashing of arms and fearful din.  
Forming of ranks in battle array,  
Whose sight suggests to destroy and slay,  
Brought to his mind his duty so clear,  
His work to kill, to fight without fear.



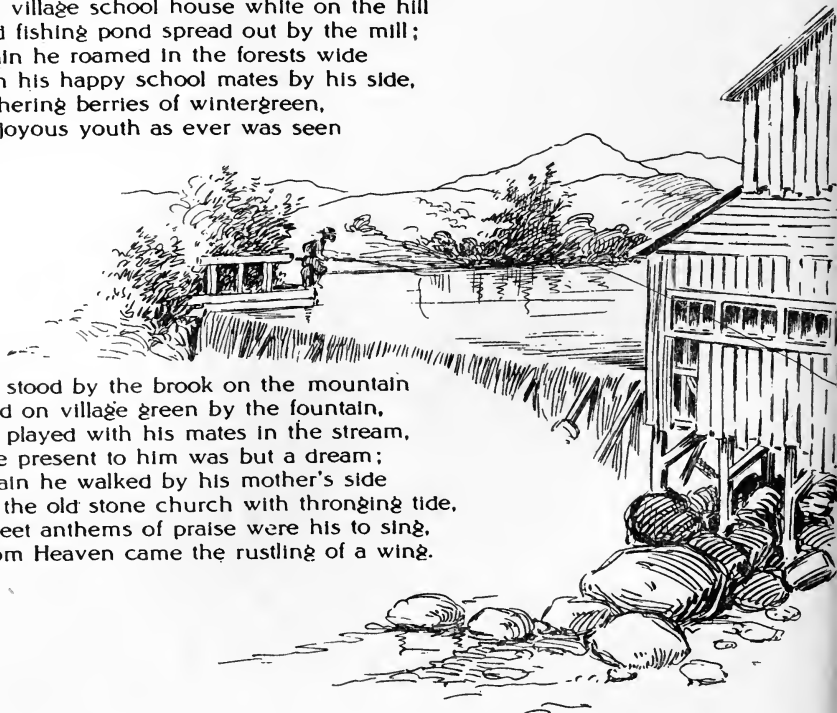
Refreshed by food, and sleep of the night  
This child awoke by morn's early light—  
Prattling she ran to the soldier youth  
Still sleeping the sleep of love and truth,  
Circling his head with her tiny arms,  
As though to protect him from all harm,  
He opened his eyes to broad daylight  
And to this babe so beautiful and bright.

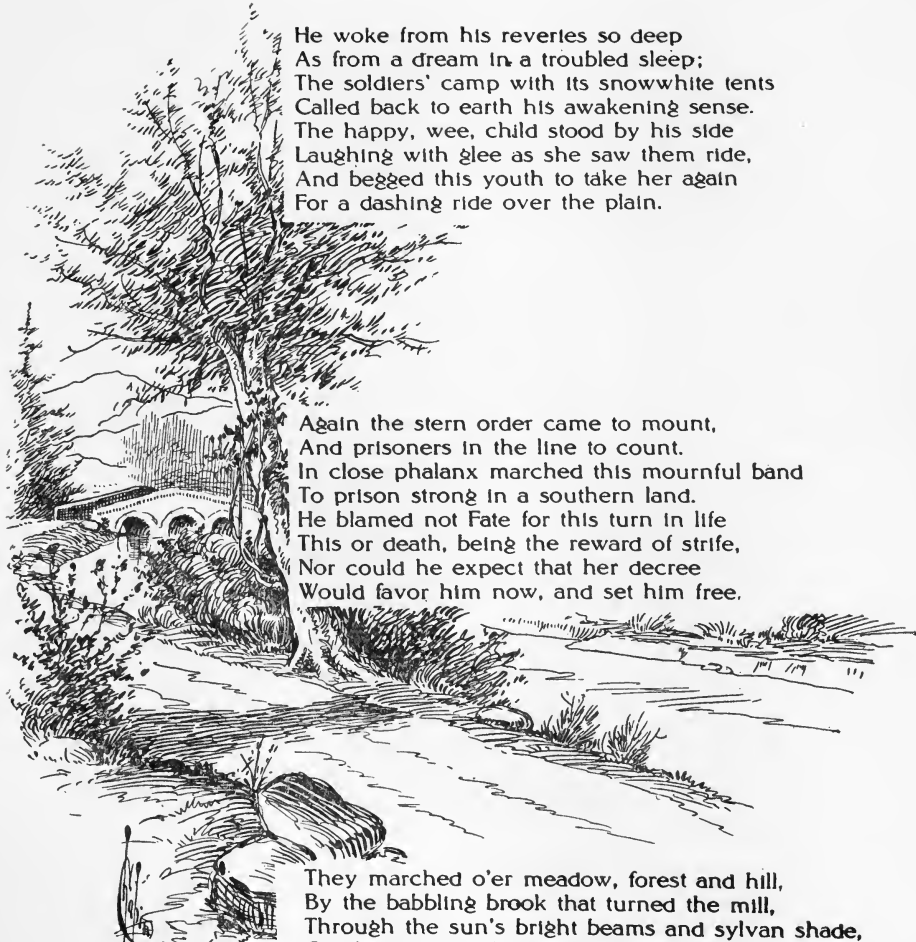
He gazed around on this martial host  
Glittering with arms, each one at his post,  
Under the heavens with sky so blue  
Their business—murder—hardly seemed true.  
He thought of home on the village street,  
The place of his birth, loved ones to greet,  
And longed for the time dear ones to face  
On river bank, in the old home place



In visions he saw the old stone church  
That stood near by the wide spreading birch.  
The village school house white on the hill  
And fishing pond spread out by the mill;  
Again he roamed in the forests wide  
With his happy school mates by his side,  
Gathering berries of wintergreen,  
As joyous youth as ever was seen

He stood by the brook on the mountain  
And on village green by the fountain,  
He played with his mates in the stream,  
The present to him was but a dream;  
Again he walked by his mother's side  
To the old stone church with thronging tide,  
Sweet anthems of praise were his to sing,  
From Heaven came the rustling of a wing.






He woke from his reveries so deep  
As from a dream in a troubled sleep;  
The soldiers' camp with its snowwhite tents  
Called back to earth his awakening sense.  
The happy, wee, child stood by his side  
Laughing with glee as she saw them ride,  
And begged this youth to take her again  
For a dashing ride over the plain.

Again the stern order came to mount,  
And prisoners in the line to count.  
In close phalanx marched this mournful band  
To prison strong in a southern land.  
He blamed not Fate for this turn in life  
This or death, being the reward of strife,  
Nor could he expect that her decree  
Would favor him now, and set him free.

They marched o'er meadow, forest and hill,  
By the babbling brook that turned the mill,  
Through the sun's bright beams and sylvan shade,  
On the river bank, through forest glade;  
The roses' bloom was as fair to see,  
Their dulcet drops as sweet to the bee.  
The song birds warbled their merriest song  
In musical time as they marched along.

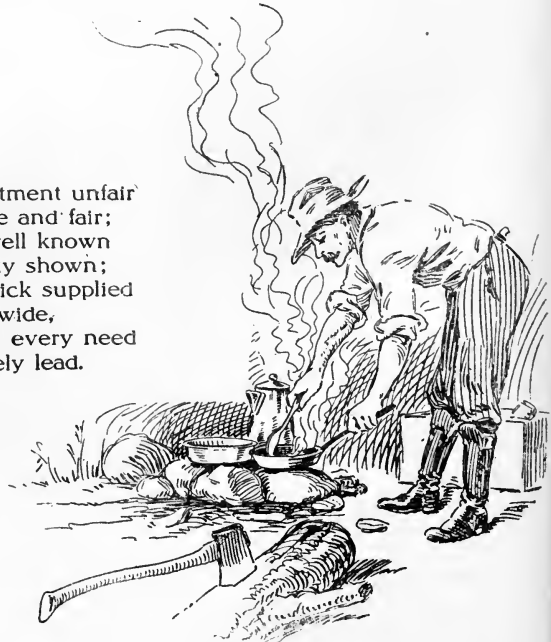


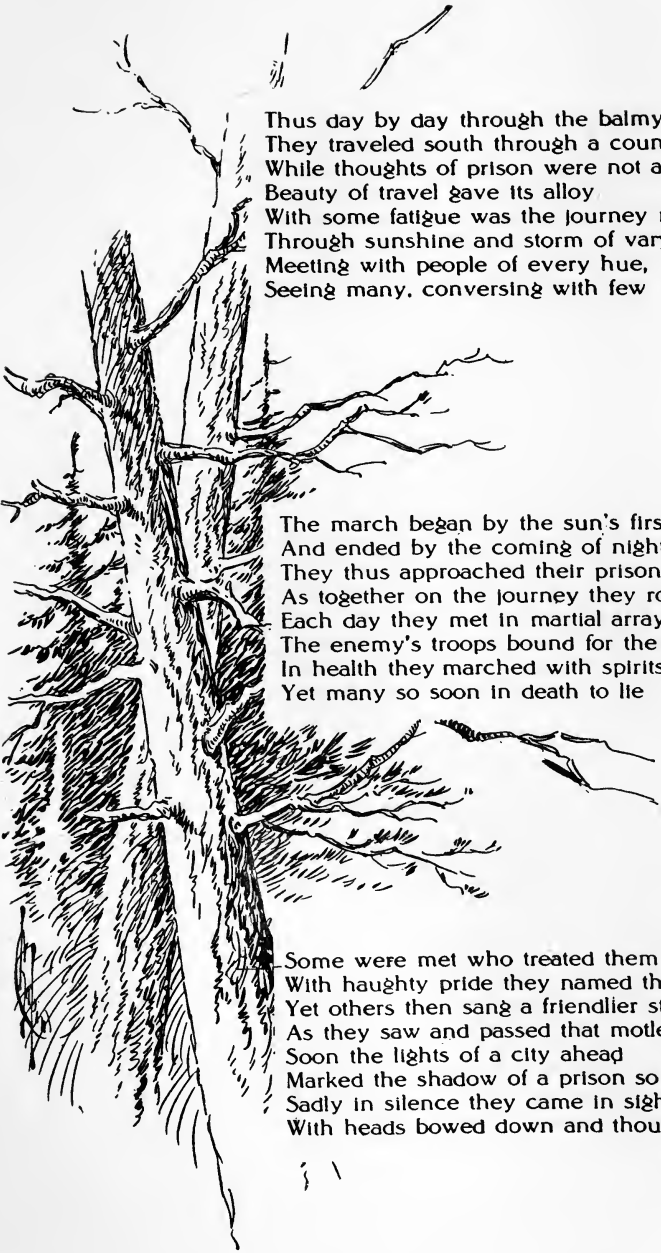
Wide spread the fair earth in emerald hue,  
Its fresh robe sparkled with morning dew,  
The soft breeze played through the shimmering leaves  
Of the outspread limbs of shady trees;  
All nature vied with the heavens above  
For peace and good-will and earthly love,  
And those in suffering and in distress  
Felt the iron hand of fate the less.



They marched for days to the sunny land  
A cheerful, if not a happy, band;  
By travel passing many a day  
In bright, pleasing converse on the way.  
If not the thought of a prison cell  
Intruding their minds in every dell  
The days thus passed in this journey's ride,  
Would have had for them a happy side.

None could complain of treatment unfair  
By guards at their side gentle and fair;  
The chivalry of the South, well known  
To all the prisoners, was daily shown;  
Every want by them was quick supplied  
By foraging soldiers far and wide,  
Each guard strove to furnish every need  
But safe to prison, them surely lead.





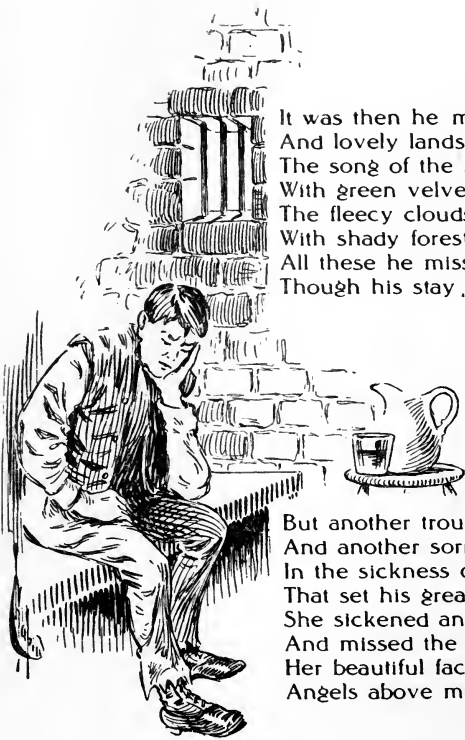
Thus day by day through the balmy air  
They traveled south through a country fair  
While thoughts of prison were not a joy  
Beauty of travel gave its alloy  
With some fatigue was the journey made,  
Through sunshine and storm of varying grade,  
Meeting with people of every hue,  
Seeing many, conversing with few

The march began by the sun's first light  
And ended by the coming of night;  
They thus approached their prison abode  
As together on the journey they rode.  
Each day they met in martial array  
The enemy's troops bound for the fray,  
In health they marched with spirits so high  
Yet many so soon in death to lie

Some were met who treated them with scorn,  
With haughty pride they named them low born,  
Yet others then sang a friendlier strain  
As they saw and passed that motley train.  
Soon the lights of a city ahead  
Marked the shadow of a prison so dread —  
Sadly in silence they came in sight  
With heads bowed down and thoughts dark as night.

The prison doors closed with chilling clang  
Liberty's death-knell for this youth rang.  
And dark gloomy thoughts possessed his soul  
As with coming night he reached his goal.  
For days he pondered gloomy and sad  
In this prison with food that was bad,  
In his mind shone not a single ray  
Of hope that pictured the coming day.

It was then he missed the air and light  
And lovely landscape both clear and bright,  
The song of the birds and hum of the bees  
With green velvet grass and waving trees,  
The fleecy clouds and the azure sky  
With shady forests and mountains high,  
All these he missed with a sigh of grief  
Though his stay in prison had been brief.

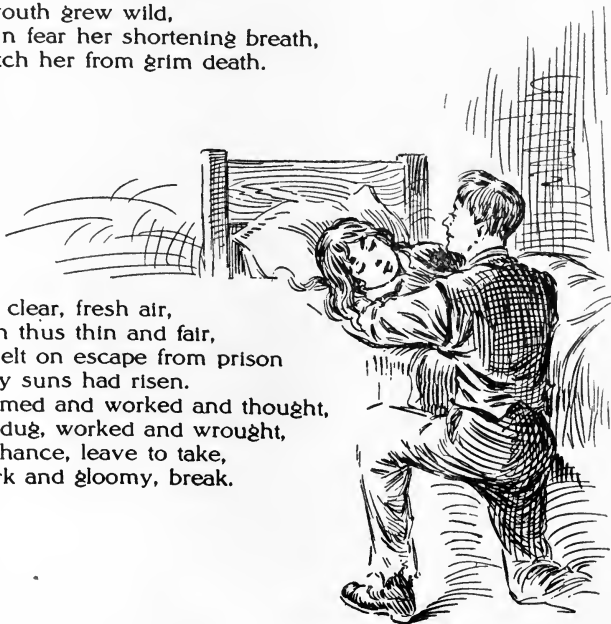


But another trouble he must meet,  
And another sorrow he must greet  
In the sickness of that little child  
That set his great heart to beating wild.  
She sickened and pined on prison fare  
And missed the freshness of summer air.  
Her beautiful face grew pale and white—  
Angels above might weep at the sight.

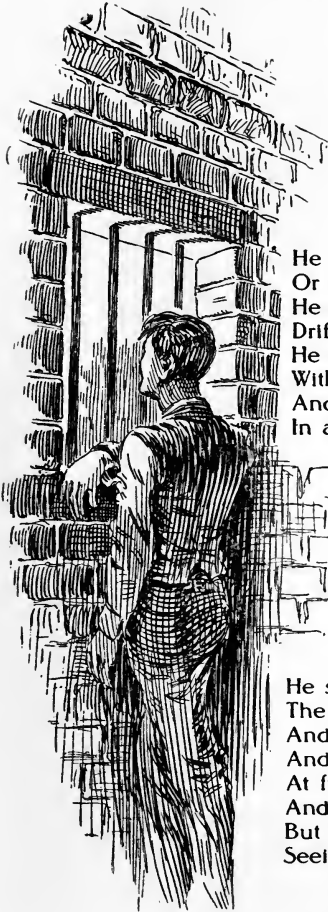
Day by day her malady grew worse,  
Day by day he was her faithful nurse,  
His restful arms were the sick child's bed,  
By his tender hand the child was fed.  
He earnestly prayed her life be spared—  
As for his own so little he cared—  
That her loss meant his happiness gone,  
Without her presence he'd be alone.

With loving patience she bore her cross,  
Air and sunshine marked her only loss,  
Every day now weaker grew her voice,  
Betwixt life and death there seemed no choice.  
Made desperate by the sinking child,  
This loving, faithful youth grew wild,  
Though he watched in fear her shortening breath,  
Yet he vowed to snatch her from grim death.

His only hope lay in clear, fresh air,  
For the patient grown thus thin and fair,  
And his thoughts dwelt on escape from prison  
Before the time many suns had risen.  
To this plan he schemed and worked and thought,  
And for this end he dug, worked and wrought,  
Until there came a chance, leave to take,  
And from prison, dark and gloomy, break.



When not engaged at the sick girl's side  
He watched the ebb and flow of the tide  
That laved the foot of the prison gate  
And beckoned him on to tempt his fate.  
The gods are good to those who are brave,  
Who risk their lives, loving friends to save,  
And this brave youth determined to try  
This method to save the child, or die.



He prayed a friend might send him a boat,  
Or one perchance be left in the moat,  
He pictured themselves on river wide  
Drifting gently seaward with the tide.  
He saw himself slowly homeward bound,  
With a living treasure by him found,  
And dreamed them happy once more in thought  
In a rescued life so dearly bought.

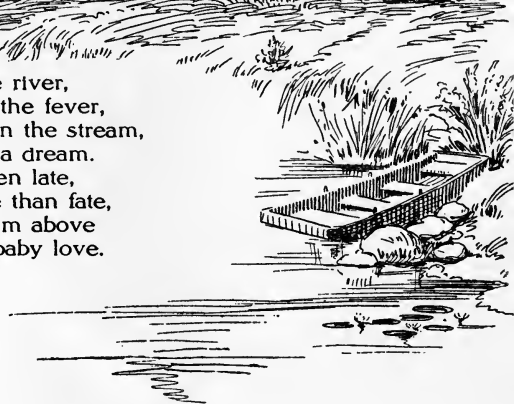
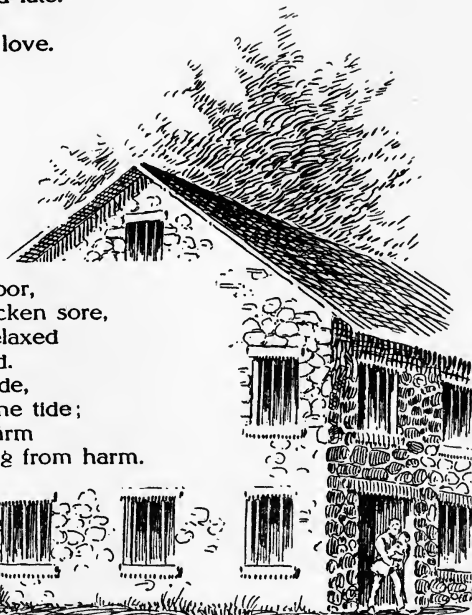
He started, and gazed from the prison,  
The silver moon had just arisen  
And shed her rays far over the land,  
And close by on the river and strand.  
At first his sad thoughts were far away  
And not on objects which near by lay,  
But clearing vision fell on the moat,  
Seeing at anchor a tiny boat.



It rose and fell on the rippling wave  
A beacon of hope a life to save.  
His wistful gaze was intent and long,  
Desire of life and freedom were strong,  
But nothing in mind to him so great  
As his helpless charge and her sad fate.  
Accepting this sign as from above  
He resolved to save her by God's love.

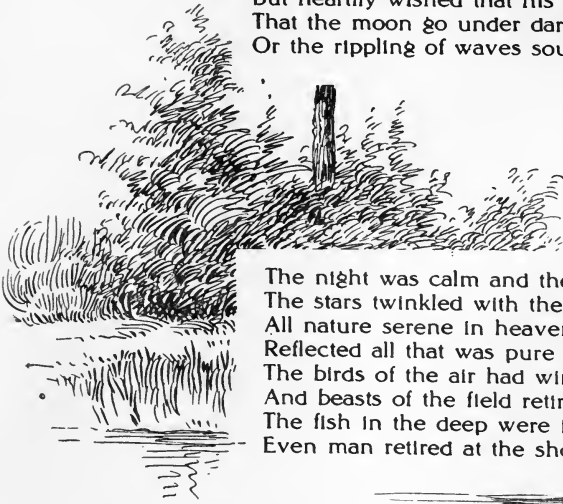
No sentinel watched outside the door,  
They knew the sick child was stricken sore,  
The care of these prisoners was relaxed  
As other duties the guard o'ertaxed.  
By chance the gate stood open wide,  
The staunch boat rode gently on the tide;  
Wrapping the child in coverlets warm  
The youth, with boat, was speeding from harm.

The shade of night was on the river,  
A cooling breeze fanned light the fever,  
The frail boat was drifting down the stream,  
Its shadowy form seemed but a dream.  
To him whose lode-star up-risen late,  
This fortunate move was more than fate,  
Kneeling he gave thanks to Him above  
Whose power could save his baby love.

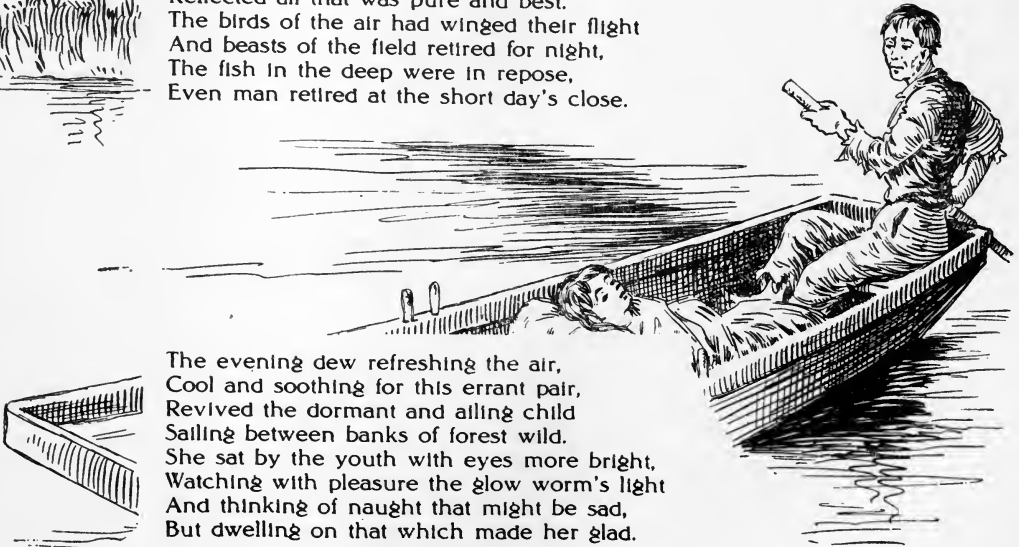




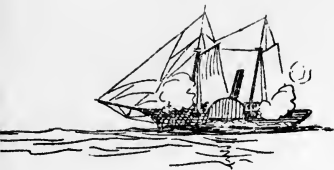
They drifted with the receding tide  
In the middle of the stream so wide,  
That from the shore it looked but a speck  
To sentinels in fort, and on the deck.  
The youth sailed now with his hopes raised high,  
But heartily wished that his boat could fly,  
That the moon go under darkening cloud  
Or the rippling of waves sound less loud.



The night was calm and the moon shone bright,  
The stars twinkled with their radiant light,  
All nature serene in heavenly rest  
Reflected all that was pure and best.  
The birds of the air had winged their flight  
And beasts of the field retired for night,  
The fish in the deep were in repose,  
Even man retired at the short day's close.



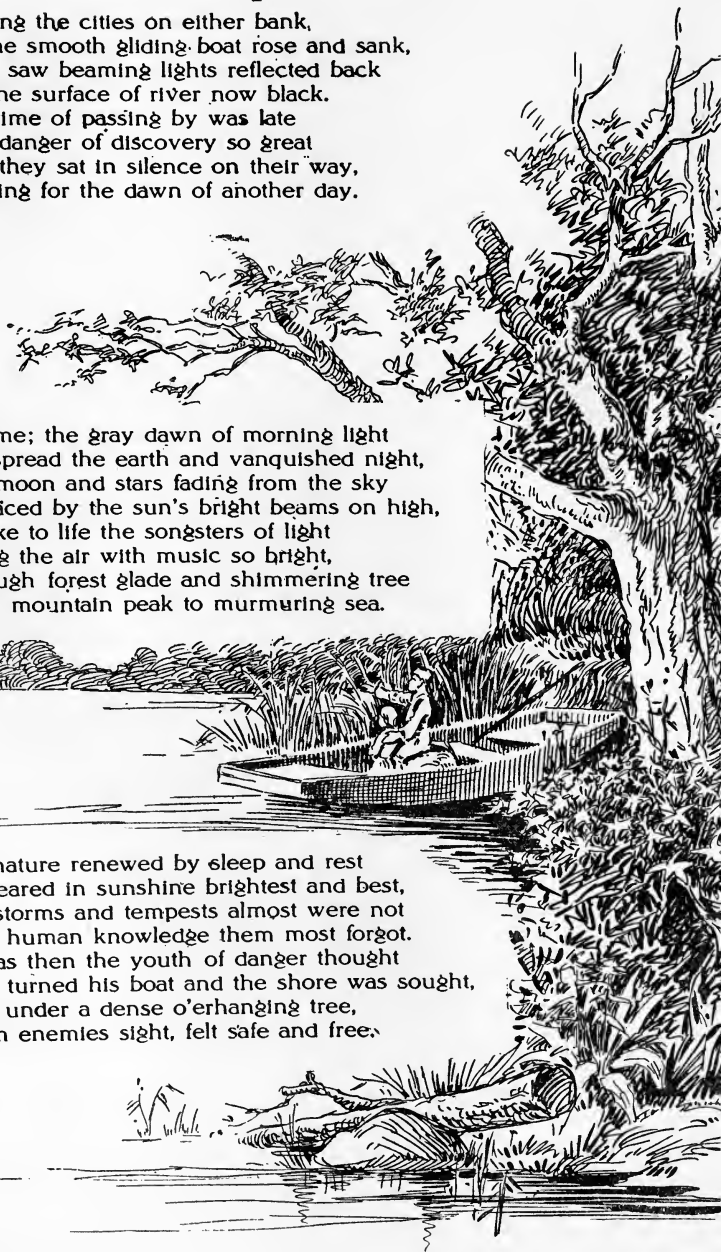
The evening dew refreshing the air,  
Cool and soothing for this errant pair,  
Revived the dormant and ailing child  
Sailing between banks of forest wild.  
She sat by the youth with eyes more bright,  
Watching with pleasure the glow worm's light  
And thinking of naught that might be sad,  
But dwelling on that which made her glad.



Passing the cities on either bank,  
As the smooth gliding boat rose and sank,  
They saw beaming lights reflected back  
On the surface of river now black.  
The time of passing by was late  
And danger of discovery so great  
That they sat in silence on their way,  
Looking for the dawn of another day.

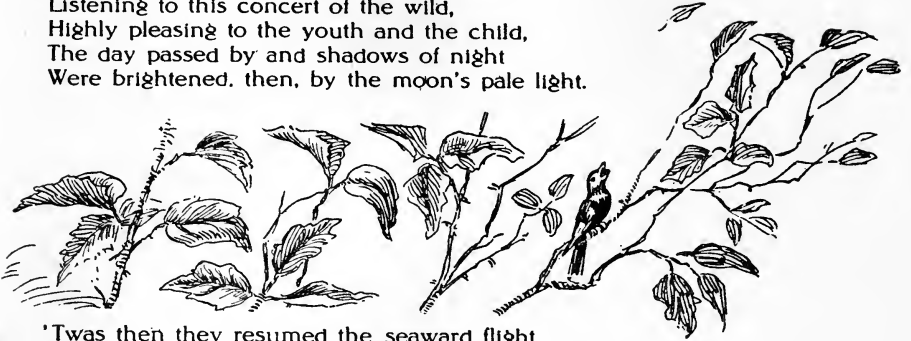
It came; the gray dawn of morning light  
O'erspread the earth and vanquished night,  
The moon and stars fading from the sky  
Replaced by the sun's bright beams on high,  
Awoke to life the songsters of light  
Filling the air with music so bright,  
Through forest glade and shimmering tree  
From mountain peak to murmuring sea.

All nature renewed by sleep and rest  
Appeared in sunshine brightest and best,  
Till storms and tempests almost were not  
And human knowledge them most forgot.  
It was then the youth of danger thought  
And turned his boat and the shore was sought,  
Hid, under a dense o'erhanging tree,  
From enemies sight, felt safe and free.

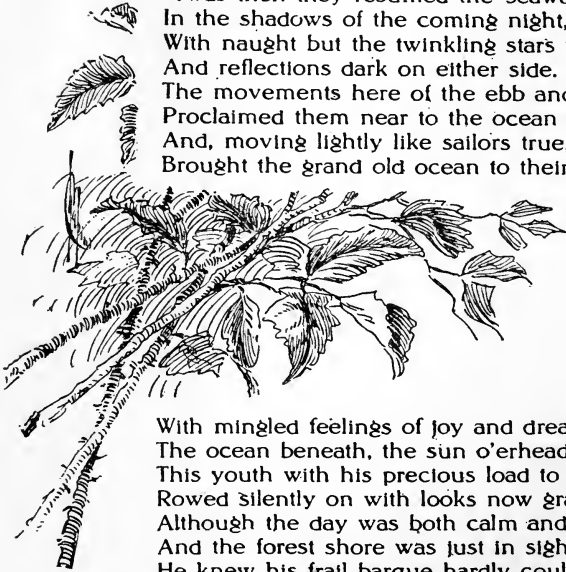




In branches green perched above them high,  
The oriole sang to her birdlings nigh,  
Each mocking bird sounding her refrain  
Through the forest that re-echoed again.  
Listening to this concert of the wild,  
Highly pleasing to the youth and the child,  
The day passed by and shadows of night  
Were brightened, then, by the moon's pale light.



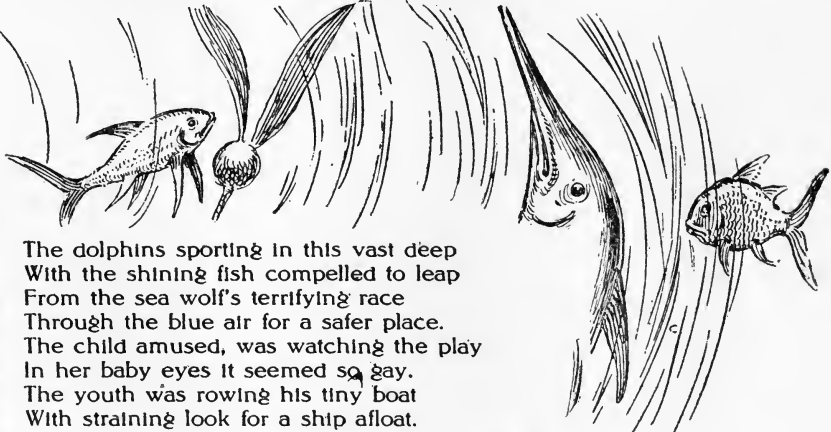
'Twas then they resumed the seaward flight  
In the shadows of the coming night,  
With naught but the twinkling stars to guide  
And reflections dark on either side.  
The movements here of the ebb and tide  
Proclaimed them near to the ocean wide,  
And, moving lightly like sailors true,  
Brought the grand old ocean to their view.



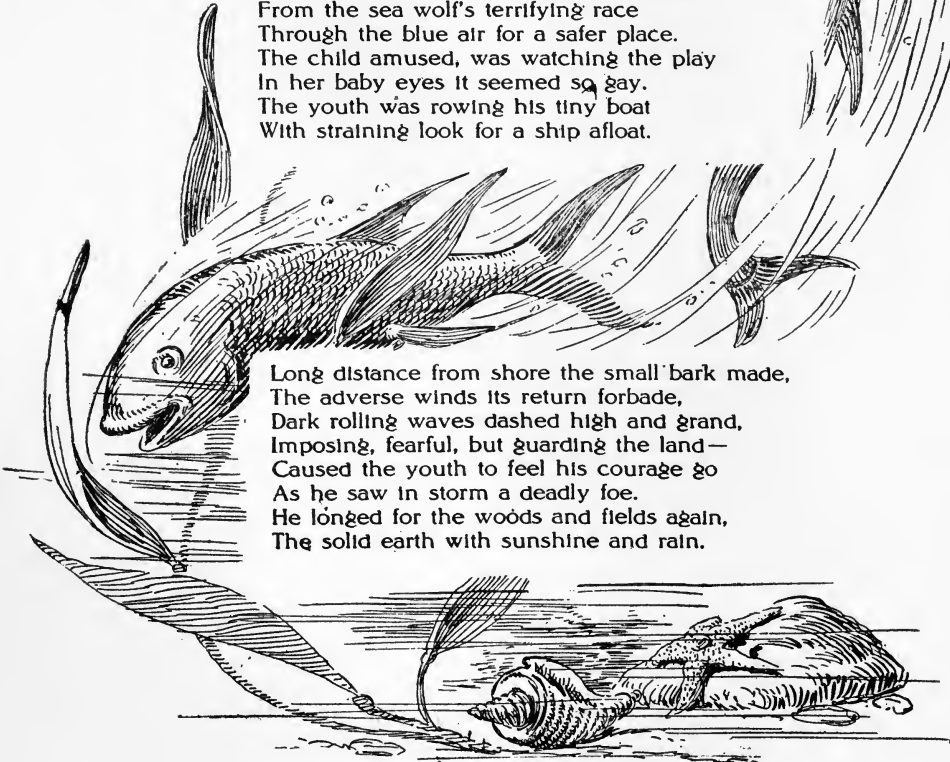
With mingled feelings of joy and dread,  
The ocean beneath, the sun o'erhead,  
This youth with his precious load to save  
Rowed silently on with looks now grave.  
Although the day was both calm and bright  
And the forest shore was just in sight,  
He knew his frail barque hardly could be  
Fitted to withstand the stormy sea.



The healthful look on the child's dear face  
Was answering prayer that had found grace,  
And the thankful heart of this brave lad  
'Mid perils of ocean was made glad.  
And the thought of the course he must take  
Blending thought with the time he would make  
Sending the boat safe over the wave  
To some haven of rest, them to save.

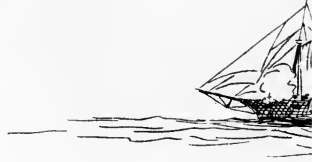


The dolphins sporting in this vast deep  
With the shining fish compelled to leap  
From the sea wolf's terrifying race  
Through the blue air for a safer place.  
The child amused, was watching the play  
In her baby eyes it seemed so gay.  
The youth was rowing his tiny boat  
With straining look for a ship afloat.

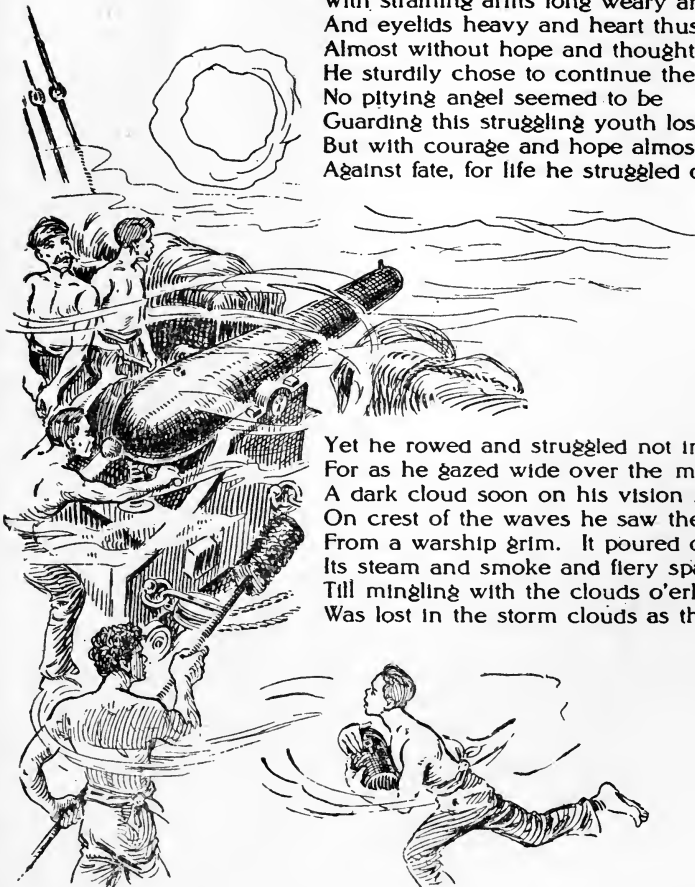


Long distance from shore the small bark made,  
The adverse winds its return forbade,  
Dark rolling waves dashed high and grand,  
Imposing, fearful, but guarding the land—  
Caused the youth to feel his courage go  
As he saw in storm a deadly foe.  
He longed for the woods and fields again,  
The solid earth with sunshine and rain.

Storm clouds gathered in the sky o'erhead,  
Made the youth anxious with fear and dread,  
The green ocean wave under his feet  
Lifted the boat high with strong heart beat,  
The elements of earth and heaven  
By some power unseen were given  
To bring to them un pitying tide  
Or to bright haven of safety guide.



With straining arms long weary and worn  
And eyelids heavy and heart thus torn,  
Almost without hope and thought of life,  
He sturdily chose to continue the strife.  
No pitying angel seemed to be  
Guarding this struggling youth lost at sea,  
But with courage and hope almost gone,  
Against fate, for life he struggled on.

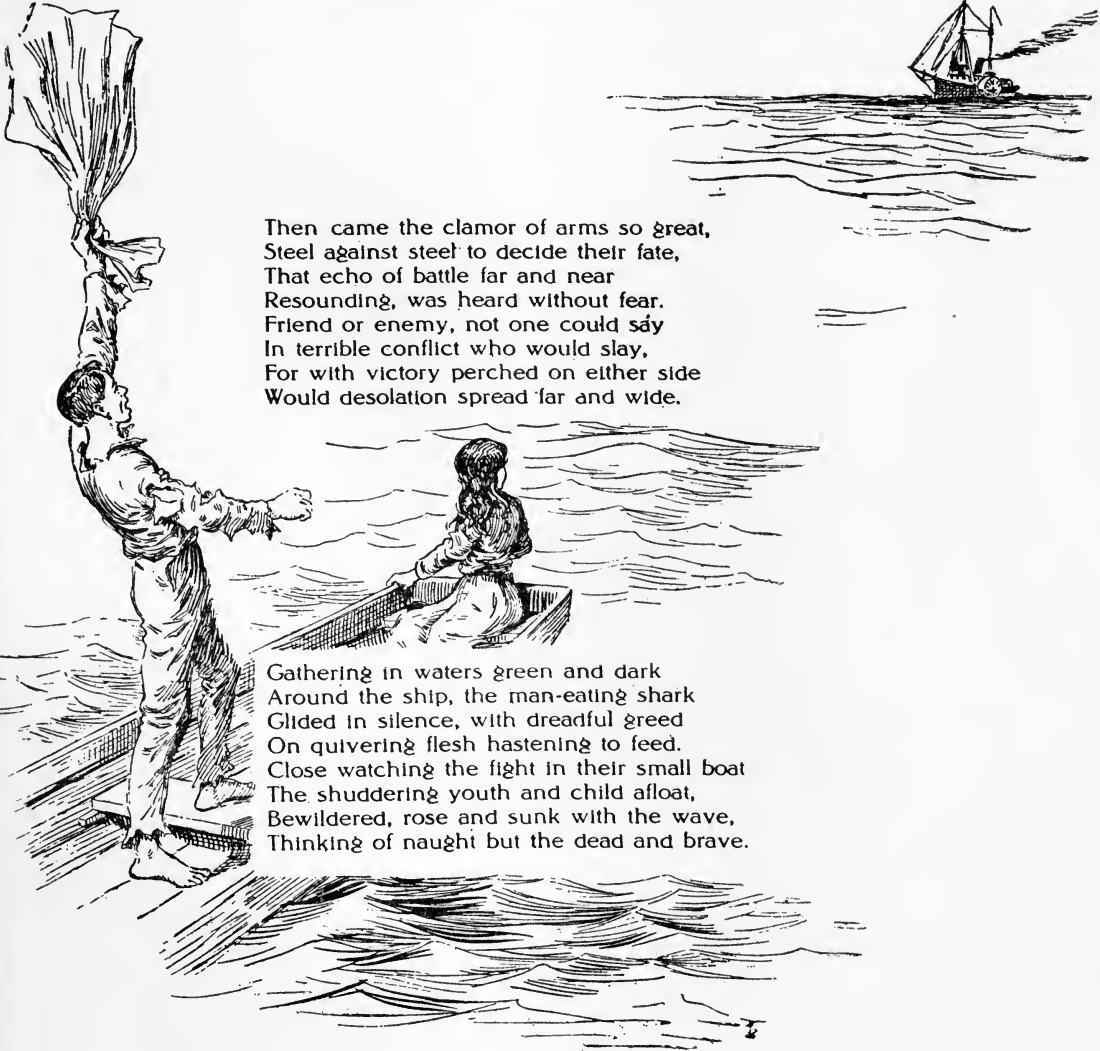


Yet he rowed and struggled not in vain,  
For as he gazed wide over the main  
A dark cloud soon on his vision broke  
On crest of the waves he saw the smoke  
From a warship grim. It poured out dark  
Its steam and smoke and fiery spark,  
Till mingling with the clouds o'erhead  
Was lost in the storm clouds as they sped.

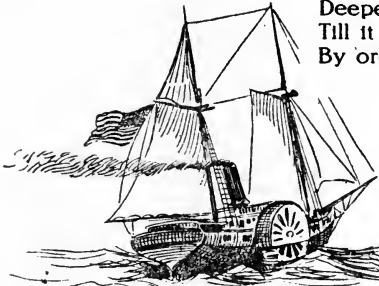
This glimpse of succor so near at hand  
Of warship by friend or enemy manned  
That raised the spirits of youth too high,  
Strengthening the hope of a loving tie,  
Was destined to fade and disappear  
For another ship was seen so near  
Clearing its deck for a battle dread  
With ocean deep to receive their dead.

Then came the clamor of arms so great,  
Steel against steel to decide their fate,  
That echo of battle far and near  
Resounding, was heard without fear.  
Friend or enemy, not one could say  
In terrible conflict who would slay,  
For with victory perched on either side  
Would desolation spread far and wide.

Gathering in waters green and dark  
Around the ship, the man-eating shark  
Glided in silence, with dreadful greed  
On quivering flesh hastening to feed.  
Close watching the fight in their small boat  
The shuddering youth and child afloat,  
Bewildered, rose and sunk with the wave,  
Thinking of naught but the dead and brave.



The battle thundered, the cannon roared,  
Death and destruction rampant on board;  
The dead and dying were all around  
Deaf to the din of that fearful sound.  
Closer now drew the engines of war,  
Deeper on deck ran the human gore  
Till it seemed to youth all must be lost  
By order of man and war's great cost.



What was that sound that burst on the air?  
What terrible sight in view of this pair?  
The death knell of brave boat had sounded,  
A stately ship of war had foundered.  
Explosion's dread work had rent in twain  
And scattered the bulwarks o'er the main  
Of the enemies' death engine of fate,  
Once so proud, so noble, and so great.



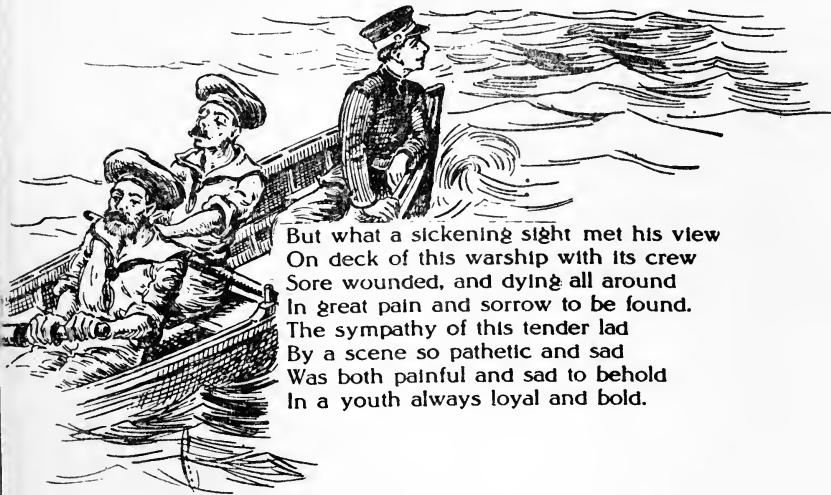
The battle ceased, the fight was ended,  
One gallant ship with green wave blended  
Beneath a mantle so dark and deep,  
Resting with the dead in peaceful sleep.  
It was then the stars and stripes were seen  
Floating high above old ocean green,  
In triumph waving o'er sunken foe  
Deep down in darkness so far below.



They lowered the boat down to the sea  
To save the lives of those in the lee.  
Surprise was shown by that weary crew  
At a barque so small, a sight so new.  
On the ocean broad, so far from land,  
With a stormy sea so awful—grand,  
That tiny boat with youth and child  
Could ride on the waves so rough and wild.



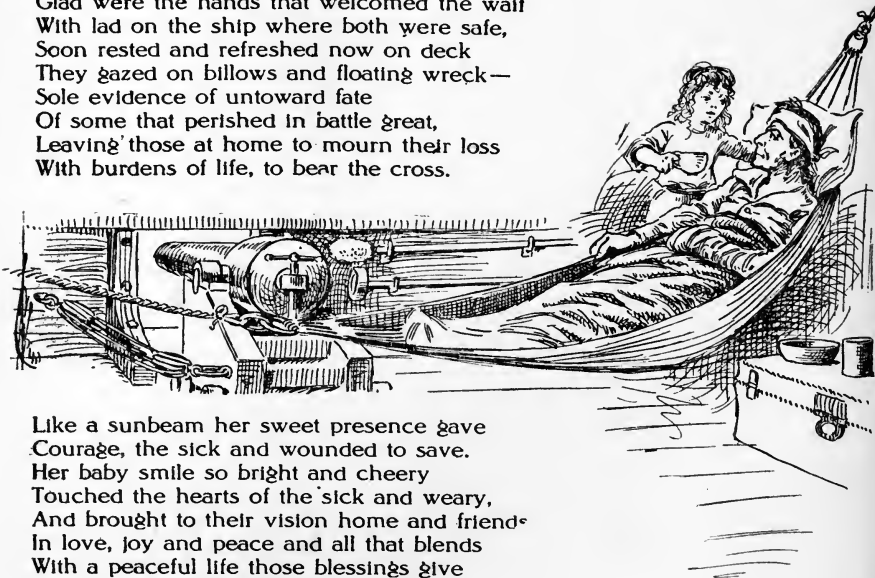
Courage and delight filled the proud heart  
Of youth who had bravely borne his part  
In his manly struggle for the right  
And the child of beauty in his sight.  
No forebodings for their future days  
Obscuring the joy of bright, dazzling rays  
Entered his mind as he stepped on board  
The dark-browed warship so near them moored.



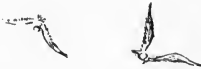
But what a sickening sight met his view  
On deck of this warship with its crew  
Sore wounded, and dying all around  
In great pain and sorrow to be found.  
The sympathy of this tender lad  
By a scene so pathetic and sad  
Was both painful and sad to behold  
In a youth always loyal and bold.

Sleep sound, brave warriors. In your dark bed  
Softly, undisturbed may lie your head.  
Your duty well done, though mistaken,  
Only with Him above, you reckon!  
And when Gabriel's last trump shall sound,  
The wakening dead stand forth all around.  
May your reward from Him be given  
In perfect life from Him in Heaven.



Glad were the hands that welcomed the waif  
With lad on the ship where both were safe,  
Soon rested and refreshed now on deck  
They gazed on billows and floating wreck—  
Sole evidence of untoward fate  
Of some that perished in battle great,  
Leaving those at home to mourn their loss  
With burdens of life, to bear the cross.




Like a sunbeam her sweet presence gave  
Courage, the sick and wounded to save.  
Her baby smile so bright and cheery  
Touched the hearts of the sick and weary,  
And brought to their vision home and friend  
In love, joy and peace and all that blends  
With a peaceful life those blessings give  
To one who a peaceful life would live.



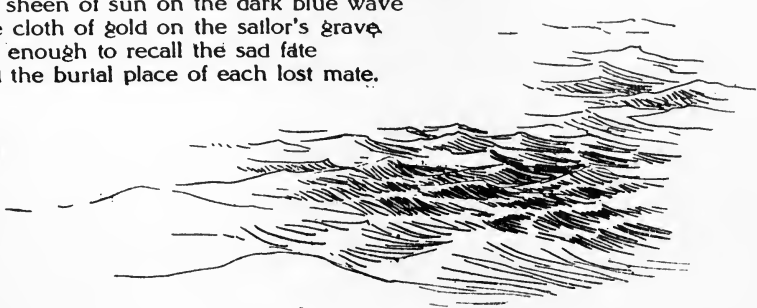
Untiring was the work of the lad  
Whose efforts helped the wounded and sad,  
Cheering the forlorn with hope of life  
Renewed the struggle, continued the strife,  
Until such labor from him, their guest,  
With health was fruitful and greatly blessed,  
And hope again had entered the mind  
Possessing their souls with ties that bind.



The storm passed over that fateful band  
With prow of ship turned towards the land,  
As homeward bound it ploughed through the main  
Carrying souls made jubilant again.  
Thus in sorrow from mourning refrain  
Only a passing tear for the slain  
We drop, as we rush feverishly by  
To love, to struggle, and then to die.



Once again the sun shone dazzling, strong,  
As the noble ship ploughed bravely along,  
The sparkling rain drops hung from the mast  
Like tear drops in mourning for the past.  
The sheen of sun on the dark blue wave  
Like cloth of gold on the sailor's grave  
Was enough to recall the sad fate  
And the burial place of each lost mate.



But homeward bound made the heart so glad  
Of all on board as well as the lad  
That the scenes of strife, struggle and death  
Were almost forgotten as soon as left.  
Sailor-soldiers, light hearted and gay  
Danced and sang to music all the day  
And even the sore wounded forgot  
Their troubles, in the change of their lot.



From Captain of this victorious ship  
To the jack tars who in briny surf dip  
Of the winsome child a favorite made  
With all on board and with every grade.  
The care of the wounded on the way  
Fell largely to the youth on each day,  
Endeared him daily to every heart  
Regretting the day that they must part.

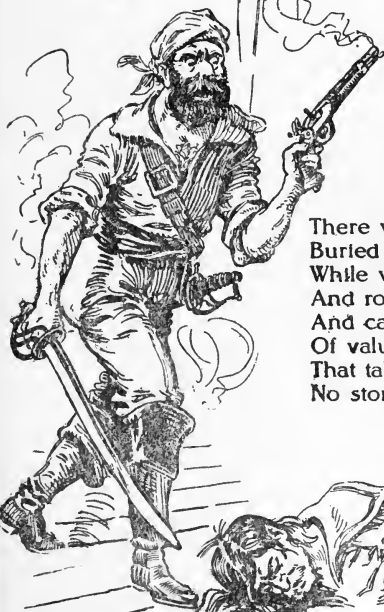
They fished for sharks in the water deep,  
And watched the sporting porpoise leap,  
They passed many days in pleasure bright  
From early morning to evening light.  
The giant form of the spouting whale  
Was seen afar in the moonlight pale,  
In phosphorescent light they listened  
To weird stories on waves that glistened.



Of dangerous pirates brave and bold  
Who robbed the shippers of pelf and gold.  
The evenings so long were quickly passed  
In darksome tales spun before the mast.  
Of wondrous travels far and wide,  
Beyond the ocean and country side,  
In foreign parts, on equator's line,  
Through tropical lands and varied clime.

There were stories told of treasure great  
Buried on shore by pirates late  
While wandering over land and sea  
And robbing ships unable to flee.  
And caves full filled with ingots of gold  
Of value so great, almost untold.  
That tales of Aladdin's lamp relate  
No story of wealth one-half so great.

Of giants that lived in forests wild—  
A powerful being to every child—  
When bad they were pictured close at hand  
Ready to punish in every land;  
When good, protection was always sure  
To children whose lives were sweet and pure,  
Thus rewarded or punished were all  
According to conduct, to rise or fall.



The mystic tales of a sailor lad  
Delighted the hearts of good and bad  
And entered the realm of every sphere  
Of worlds and countries far and near.  
The nimble dance and songs that were sung  
Enjoyed by everyone, old or young  
Would give the thinking much food for thought  
That wars and bloodshed had taught them naught.

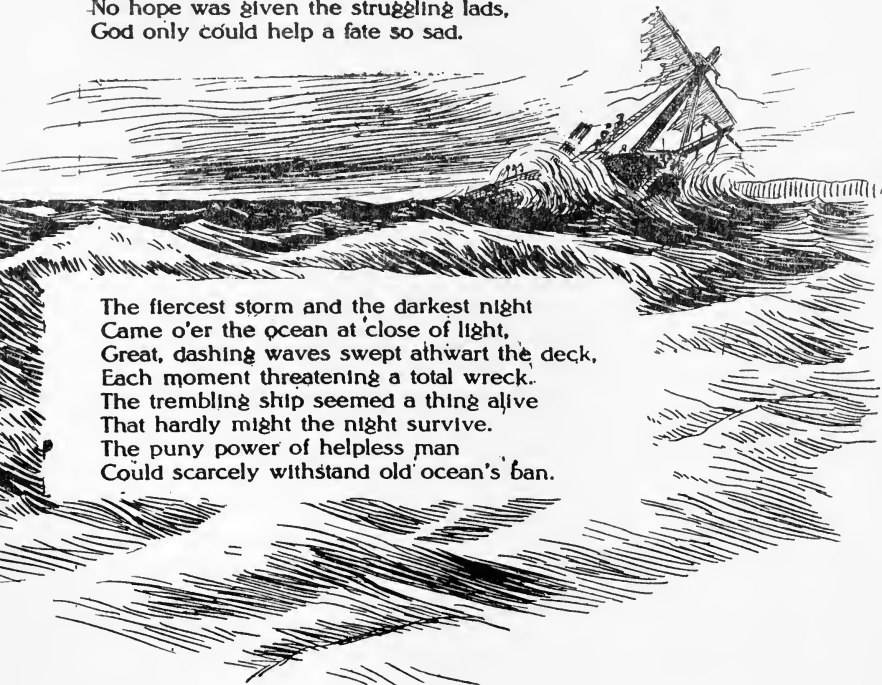
These scenes on board were destined to change  
When sailing ship came over the main.  
A signal gun was quickly sounded,  
The sailing ship was by that rounded,  
And orders were given transferring all  
Of those not subject to ship's roll call,  
Thus the battleship was left behind  
With all of those who had been so kind.

The loving child with youth did mourn  
Sailing away to an unknown bourne,  
The kindest of friends they had ever had  
In troubles and trials to make them glad.  
But other thoughts intruded their minds  
With other troubles of different kinds,  
For tempest uprising bore them away  
Till hope had left not a single ray.



The tempest broke o'er devoted heads  
And raged with fury, awful and dread,  
Tearing the sails from the spars on high,  
Ploughing the waters deep, far and nigh.  
The great rolling billows swept the deck  
Till everything loose was bound to wreck,  
While several on board were washed away  
And lost in the foaming billows gray.

Confusion terrible on deck now reigned  
And the fear of sailors was unfeigned  
As orders were given and recalled,  
So fierce a gale the captain appalled.  
"The ship is lost" the captain shouted  
As through the sides the water spouted;  
No hope was given the struggling lads,  
God only could help a fate so sad.



The fiercest storm and the darkest night  
Came o'er the ocean at close of light,  
Great, dashing waves swept athwart the deck,  
Each moment threatening a total wreck.  
The trembling ship seemed a thing alive  
That hardly might the night survive.  
The puny power of helpless man  
Could scarcely withstand old ocean's ban.

Youth and child in the cabin were calm,  
Faith in his Maker was like a balm  
To the brave, unflinching soldier lad  
With the armor of his faith well clad.  
He felt that the brave old ship was doomed,  
Yet trust in a Greater Force high loomed  
And brightly illumed this darksome hour,  
This hope and trust in a Higher Power.

Praying, he asked guidance from above,  
Grace and power of sustaining love,  
To meet whatever fate had in store  
And in silence now His name adore.  
No power of man could stem the tide,  
Or to a haven of safety guide;  
With Him alone assistance must stand  
To bring them well and safely to land.

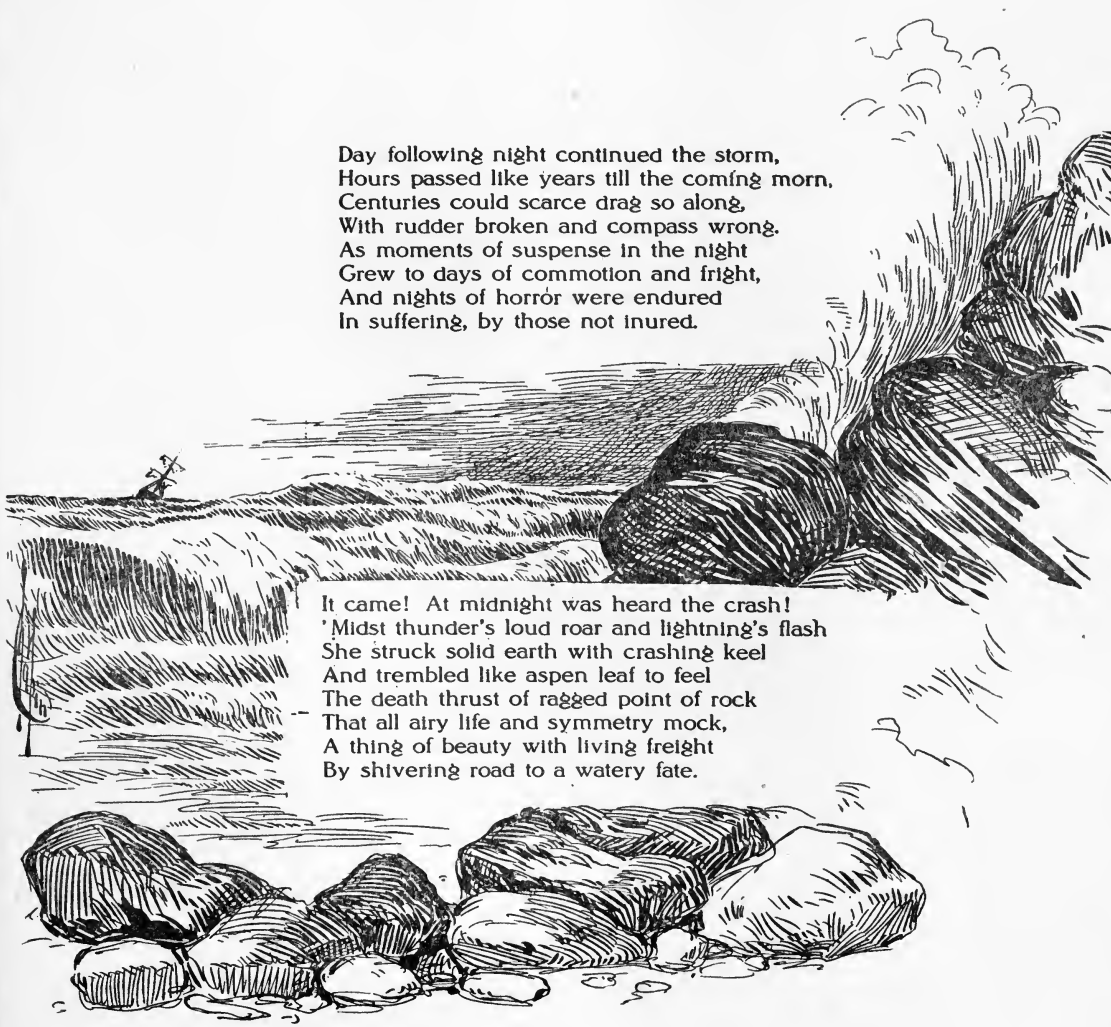


All kneeling down in invocation cried  
"Save us by mercy of Him who died;  
Unworthy, sinful we have no claim,  
We come to Thee only in His name;  
In dire distress we cry unto Thee,  
Hear Thou our prayer, our trouble see,  
Help us, Thou, unworthy though we cry,  
Save us from death or teach us to die!"



The youth sure founded 'in his belief,  
Extending solace for their relief,  
Calming and soothing each sailor's fear  
Of death and destruction now so near;  
Pointing surely to the way of light  
Through repentance to Calvary's height,  
The Savior's image upon the cross  
Shining as gold amidst crumbling dross.

Day following night continued the storm,  
Hours passed like years till the coming morn,  
Centuries could scarce drag so along,  
With rudder broken and compass wrong.  
As moments of suspense in the night  
Grew to days of commotion and fright,  
And nights of horror were endured  
In suffering, by those not inured.

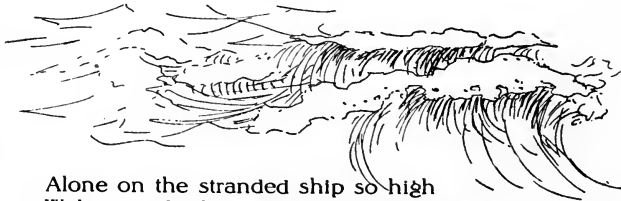


It came! At midnight was heard the crash!  
'Midst thunder's loud roar and lightning's flash  
She struck solid earth with crashing keel  
And trembled like aspen leaf to feel  
The death thrust of ragged point of rock  
That all airy life and symmetry mock,  
A thing of beauty with living freight  
By shivering road to a watery fate.

There were hurrying men and trampling feet,  
'Midst quick preparation in rain and sleet  
To man the boats, in desperate strait  
Each thinking of naught but his own fate.  
All semblance of order disappeared  
Fully the spectre of death each feared;  
Thoughts of others scarce entered the mind,  
To other thoughts than self they were blind.



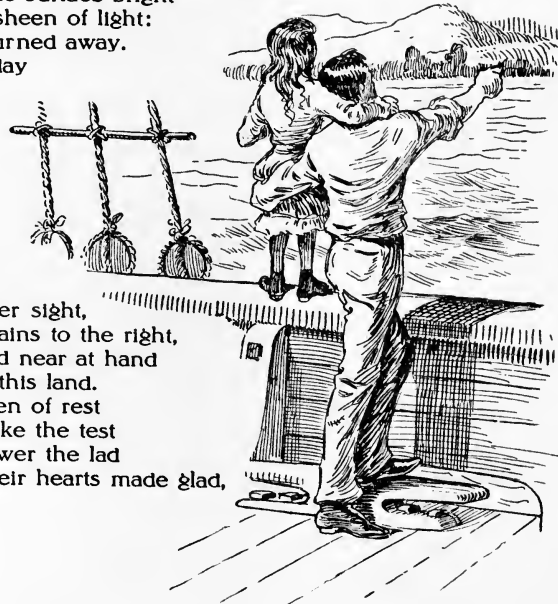
Blindly they rushed to each launching boat  
Which filled to overflowing when afloat,  
Cut loose from the ship, was washed away  
Ne'er again to see the light of day.  
Boat after boat, carrying living freight,  
Was launched to founder like other's mate,  
Till all disappeared o'er the ship's side  
With neither stars or compass to guide.



Alone on the stranded ship so high  
With a single thought, a living tie,  
The youth and his charge together clung  
In fated ship on the sharp rocks hung.  
Not frenzied fear nor useless regret  
Possessed the soul or caused to forget  
The teachings of the youth's earlier years  
Whose influence allayed his present fears.

They slept refreshing sleep of the just,  
Placing in a Higher Power their trust,  
Dreaming day dreams of childhood away  
Till passing hours brought the morning gray.  
Once again the sun's rays were shining,  
The fleecy clouds wore silver lining,  
And buoyant youth now rebounding far  
Brought again the world without a star

They stood on deck of the foundered boat  
Straining their gaze for wreckage afloat,  
Still waiting in hopes that some might live,  
That youth in his strength some help might give.  
But naught appeared on the surface bright  
Of old ocean waves with sheen of light:  
Sighing sorrowfully they turned away.  
Trials to meet of another day

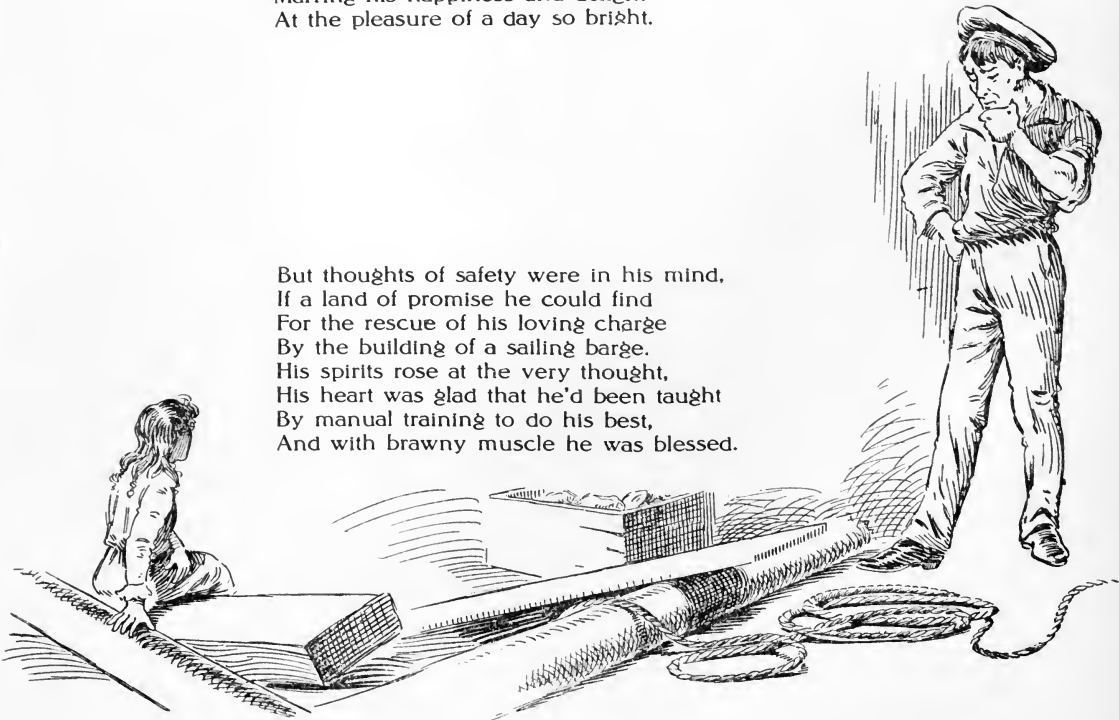


Turning they beheld another sight,  
Both landscape and mountains to the right,  
And hope's fruition seemed near at hand  
In the friendly promise of this land.  
But how to reach this haven of rest  
Without boat or sails to make the test  
Was a question whose answer the lad  
Quick thinking for both their hearts made glad,

Bright and beautiful as a brilliant star  
Everything seemed, as they looked afar  
Over the water and on the land  
With smiling ocean placid and grand.  
The sky was mirrored upon the deep,  
Awakening morning as from sleep,  
Till leaping fish and birds of the air  
Proclaimed a nature all free from care,

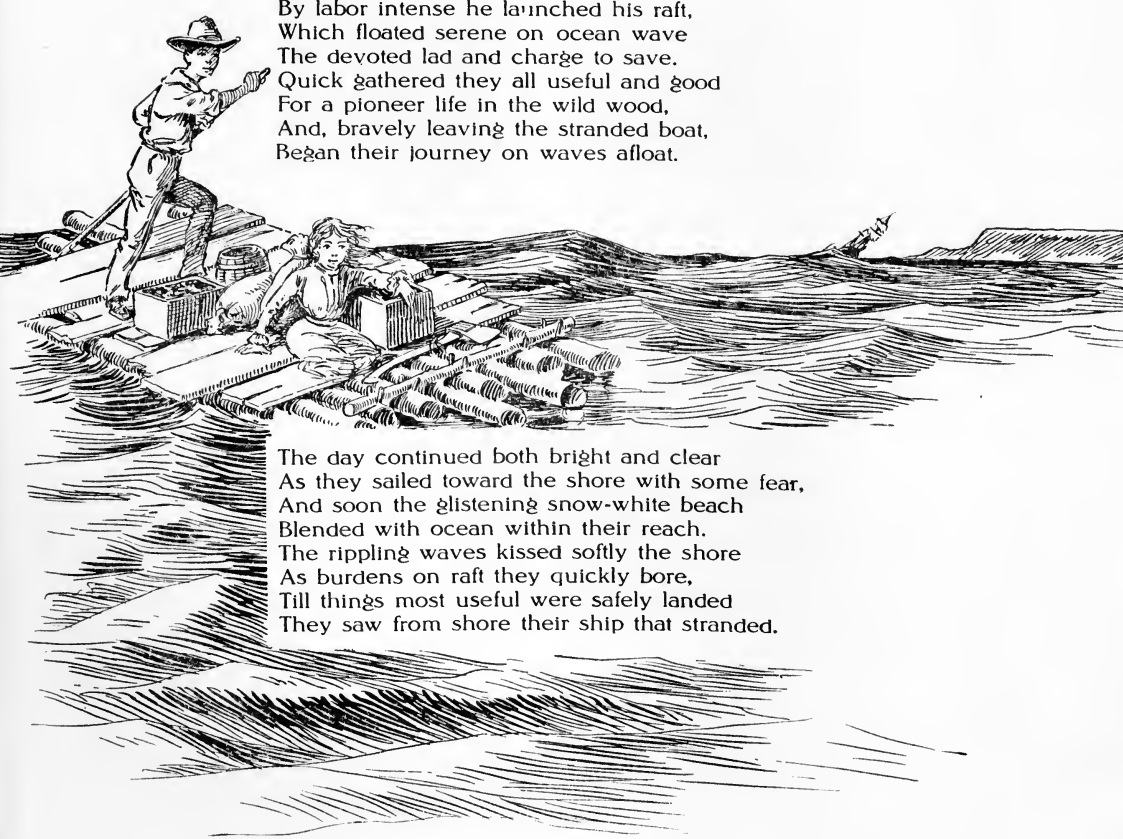
The great raging storm seemed but a dream  
As ocean mirrored the bright sun beams;  
The memory of sailors who were lost  
Like a phantom of the past engrossed  
Every thought and vision of the lad,  
Mingling sunshine with thoughts yet sad,  
Marring his happiness and delight  
At the pleasure of a day so bright.

But thoughts of safety were in his mind,  
If a land of promise he could find  
For the rescue of his loving charge  
By the building of a sailing barge.  
His spirits rose at the very thought,  
His heart was glad that he'd been taught  
By manual training to do his best,  
And with brawny muscle he was blessed.



He worked and studied to build a boat,  
Or some other craft to keep afloat  
Till tide of the sea floating before  
Could reach the distant, beautiful shore.  
In laboring thus to reach the main  
He gazed through the glass both long and vain  
To discover signs of human form,  
Making their condition less forlorn.

With infinite pains he built a craft,  
By labor intense he launched his raft,  
Which floated serene on ocean wave  
The devoted lad and charge to save.  
Quick gathered they all useful and good  
For a pioneer life in the wild wood,  
And, bravely leaving the stranded boat,  
Began their journey on waves afloat.

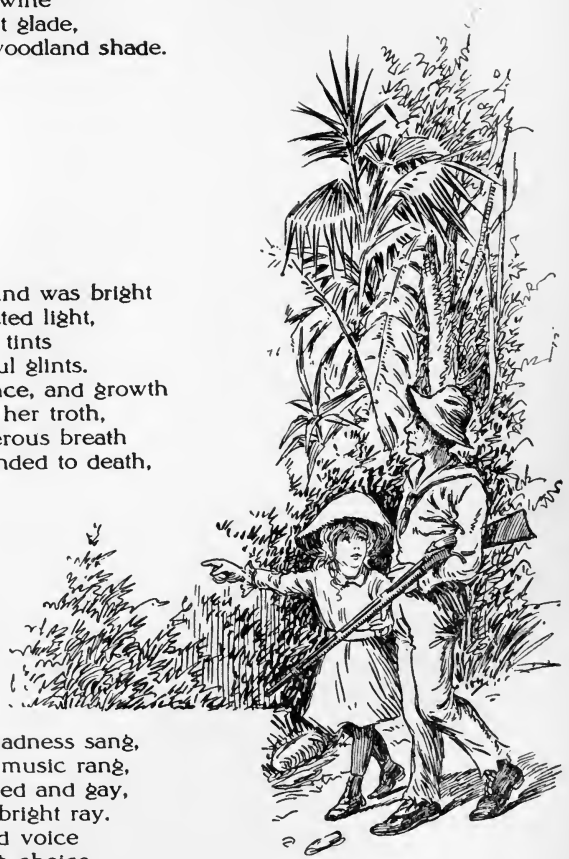


The day continued both bright and clear  
As they sailed toward the shore with some fear,  
And soon the glistening snow-white beach  
Blended with ocean within their reach.  
The rippling waves kissed softly the shore  
As burdens on raft they quickly bore,  
Till things most useful were safely landed  
They saw from shore their ship that stranded.

And now they viewed the beautiful land,  
The forest trees majestic and grand,  
With generous growth of tropic hue  
To eyes of these northland children new.  
The graceful tendril of clinging vine  
So tenderly with each other twine  
That, covering thick the forest glade,  
Made charming the grateful woodland shade.

The foliage covering the ground was bright  
And drank of the sun's reflected light,  
Absorbing many and varying tints  
In artist's eyes most wonderful glints.  
And rich in bloom, in fragrance, and growth  
As graceful maiden plighting her troth,  
And sweet in perfume's generous breath  
As flowers crushed and wounded to death,

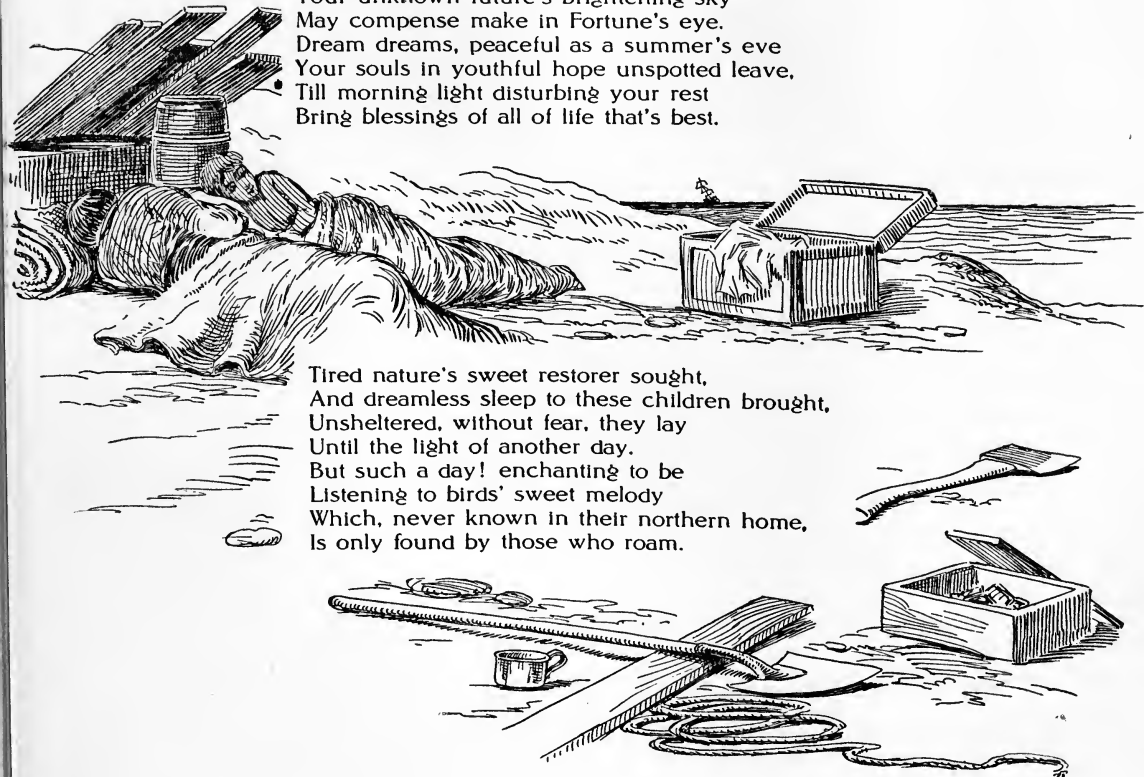
The feathered songsters in gladness sang,  
Forests and glens with their music rang.  
Fine was their plumage, varied and gay,  
Flashing colors of the sun's bright ray.  
Oriole, lark and mocking-bird voice  
Trilling to others their mating choice,  
Till forest and vale rang with their song  
Awakening echoes both loud and long.



Listening to the sounds with thoughts intent,  
Forgetting time with the day far spent,  
Youth and child, seeing shadows appear,  
Were reminded thus that night was near,  
Partaking not of food nor of drink  
In toilsome work with scarce time to think,  
Tired and hungry themselves they fed,  
On the glowing sand they laid their heads

Sleep well, ye children, tired and weary.  
Perchance your waking hours made dreary.  
Your unknown future's brightening sky  
May compensate make in Fortune's eye.  
Dream dreams, peaceful as a summer's eve  
Your souls in youthful hope unspotted leave,  
Till morning light disturbing your rest  
Bring blessings of all of life that's best.

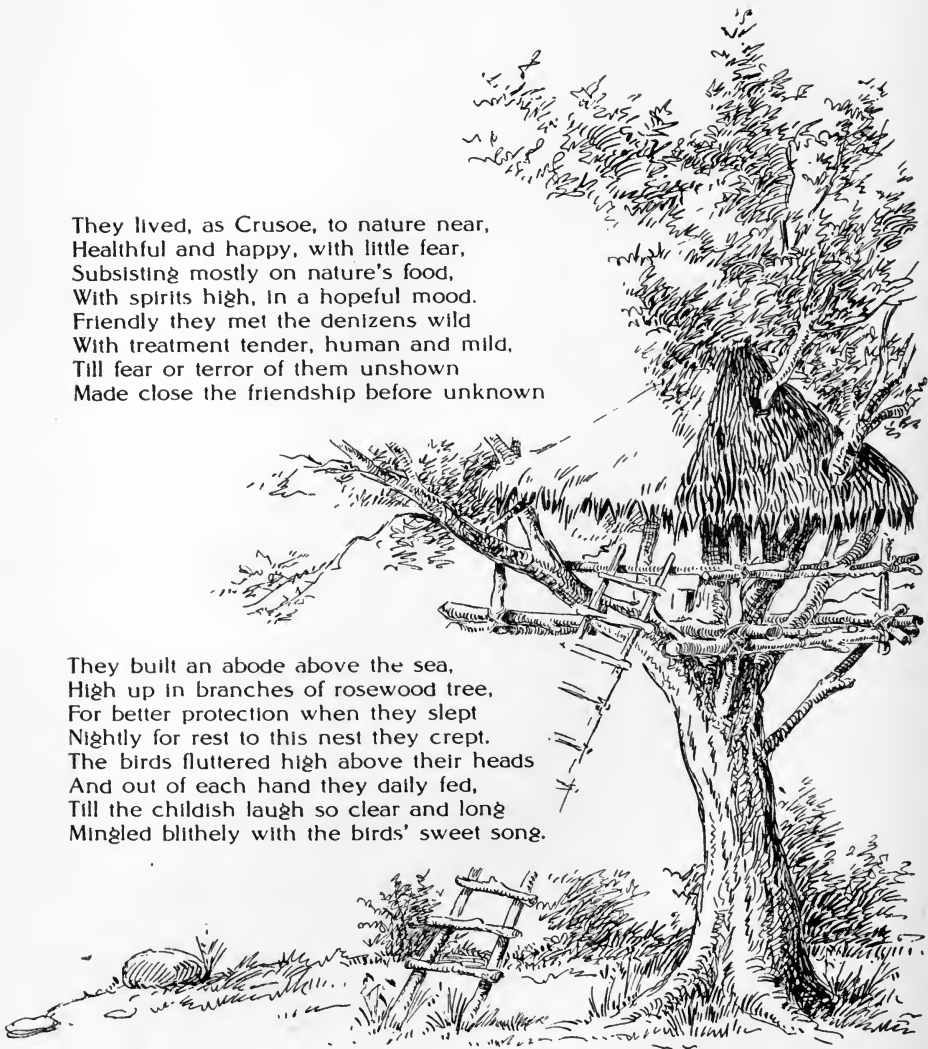
Tired nature's sweet restorer sought,  
And dreamless sleep to these children brought,  
Unsheltered, without fear, they lay  
Until the light of another day.  
But such a day! enchanting to be  
Listening to birds' sweet melody  
Which, never known in their northern home,  
Is only found by those who roam.



By day incessant they roamed to find  
Some living human being so kind—  
That care and converse lone hearts rejoice  
In the music of another voice.  
New beauties on land were daily seen  
In blooming flowers and evergreen,  
But though expectant of human kind  
These rays of joy were darkly lined.

They lived, as Crusoe, to nature near,  
Healthful and happy, with little fear,  
Subsisting mostly on nature's food,  
With spirits high, in a hopeful mood.  
Friendly they met the denizens wild  
With treatment tender, human and mild,  
Till fear or terror of them unshown  
Made close the friendship before unknown

They built an abode above the sea,  
High up in branches of rosewood tree,  
For better protection when they slept  
Nightly for rest to this nest they crept.  
The birds fluttered high above their heads  
And out of each hand they daily fed,  
Till the childish laugh so clear and long  
Mingled blithely with the birds' sweet song.



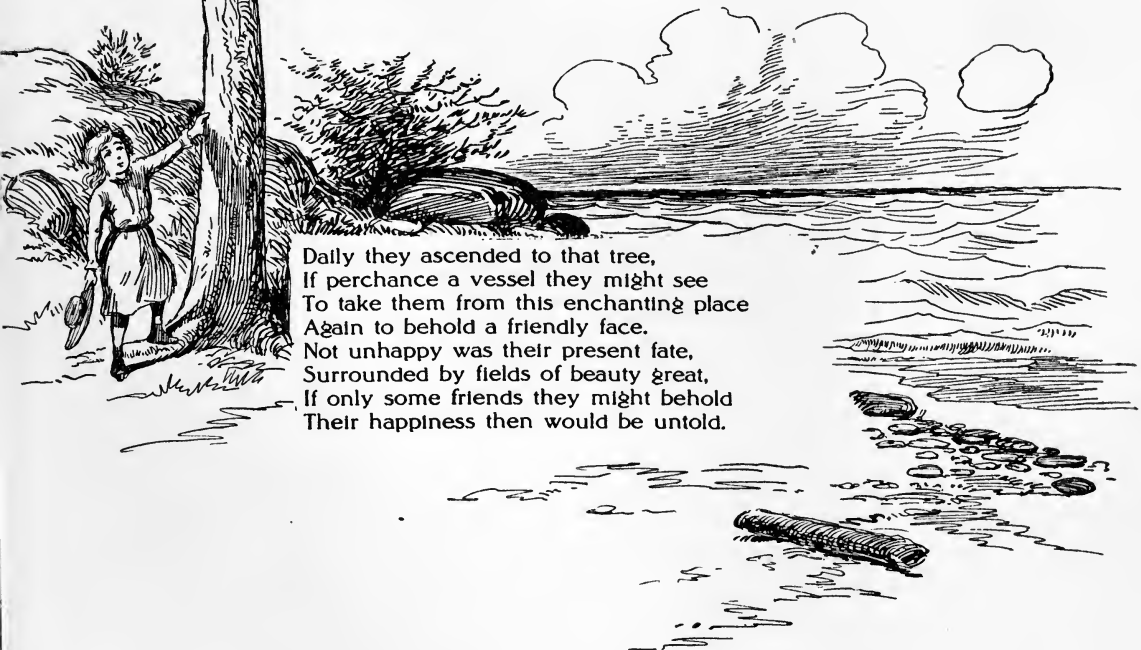




They visited once the stranded wreck  
And wandered lonely upon its deck,  
Thinking sadly of the dreadful past  
And faces of friends that they saw last.  
The memory of that fearful storm  
Made their faithful hearts beat cold and warm,  
And kneeling down on the lonely ship  
Returned thanks to God with heart and lip.



Sailing again to the bright green shore  
They carried with them in part the store  
That was found in the store-room at hand  
Of things much needed in this strange land.  
They saw on board a most beautiful prize—  
Their country's flag made their spirits rise—  
On tallest tree this banner was hung  
And to the breezes its folds were flung.

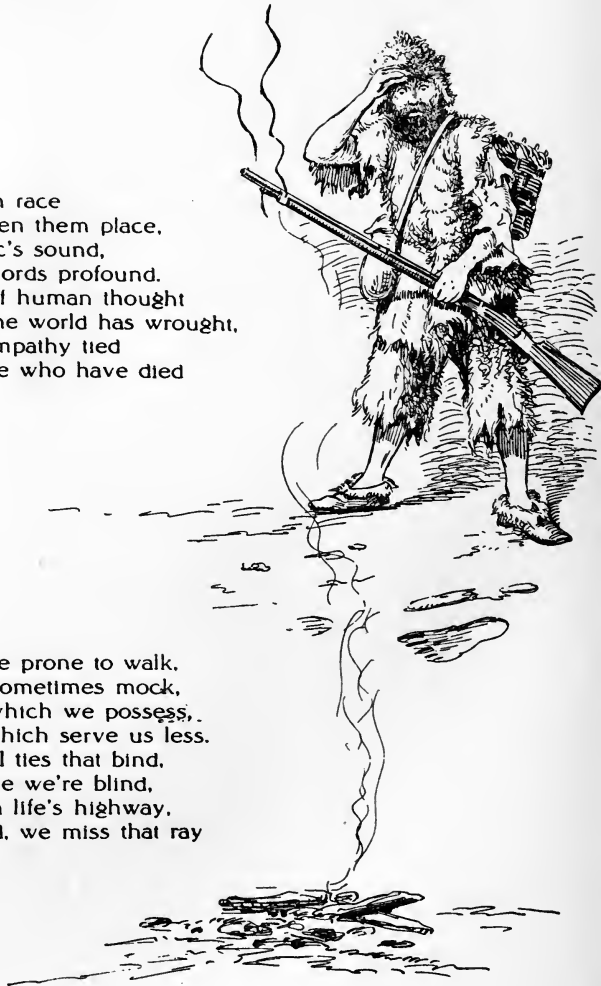


Daily they ascended to that tree,  
If perchance a vessel they might see  
To take them from this enchanting place  
Again to behold a friendly face.  
Not unhappy was their present fate,  
Surrounded by fields of beauty great,  
If only some friends they might behold  
Their happiness then would be untold.

Grave bards may sing of a hermit life  
To those unused to bustle and strife  
But Crusoe's world appeals to but few,  
Those only who this world would eschew.  
Our self cries out for kindred or friends,  
Enjoyment of life their presence lends  
And thoughts of eternity spent alone  
Elicits from us only a groan

In memory of the human race  
Poets have sung and given them place,  
On history's field, in lyric's sound,  
By music's delight and words profound.  
The sweetest exchange of human thought  
Makes clear to us what the world has wrought,  
And heart to heart in sympathy tied  
All living souls with those who have died

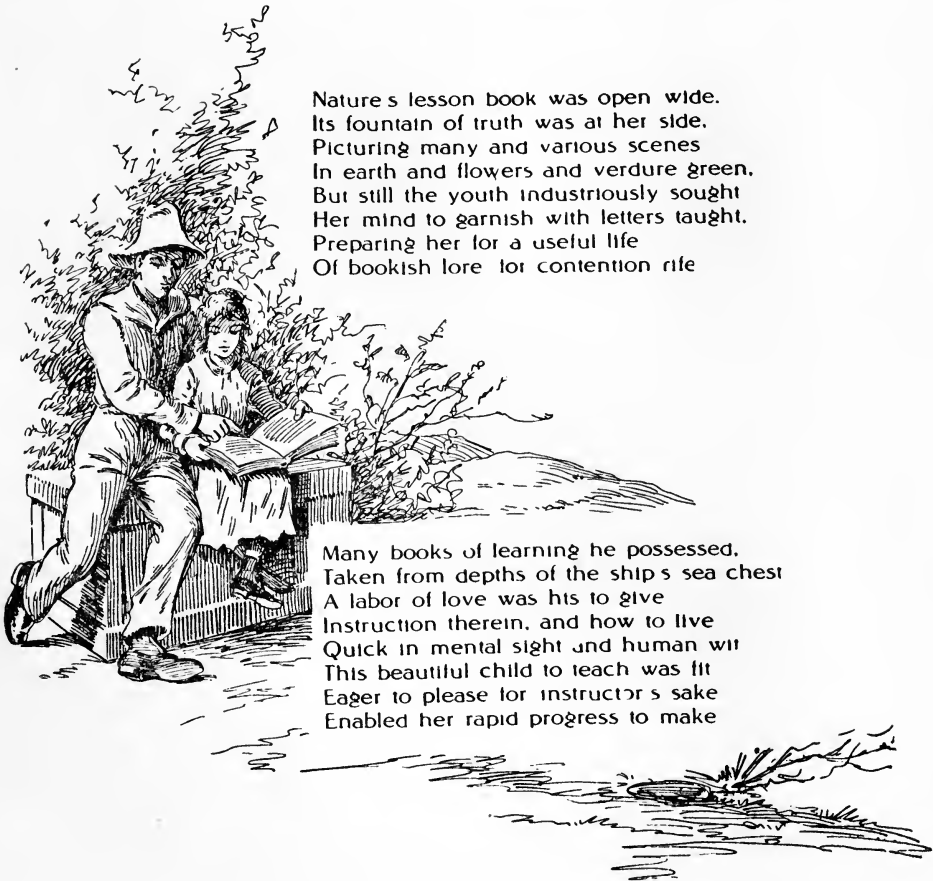
In civilized paths, where prone to walk,  
We at its trammels do sometimes mock,  
Not missing the thing which we possess,  
Oft wishing for those which serve us less.  
Restrained by our social ties that bind,  
To solace of human love we're blind,  
And, stumbling along in life's highway,  
O'erlooking what's good, we miss that ray



To youth unthinking, this picture gave  
Of glimpse historic to make him grave  
For the future welfare of his charge  
Growing daily healthier strong and large  
With loving nature she clung to him  
Her cup of joy seemed full to the brim.  
No thoughts or regrets disturbed her mind—  
To worldly future an infant blind

Nature's lesson book was open wide.  
Its fountain of truth was at her side.  
Picturing many and various scenes  
In earth and flowers and verdure green.  
But still the youth industriously sought  
Her mind to garnish with letters taught.  
Preparing her for a useful life  
Of bookish lore for contention rife

Many books of learning he possessed.  
Taken from depths of the ship's sea chest  
A labor of love was his to give  
Instruction therein, and how to live  
Quick in mental sight and human wit  
This beautiful child to teach was fit  
Eager to please for instructor's sake  
Enabled her rapid progress to make



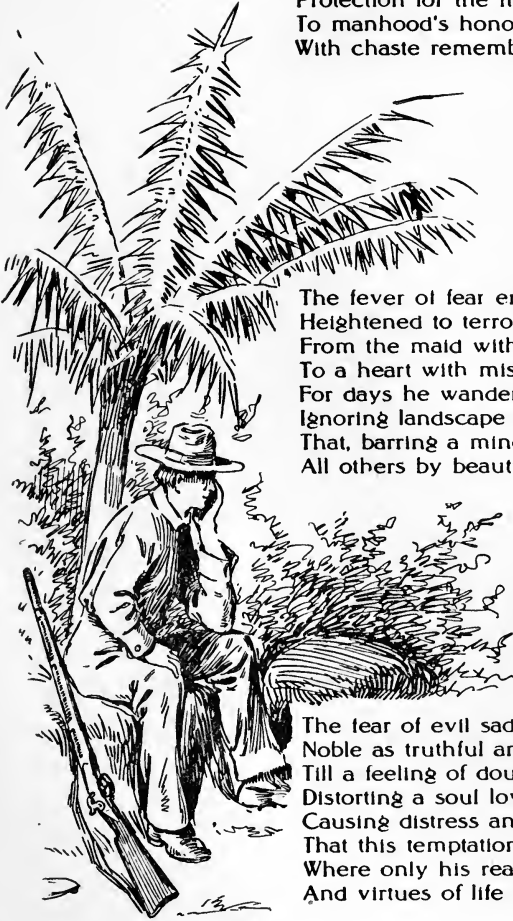
Thus days passed to months and then to years.  
No ship came in sight to calm his fears,  
And the youth's buoyant nature lost hope  
Letting him in mental darkness grope  
'Twas then the sympathy of the child,  
Grown to maidenhood, charming and mild,  
Was shown in every action and deed  
And comforted with every hope in his need

Her innocent charm was unrestrained.  
Each beauty of feature was retained.  
The brown, healthy look of sun kissed face  
Added piquant sweetness to her face  
Her willowy form, blithesome and free,  
Sporting in frolicksome waves with glee.  
Made a picture of dainty girl! health  
Unequaled in nature's matchless wealth

The denizens of the forest wild  
Many of their leisure hours beguiled,  
Disporting in pleasure on each day  
Or adding life duties to such play  
So tame and friendly had they become  
That in such presence they loved to come  
Not fearing danger of any known kind  
Youth's rustic home with nestlings was lined



Another thought disturbed the youth,  
In love's dream scarce conscious of the truth,  
By affection's gentle reign undone  
And passion's exacting rule begun  
He fought incessantly 'gainst this feeling,  
Protection for the maid appealing  
To manhood's honor with love supreme,  
With chaste remembrance of childhood's dream.



The fever of fear entered his mind,  
Heightened to terror by words so kind  
From the maid with sympathy unsaid  
To a heart with misery so dread.  
For days he wandered over the land,  
Ignoring landscape and scenes so grand,  
That, barring a mind with fear distraught,  
All others by beauty would be caught.

The fear of evil saddened a mind,  
Noble as truthful and always kind,  
Till a feeling of doubt entered there,  
Distorting a soul loving and fair,  
Causing distress and inward regret  
That this temptation his heart beset,  
Where only his reason should control  
And virtues of life his voice extol.

"How long," he questioned, "must this state last  
To efface the memories of the past;  
Banish the balance with right and wrong  
Save shadows only of old home song?"  
His father's advice and mother's prayer  
Given in love and affection rare  
Now keeping upright and free from dross  
The youth in his strength to bear his cross.

Sunshine and shadows of many years,  
Passed in rotation with hope and fears.  
In mental vision he ceased to roam  
But saw again his New England home.  
He struggled bravely with his sad lot  
But hope deferred maketh good or not,  
As the yielding twig so forms the tree  
In action devious or straight and free.

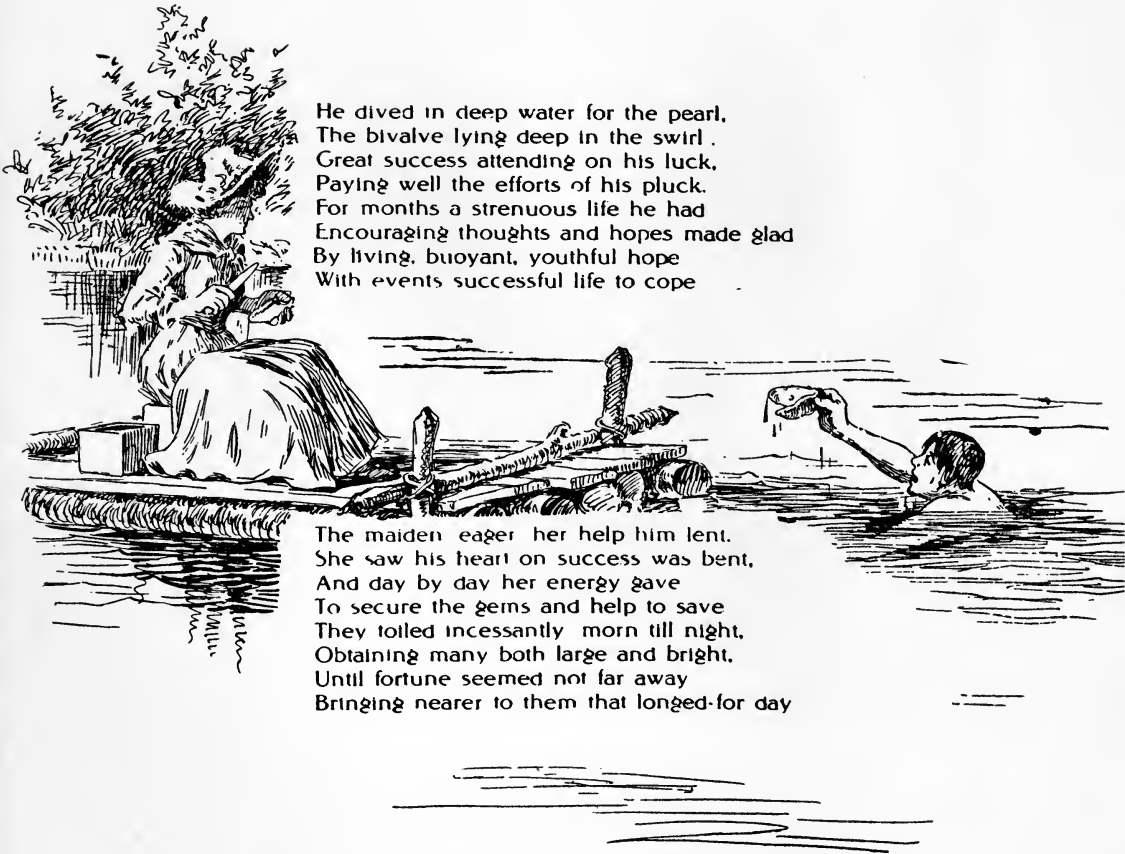


Reflection deep a picture portrayed  
Of action to the world, not afraid  
That conscience in distress could recall  
One single disgraceful deed or fall.  
Another thought intruded his mind,  
What to do in future with mankind  
If perchance their escape could be had  
And their loyal hearts in joy made glad.

No provision for return had been made  
By youth basking in sunshine and shade,  
And his thought turned surely to the day  
When no longer in this land they stay  
His meridian of life was quite near,  
And, viewing his future with much fear,  
Determined the struggle to begin  
And a place in fortune's ranks to win

He dived in deep water for the pearl,  
The bivalve lying deep in the swirl.  
Great success attending on his luck,  
Paying well the efforts of his pluck.  
For months a strenuous life he had  
Encouraging thoughts and hopes made glad  
By living, buoyant, youthful hope  
With events successful life to cope

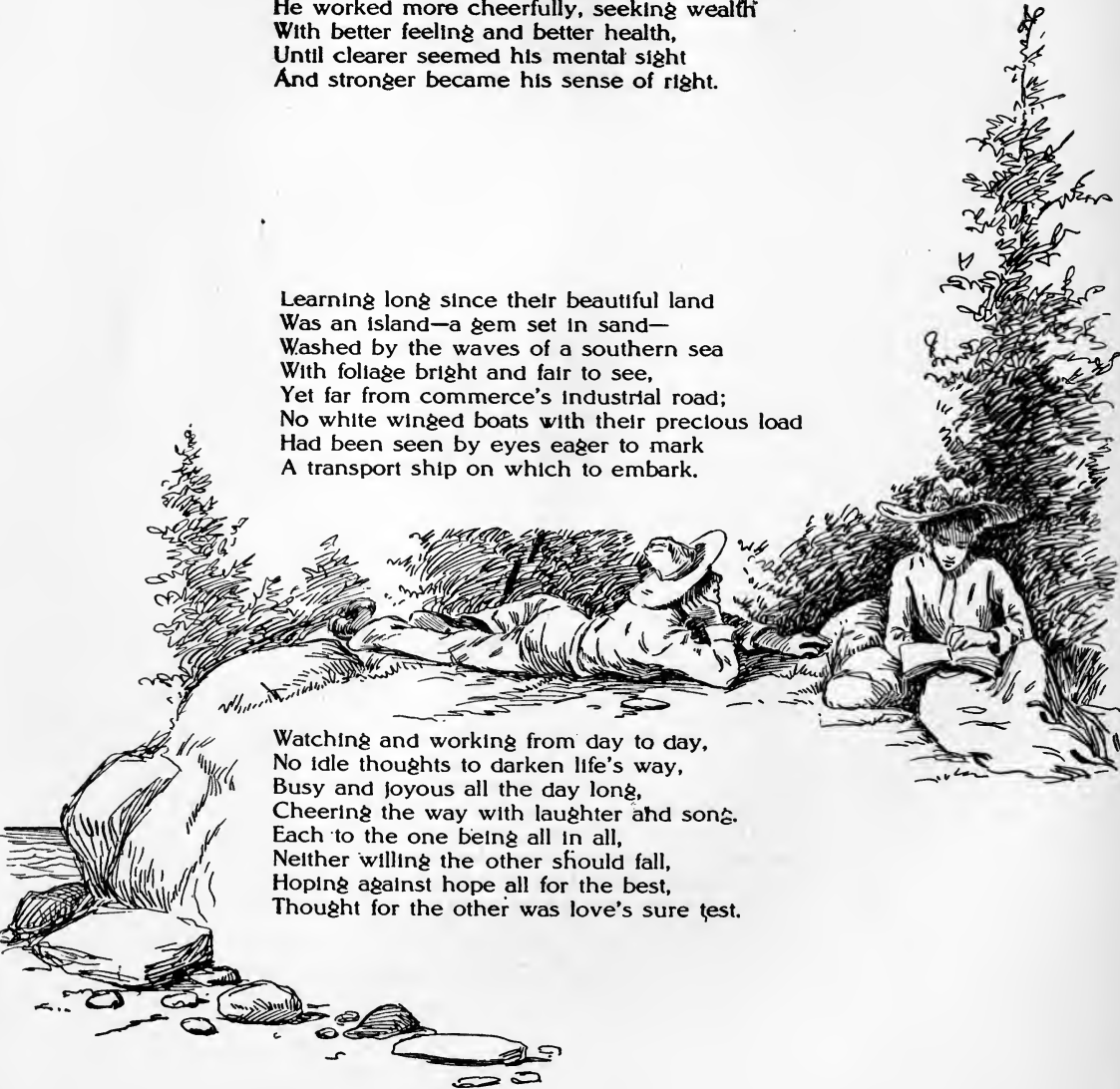
The maiden eager her help him lent,  
She saw his heart on success was bent,  
And day by day her energy gave  
To secure the gems and help to save  
They toiled incessantly morn till night,  
Obtaining many both large and bright,  
Until fortune seemed not far away  
Bringing nearer to them that longed-for day



This toil and purpose for him was good,  
Defining the ground on which he stood,  
And clearing his mind of visions sad  
Which threatened at times to drive him mad.  
He worked more cheerfully, seeking wealth  
With better feeling and better health,  
Until clearer seemed his mental sight  
And stronger became his sense of right.

Learning long since their beautiful land  
Was an island—a gem set in sand—  
Washed by the waves of a southern sea  
With foliage bright and fair to see,  
Yet far from commerce's industrial road;  
No white winged boats with their precious load  
Had been seen by eyes eager to mark  
A transport ship on which to embark.

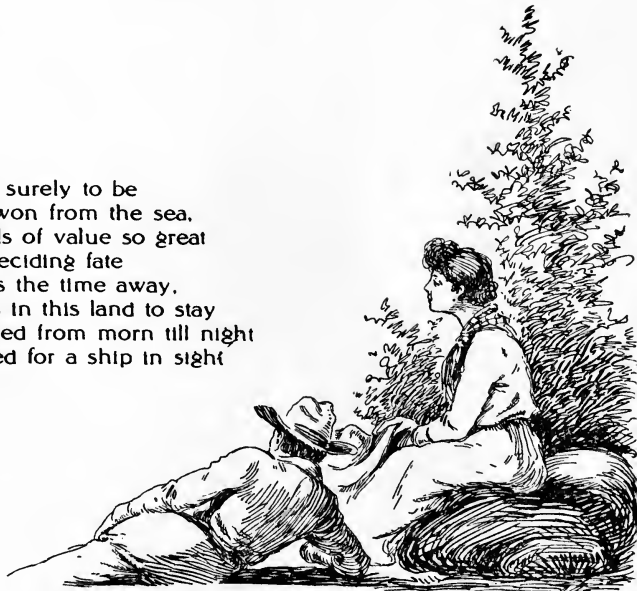
Watching and working from day to day,  
No idle thoughts to darken life's way,  
Busy and joyous all the day long,  
Cheering the way with laughter and song.  
Each to the one being all in all,  
Neither willing the other should fall,  
Hoping against hope all for the best,  
Thought for the other was love's sure test.



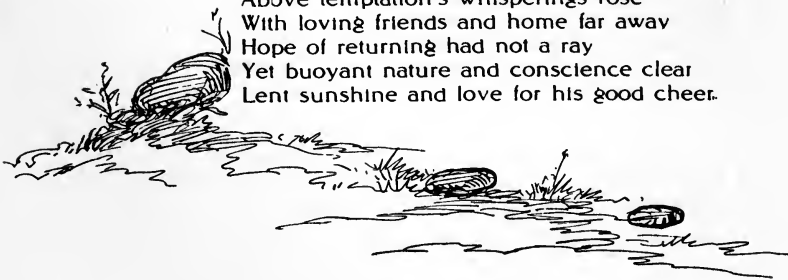


One purpose had made them heart and soul,  
Eagerly anxious to reach that goal  
Although their return seemed far away  
Only hope's illusion shortened the stay  
Dame Fortune favors the brave 'tis said,  
Her votaries thus by them are led,  
And lucky youth's most fortunate hold  
A bright star of hope, of an optimist bold.

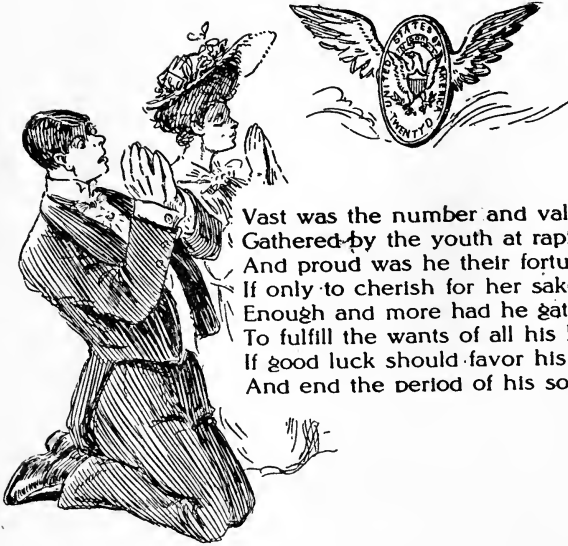
Hope's fruition was surely to be  
By fortune's favor won from the sea,  
With sparkling pearls of value so great  
In civilized lands deciding fate  
Still working to pass the time away,  
While destined thus in this land to stay  
They eagerly watched from morn till night  
And earnestly hoped for a ship in sight



The blessing of work had wrought a change,  
Brightened his life and broadened the range,  
Till youth, recovering his moral pose,  
Above temptation's whisperings rose  
With loving friends and home far away  
Hope of returning had not a ray  
Yet buoyant nature and conscience clear  
Lent sunshine and love for his good cheer.



If fortune's favors be named by wealth,  
And not by virtue, merit or health,  
Or measured by the standard of gold  
By him whose fortunate acts are bold,  
Then now, in deed as well as in name,  
These stranded youths would be joined to fame,  
The banner of fate its folds unfurl  
With stores of wealth in the modest pearl.



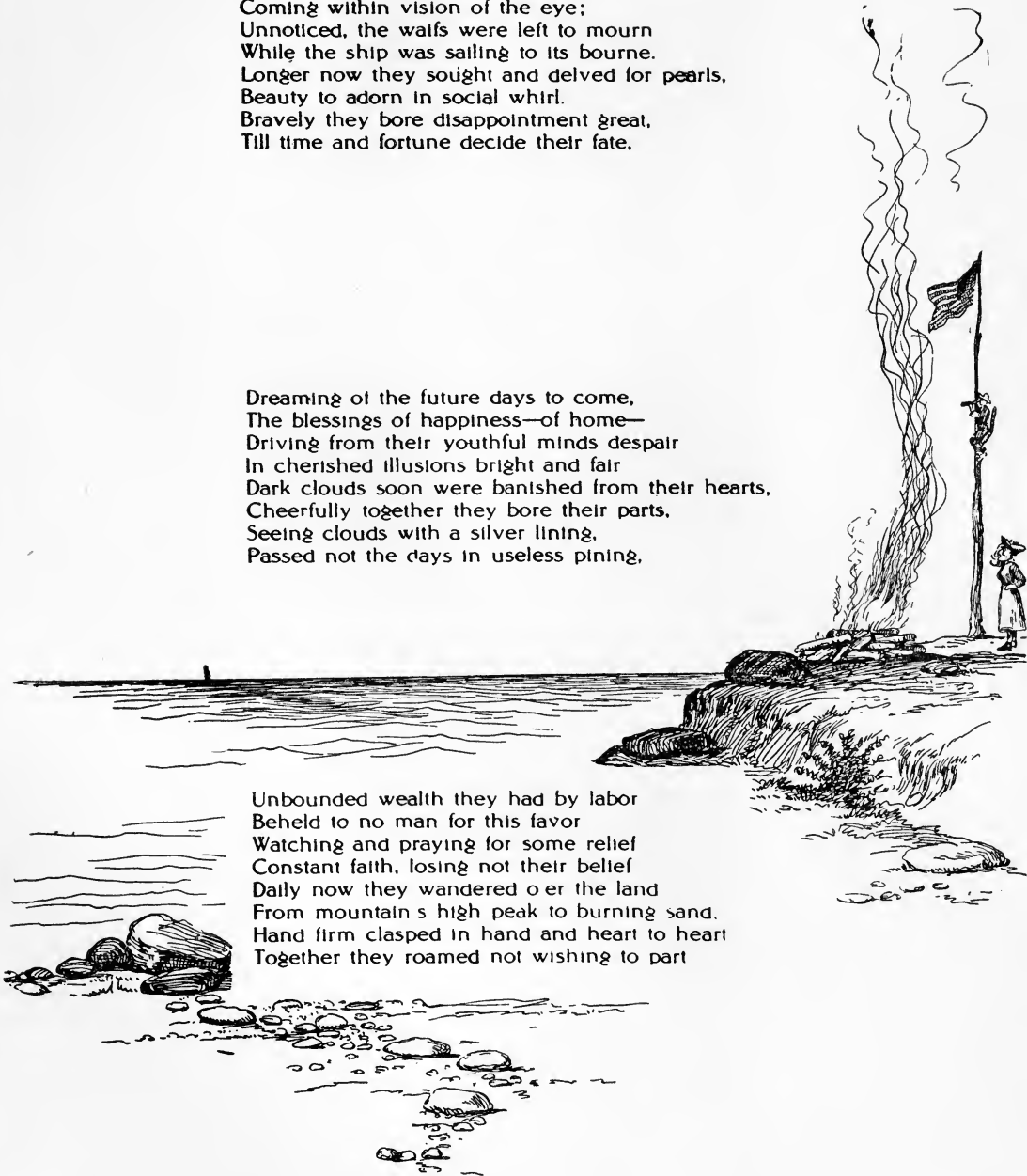
Vast was the number and value great,  
Gathered by the youth at rapid rate,  
And proud was he their fortune to make  
If only to cherish for her sake.  
Enough and more had he gathered in  
To fulfill the wants of all his kin,  
If good luck should favor his return  
And end the period of his sojourn.

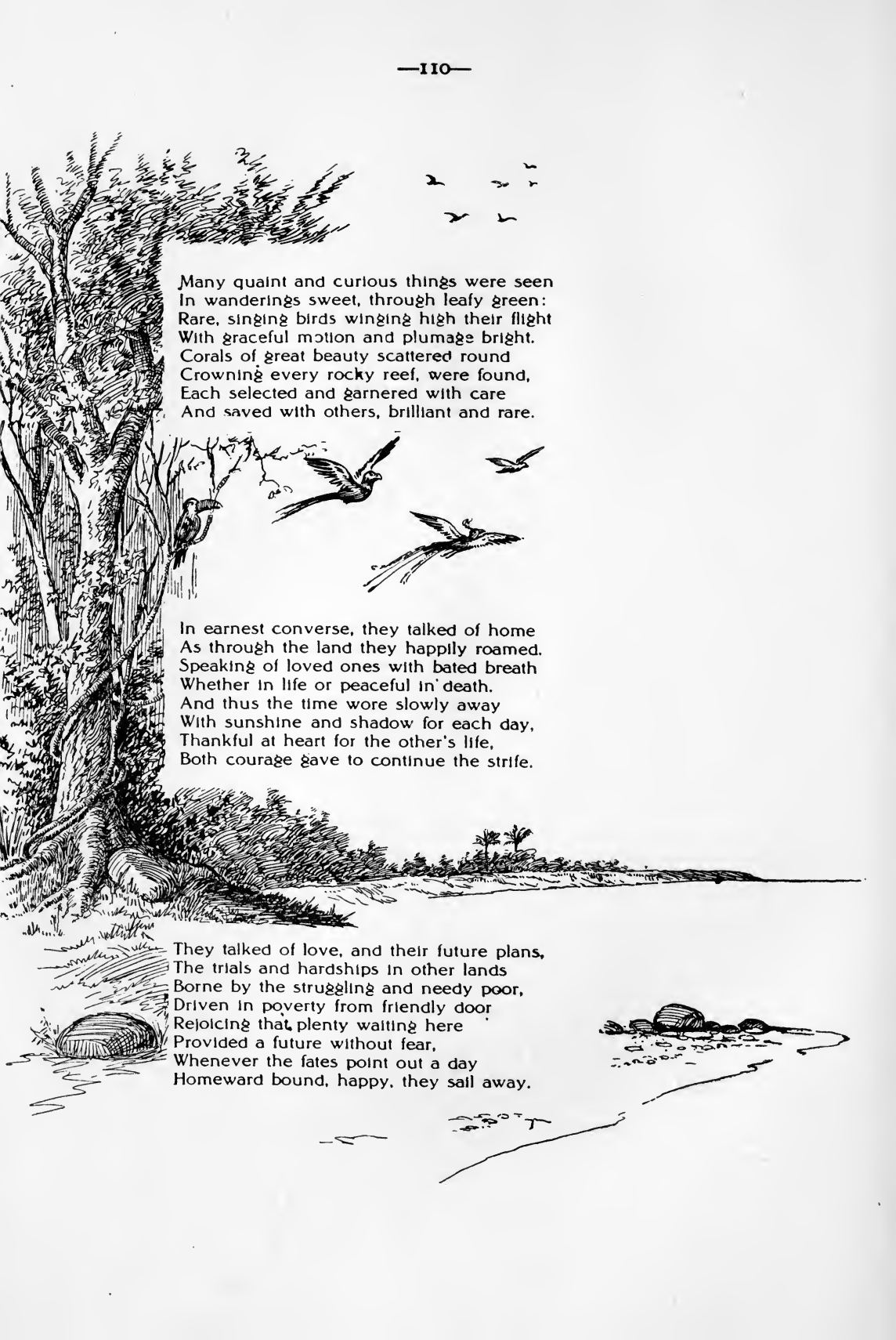
Now the desire to return was strong,  
And join the ranks of the human throng,  
Exchanging subjects with whom they meet,  
Acquiring wisdom in converse sweet.  
Watching and waiting from morn till night  
By beacon fires until morning light,  
Hoping against hope almost seemed vain,  
While the silver moon should wax and wane.

Once again a ship was passing by,  
Coming within vision of the eye;  
Unnoticed, the waifs were left to mourn  
While the ship was sailing to its bourne.  
Longer now they sought and delved for pearls,  
Beauty to adorn in social whirl.  
Bravely they bore disappointment great,  
Till time and fortune decide their fate,

Dreaming of the future days to come,  
The blessings of happiness—of home—  
Driving from their youthful minds despair  
In cherished illusions bright and fair  
Dark clouds soon were banished from their hearts,  
Cheerfully together they bore their parts,  
Seeing clouds with a silver lining,  
Passed not the days in useless pining,

Unbounded wealth they had by labor  
Beheld to no man for this favor  
Watching and praying for some relief  
Constant faith, losing not their belief  
Daily now they wandered o'er the land  
From mountain's high peak to burning sand,  
Hand firm clasped in hand and heart to heart  
Together they roamed not wishing to part





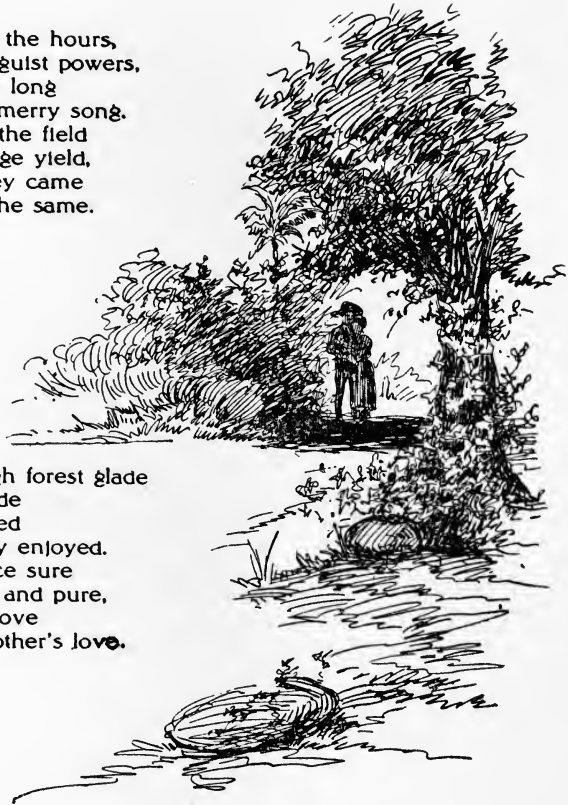
Many quaint and curious things were seen  
In wanderings sweet, through leafy green:  
Rare, singing birds winging high their flight  
With graceful motion and plumage bright.  
Corals of great beauty scattered round  
Crowning every rocky reef, were found,  
Each selected and garnered with care  
And saved with others, brilliant and rare.

In earnest converse, they talked of home  
As through the land they happily roamed.  
Speaking of loved ones with bated breath  
Whether in life or peaceful in death.  
And thus the time wore slowly away  
With sunshine and shadow for each day,  
Thankful at heart for the other's life,  
Both courage gave to continue the strife.

They talked of love, and their future plans,  
The trials and hardships in other lands  
Borne by the struggling and needy poor,  
Driven in poverty from friendly door  
Rejoicing that plenty waiting here  
Provided a future without fear,  
Whenever the fates point out a day  
Homeward bound, happy, they sail away.

Wild-wood pets were ever in their thoughts,  
With baby tricks which each had been taught  
To while away many lonely days  
In cunning antics and loving ways.  
Till affection's grip upon the heart  
Too strong and lasting for them to part,  
Enlivening their life 'midst wildwood bowers  
Filled their hearts like sunshine and flowers.


Some talking parrots beguiled the hours,  
Brightening moments with linguist powers,  
Chattering and singing all day long  
With meaningless words and merry song.  
Birds of the air and beasts of the field  
In friendly actions their homage yield,  
Fearing no harm, together they came  
Like one family each loving the same.



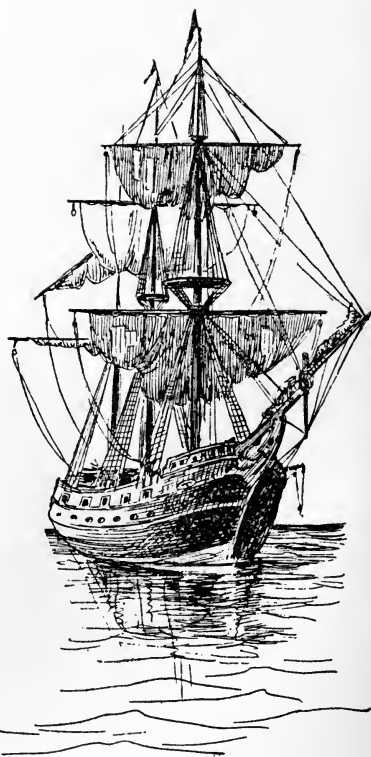
They roamed as lovers through forest glade  
Lingering in cooling leafy shade  
Enjoying with rapture unalloyed  
Love's sunny dream pensively enjoyed.  
In blissful quiet and confidence sure  
Affection's devotion so strong and pure,  
Gazing at night at the stars above  
Thinking of naught but each other's love.

Time's ceaseless motion had fluttered near  
When change so longed for would bring a tear  
To eyes accustomed to sylvan days  
And hearts grown warm in these wildwood ways.  
When parting from scenes lovely and grand,  
Their Crusoe home in a tropical land,  
Which never again their sight might greet  
Where passed many days joyous and sweet.

Hoping against hope so dark and drear  
Away from kindred with growing fear  
Anxious longing for home, kin and friends  
Obscured the sorrow that parting lends  
Little dreamed they what feeling would be  
No more this beautiful land to see  
Where time serene and happy had passed  
And parting of ways must come at last.



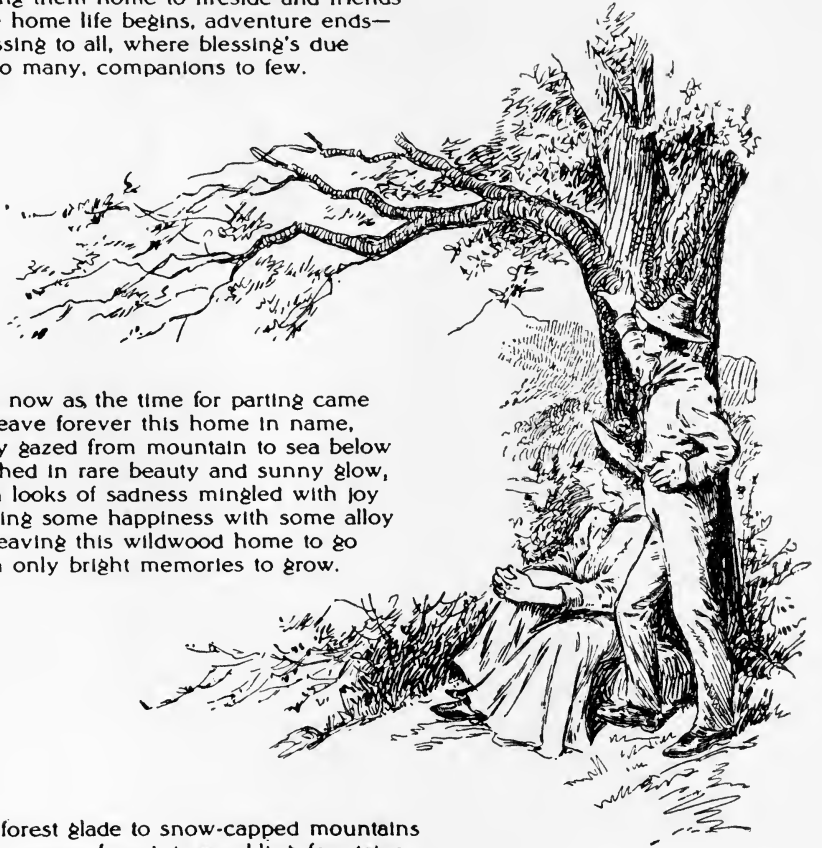
The sun rising clear with cloudless sky  
Disclosed on the main with sail set high  
A noble ship majestic in white  
Riding the waves beautiful and bright,  
A glorious sight to joyous youth  
Answering wishes and prayers in truth,  
Raising fond hopes with quickening sense  
In pictures of home and love intense.



No doubt now entered their thankful hearts—  
In civilized lands bear their parts,  
Hope's fruition appeared with the sail  
Sent by Providence could scarcely fail—  
To bring them home to fireside and friends  
Where home life begins, adventure ends—  
A blessing to all, where blessing's due  
Help to many, companions to few.

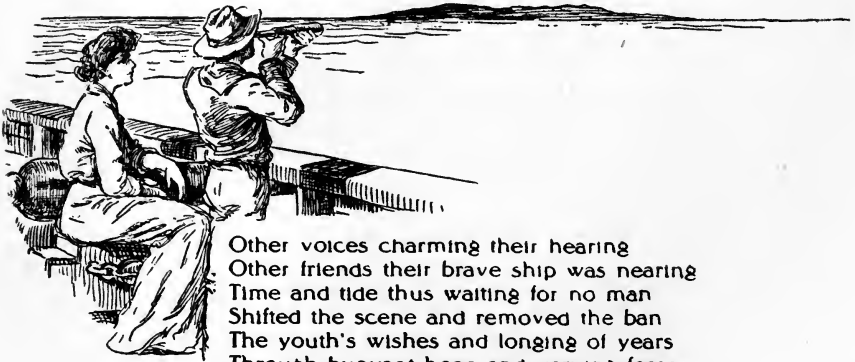
And now as the time for parting came  
To leave forever this home in name,  
They gazed from mountain to sea below  
Clothed in rare beauty and sunny glow,  
With looks of sadness mingled with joy  
Feeling some happiness with some alloy  
At leaving this wildwood home to go  
With only bright memories to grow.

Up forest glade to snow-capped mountains  
From ocean broad, to sparkling fountains  
Midst blooming flowers and meadows green  
With glistening sands and ocean sheen  
They had rowed, and roamed, both joyous and sad  
With feelings oppressed or hearts made glad  
They each reviewed in sorrow at last  
These blessings, that brightened as they passed.



Again they stood entranced, on a boat,  
A proud thing of life, a ship, afloat,  
Gazing shoreward with sad, straining eyes  
Parting at last with many fond sighs  
They saw the wreck that early stranded  
Though crushed,—broken,—them safely landed  
All battered and torn on jagged rock  
That darksome night with its fearful shock

They gathered their treasures from the shore  
And brought them safe from the hidden shore,  
The modest pearl with the coral gems  
From ocean tide to deep marshy fens  
Beautiful and bright they came on board  
And safely were in its strong box stored  
Till wealth and plenty their hands possessed  
With generous use, would make them blessed



Other voices charming their hearing  
Other friends their brave ship was nearing  
Time and tide thus waiting for no man  
Shifted the scene and removed the ban  
The youth's wishes and longing of years  
Through buoyant hope and varying fears  
Seemed now destined in the briefest space  
To be fulfilled at his old home place.





This beautiful maid with face so fair  
With classical features and sunny hair  
Whose ravishing charms won every heart  
Unconscious, natural, bearing her part—  
Had eyes and looks for none but the youth  
Whose every act bore imprint of truth  
Till eyes seeking tokens not in vain  
Answered eyes with love beaming again.

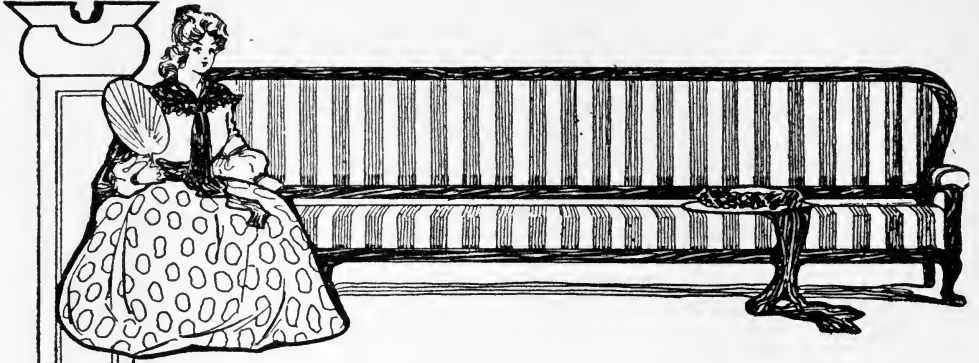


Sailing away from the land of bloom  
With ship's prow pointed towards their home  
Traversing waters unknown before  
They sighted their old New England shore.  
Deep feelings thrilled at sight of the land  
So rugged, so beautiful and grand  
Hearts swelling with joy without measure  
Viewed scenes with overflowing pleasure.



Sing, O muse! rejoice that day is here  
With hearts united and nought to fear,  
Hope dawning clear in the morning light,  
Faith shining forth from darkness of night  
Hath brought the happy reward desired  
By truth and loving faith inspired  
Till clear through mountain and woodland dells,  
Joyfully sound the merry wedding bells.





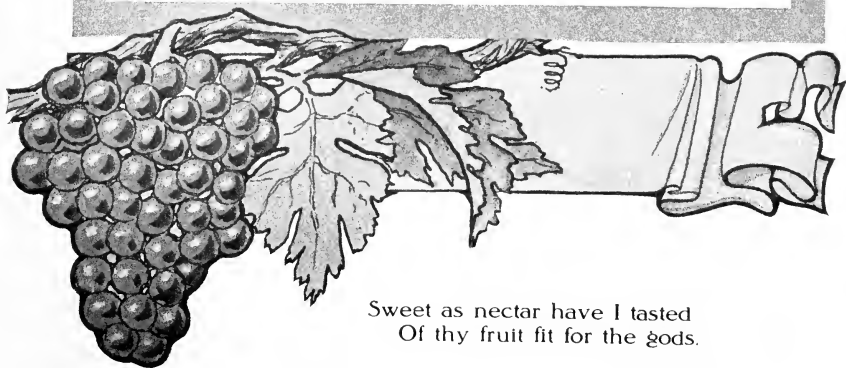
### Nuestras Senoritas

The swish and swirl of petticoats  
Is heard on every side,  
In laughing chorus they are here  
At spring and summer tide—  
Our Girls.

With sparkling eyes and lightsome step  
And merry voices sounding  
Through room and hall in mirthful glee  
Their dancing feet are bounding—  
Our Girls.

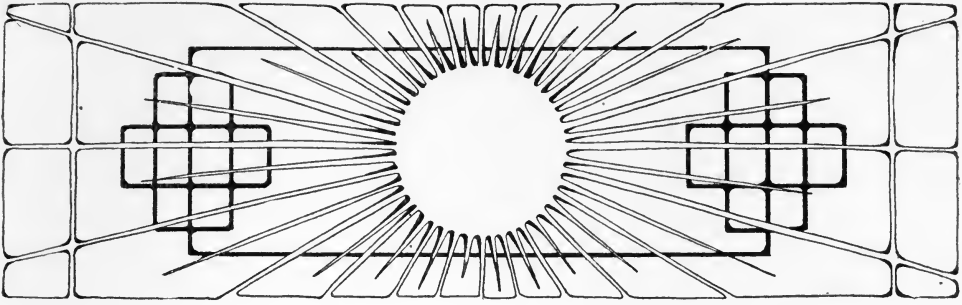
Oh, time and tide stay now your hand  
And leave our present thus  
That we may keep in youthful hope  
These beings dear to us—  
Our Girls.

THE  
GARDEN  
OF  
EDEN



Sweet as nectar have I tasted  
Of thy fruit fit for the gods.

Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases.



## Sunshine

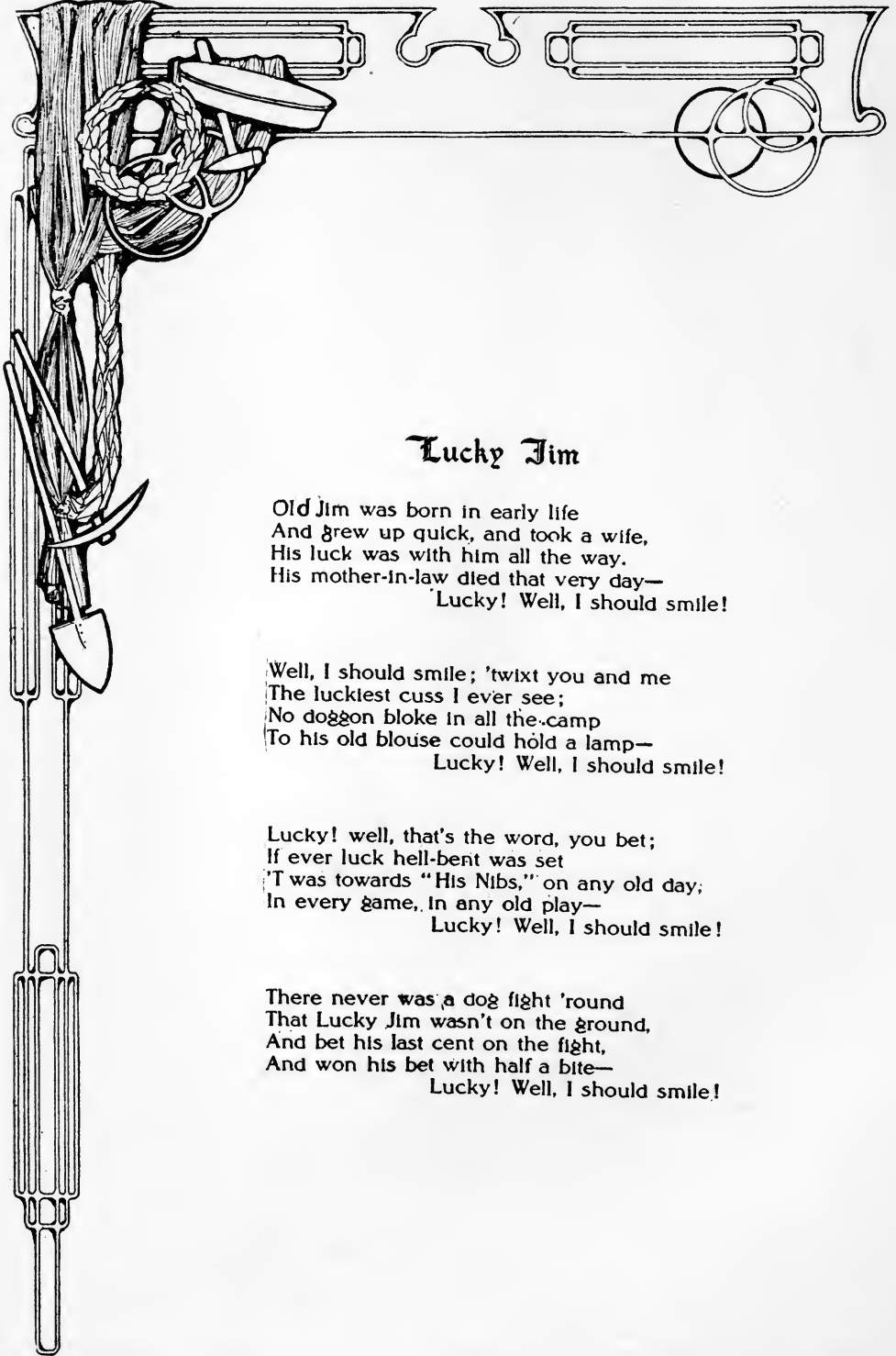
The joy, the light, the soul of all,  
The very essence of our seeing,  
The glorious rays which on us fall  
Infuse new life, renew our being.

The birds awake at its caress  
And warble forth their songs above,  
In tuneful cadence thus to bless  
Its cheering, warmth and touch of love.

All nature brightens by its light,  
The dewdrops sparkle at its touch,  
Enhancing beauty in our sight  
Of all we see and love so much.

Its brightness cheers us on our way,  
And adds its blessing to our life,  
Bids us be joyful while we may,  
And cheerful in this world of strife.





### Lucky Jim

Old Jim was born in early life  
And grew up quick, and took a wife,  
His luck was with him all the way.  
His mother-in-law died that very day—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Well, I should smile; 'twixt you and me  
The lucktest cuss I ever see;  
No doggon bloke in all the camp  
To his old blouse could hold a lamp—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Lucky! well, that's the word, you bet;  
If ever luck hell-bent was set  
'T was towards "His Nibs," on any old day;  
In every game, in any old play—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

There never was a dog fight 'round  
That Lucky Jim wasn't on the ground,  
And bet his last cent on the fight,  
And won his bet with half a bite—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

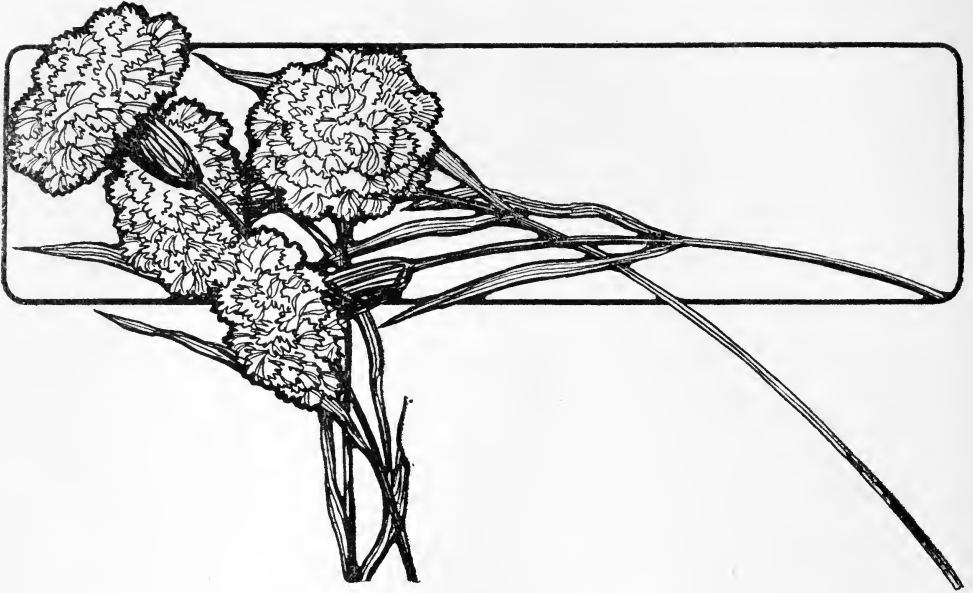


The poker chips all fell his way,  
To hold four kings did nary pay,  
He'd have four aces up his sleeve  
And shave you clean afore he'd leave—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Talk about oil kings, and get-rich-quick's,  
And all the world of lucky sticks,  
He kept the inside track of all,  
For luck with "mon" he had the call—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!

Blown from a rock, he struck pay dirt  
That panned out gold from every hurt,  
And posed from then as a man of parts,  
With name well known in all the marts—  
Lucky! Well, I should smile!





### Scatter the Flowers

Under the sod we lay our dead,  
Scatter the flowers upon his bed  
Lest we forget for what he fought  
And the lesson to us was taught—  
Scatter the flowers.



For the flag he suffered and died,  
In battle grim his soul was tried,  
Quickly he went at honor's call,  
Bravely he fought only to fall—  
Scatter the flowers.



The bugle call he'll hear no more,  
For him the struggle 'of life is o'er  
Beneath the green peaceful he sleeps,  
Heaven's refuge the reward he reaps—  
Scatter the flowers.





THE  
WILDERNESS  
OF  
THE  
MOUNTAINS  
AND  
THE  
FOREST



On thy fair bosom, crystal lake,  
Reflects the forest and the wild,  
Thy silver surface mirrors make  
For deers' sad eyes so clear and mild.

2000



## Bay Island

Rising from a mirrored surface  
A tiny gem uplifts its crest,  
To the earth not e'en a preface  
In its compare could be so blessed.

At evening tide the glancing rays  
In shadows deep enfold its crest,  
Painting in crimson colored glaze  
The waters smooth in which it rests.

The twinkling stars are laughing there  
In beauteous garb transcendent,  
Like diamonds set on bosom fair  
They shine with a light resplendent

And glorious in the morning light  
Viewed from this island fair to see,  
The golden globe that shines so bright  
Is pictured from this inland sea.





### Some Day

Some day, when life's bright youth has passed  
And lengthening days their shadows cast—  
Our sun less bright, our sky less blue,  
And friends we make seem far less true,  
We then recall the missing heart  
And mourn the hour we thus did part—  
Some Day.

Youth's thoughtless days pass in review  
And bring a blush to the cheek anew  
For words repeat or thoughts unsaid  
Whose import touched the heart that bled  
And left an imprint on the mind  
Recalled as cruel and unkind—  
Some Day

A mother's smile illumed our way  
Her love so sure made bright the day  
Which mingling with each passing thought  
A gladness to each hour was brought  
To sweeten life and lighten care  
Bringing to us brightness rare—  
Some Day





We cherish most in word and thought  
Affection's care and precepts taught  
When life's meridian has been passed  
And duty's beacon shines at last  
To show us self and error's way,  
Correct our life, improve our stay—  
Some Day.

Some day we'll see through gates ajar,  
The radiant light that shines afar  
A guiding star that led us there  
Revealing then the golden stair  
On which we set our weary feet  
To reach with joy those realms so sweet—  
Some Day.

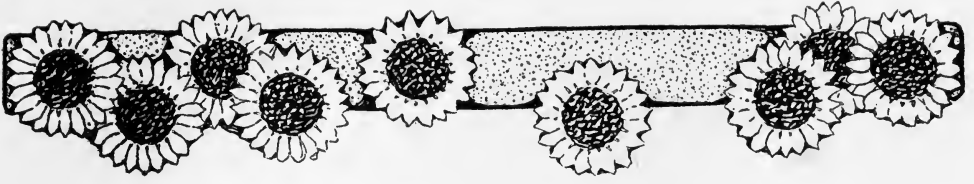




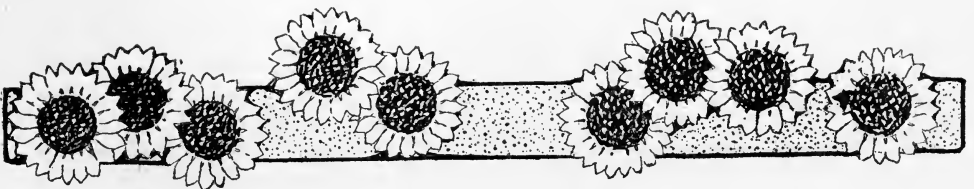
## We'll Keep the Old Farm

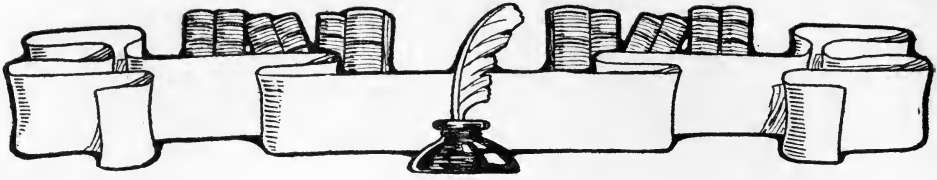
Daddy, I 'low we'll keep the place—  
We've camped here, you and me,  
Upon this tater patch of ourn—  
Let's stay here where we be.  
You 'lowed I'd likely sell it, onct,  
To Huntington or Munn,  
And take the dough that we have saved  
And have some togs and fun;  
To go to live in Angelus  
And grub on oyster stew,  
To have an auto, grand, you bet,  
And spin the country through.  
I'm 'feared our heads will go to swell  
As fast as autos go,  
'Pears like it doesn't come to me  
We ought ter sell her so.  
I love the two-horned critter great,  
The chickens in the yard,  
The ducks, and geese, and hens about,  
And pigs that squeal so hard.





The bright yellow sunflowers—round  
That blossom by the road  
To shelter in their shade so cool  
The lizard, snake and toad.  
I 'low 'tis broad as it is short  
This chicken coop and farm,  
'Twill hold us tight together Pa  
And oughten of all harm.  
Our childers we have raised out here,  
They've growed and gone away  
'Cept one wee babe we laid to rest—  
With her we're bound to stay.  
'Pears like we cannot leave that spot  
Just over by the wood,  
With posies growing on the mound  
Near where the chestnut stood.  
I reckon we'll not sell the farm,  
Our home and old cow's moo,  
But comb the hayseed outn our hair  
And keep the old place through.





## Resurgam

Think not thy soul in gloom is lost  
Whose life is dimmed by earth's dark clay  
Soul-strength, to heal the fever tossed,  
Is given those who will obey.

Christ healed the sick in days gone by,  
His power made the blind to see,  
From mind to mind the sacred tie  
Cleansed them from sin and set them free.

Why think of earth when heaven's near,  
Transcendent in its holy calm  
To raise aloft without one fear  
Our hearts, to feel its healing balm?







Why lend our thoughts to darkening shade,  
Obscure our paths with tear and sigh,  
When upward looking, we are bade  
To seek our wisdom from on high?

Should not our mind in warm desire,  
Reflect its power on this frame,  
Till earth and heaven us inspire  
To cure the sick, and heal the lame?

What so beautiful as the light  
That brightens darkness into day,  
Bringing happiness to the sight  
Of those whom death hath marked for prey?

Hope's fruition to us is given  
To banish doubt and lingering pain,  
Curtains of despair are riven  
In health, like sunshine after rain.





## Our Governor

Behold the man armed for the fight,  
Stand forth arrayed in armor bright;  
No blemish stains his coat of mail;  
To conquer as our chief we hail—  
Our Governor.

"Stand for the right!" his motto reads;  
All else is naught where'er he leads;  
To do or die for truth or light  
His voice is raised, his word is might—  
Our Governor.





Like bulwarks grand thy peaks have stood





## Ping Pong

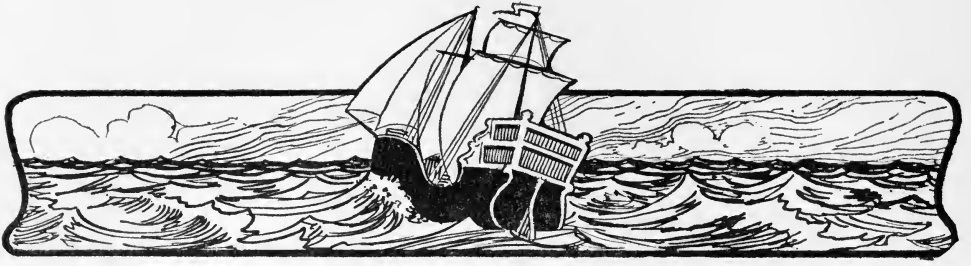
One streak of yellow and of white.  
A flashing pet quick out of sight,  
Now here, now there, now everywhere  
He comes and goes and fills with care—  
Our Ping Pong

Our neighbor's cat he trees alive  
And minds us not though much we strive  
To teach him else, and mend his ways,  
Change his habits, prolong His days—  
Our Ping Pong.

He takes a nip through trousers tight,  
Grocer and ice men get a bite.  
He is impartial in his likes,  
He takes a nip and then he hikes—  
Our Ping Pong.

Our little Fox he loves us well,  
He goes not, comes not, at our yell,  
But pleading eyes, mild as a dove,  
Compel forgiveness and our love—  
Our Ping Pong.



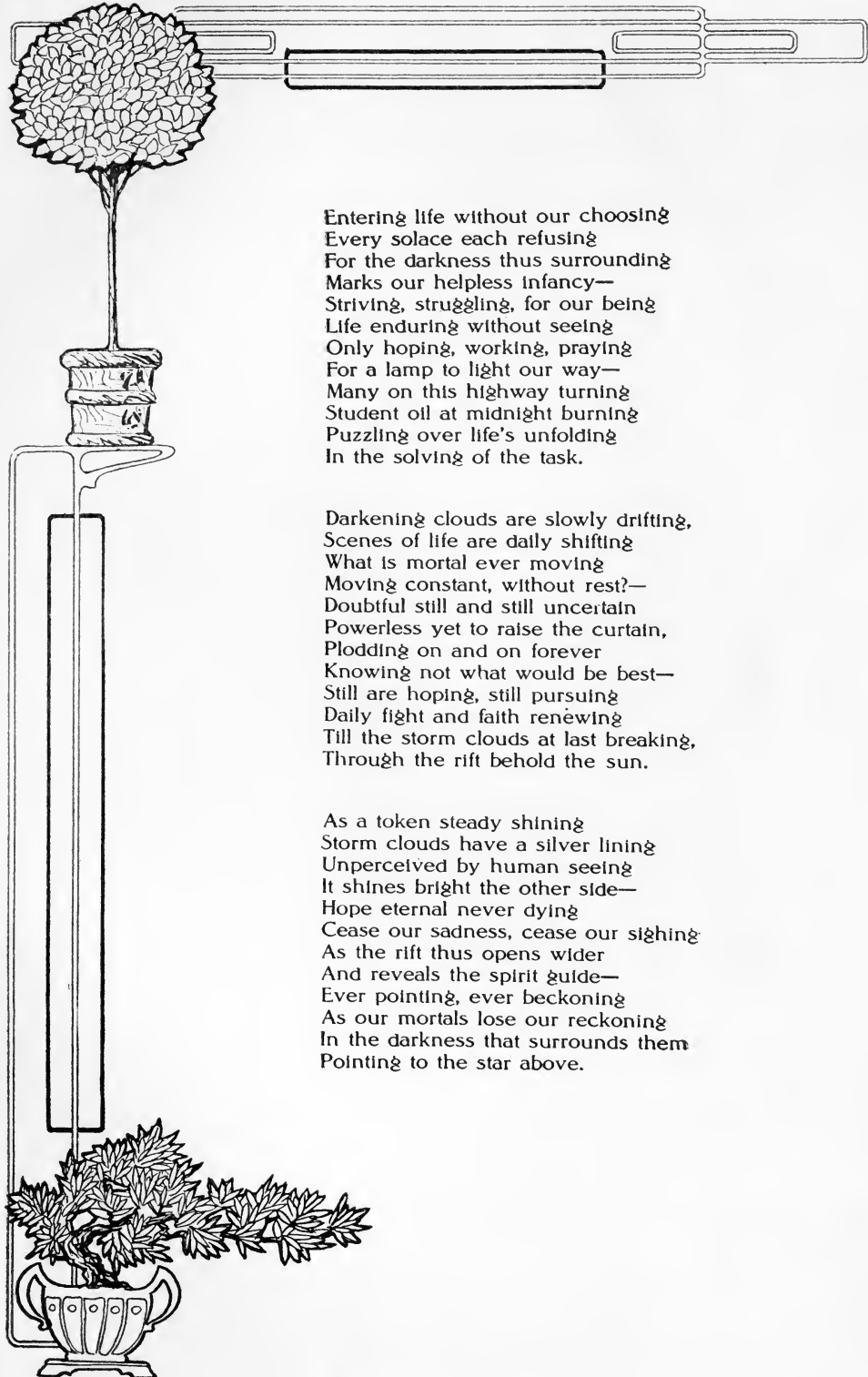


## Our Mystic Life

It is when in deep dejection  
That our thoughts in sad reflection  
Backwards glance with sorrow blending  
At the turning of the way—  
When we, thorny paths are learning  
And for absent ones are yearning  
As life's storm clouds early gather  
Over those so light and gay—  
It is then with swift volition  
Goaded on by our ambition  
In the way our feet have chosen  
We accept our weal or woe.

And we seek surcease of sorrow  
In bright dreams of our tomorrow  
As that many tinted prism  
Lines our path with fragrant flowers  
When this semblance us beguiling  
Raises hopes and fosters smiling  
As the phantoms quickly conjured  
In this busy brain of ours—  
Then we cease our constant roaming  
And reflect in evening gloaming  
On the mystic way of living  
Unrevealed to human sight.

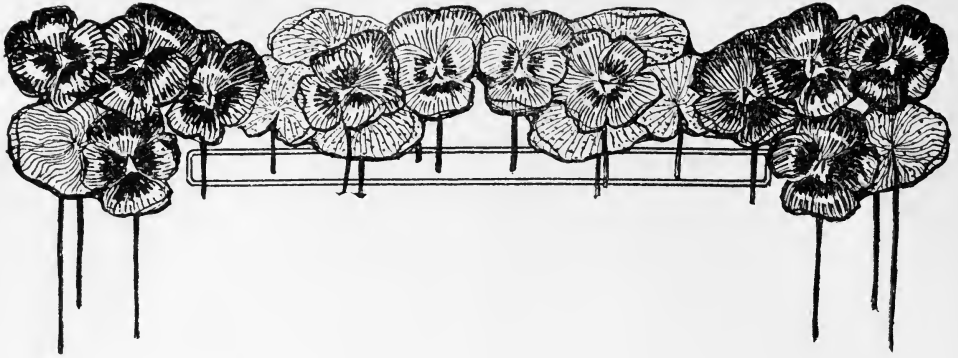




Entering life without our choosing  
Every solace each refusing  
For the darkness thus surrounding  
Marks our helpless infancy—  
Striving, struggling, for our being  
Life enduring without seeing  
Only hoping, working, praying  
For a lamp to light our way—  
Many on this highway turning  
Student oil at midnight burning  
Puzzling over life's unfolding  
In the solving of the task.

Darkening clouds are slowly drifting,  
Scenes of life are daily shifting  
What is mortal ever moving  
Moving constant, without rest?—  
Doubtful still and still uncertain  
Powerless yet to raise the curtain,  
Plodding on and on forever  
Knowing not what would be best—  
Still are hoping, still pursuing  
Daily fight and faith renewing  
Till the storm clouds at last breaking,  
Through the rift behold the sun.

As a token steady shining  
Storm clouds have a silver lining  
Unperceived by human seeing  
It shines bright the other side—  
Hope eternal never dying  
Cease our sadness, cease our sighing  
As the rift thus opens wider  
And reveals the spirit guide—  
Ever pointing, ever beckoning  
As our mortals lose our reckoning  
In the darkness that surrounds them  
Pointing to the star above.



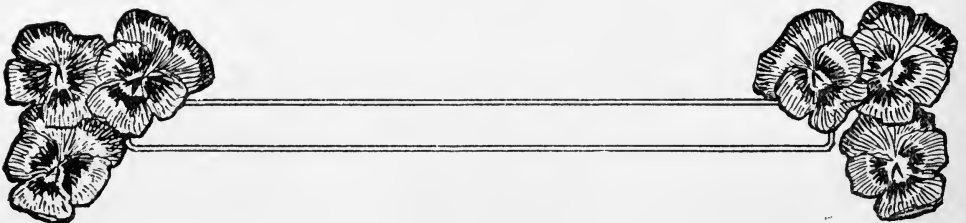
### Why?

Why in nature should we cherish  
What in human life must perish,  
Filling all our thoughts with sorrow  
Till the great doom of tomorrow—  
Why?

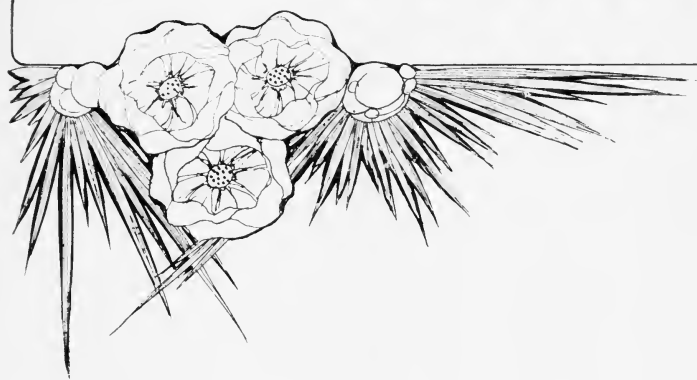
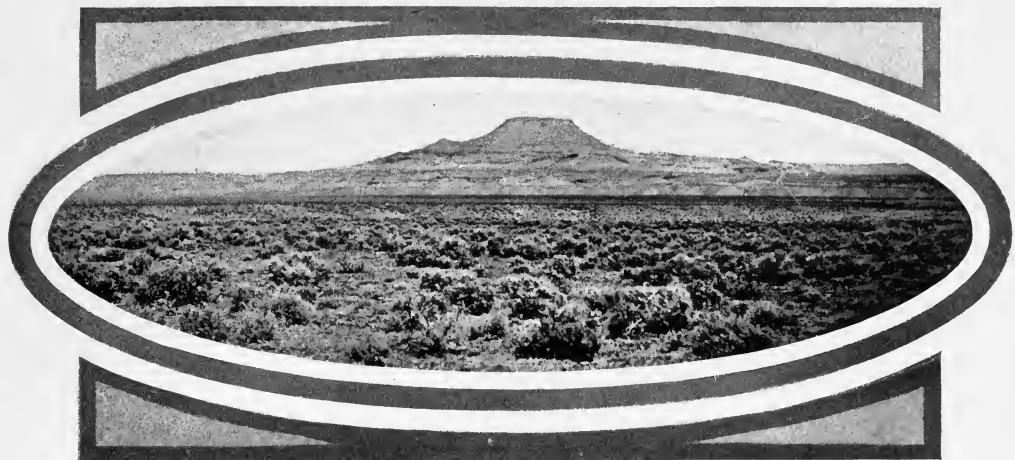
Why ambition's ceaseless struggle,  
Why with life forever juggle,  
Scheming, working, with thoughts intense,  
When so soon we must go hence—  
Why?

Why must youth and strength be squandered  
Waiting future pleasures pondered,  
Till the joys of life have vanished  
And gray hairs our heads have garnished—  
Why?

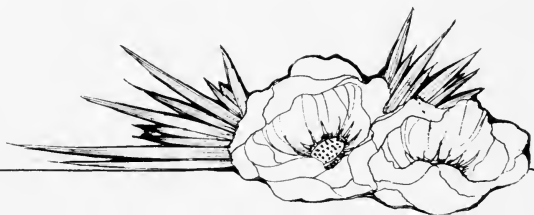
Why should we mourn the fleeting days  
Or sadly on their twilight gaze  
When life at most is but a span,  
Its measure taken as began—  
Why?







Lone sentinel of the plains  
Majestic and grand  
Beacon of faith and of hope  
In every land.







## Florence

Thy magic touch sweet sounds evolve  
Drawn from a mystic unknown sprite  
Where ether souls inspire resolve.  
In beings born from mystic light.

Sweet music sounds thy tuneful worth,  
With dulcet tones it swells thy voice,  
In perfect accord from thy birth  
It dwells with thee its loving choice.

Twice blest art thou with such a friend  
True, always true, from birth to death  
Its blessings brighten to the end—  
Thy comfort, with thy fleeting breath.

It wafts the spirit on its way,  
In life or death it dries our tears,  
Sweet cadence cheers in tuneful lay  
Our earliest breath, our latest years.





## A Single Star

The shade of night in sombre hue  
O'erspread the Earth in mantle dark,,  
'Till evening light its curtains drew  
And hushed the song of meadowlark.

The sky o'ercast with darkening clouds  
Made deepest night intense in gloom,  
'Till Nature in this mourning garb  
Presented Life a living tomb.

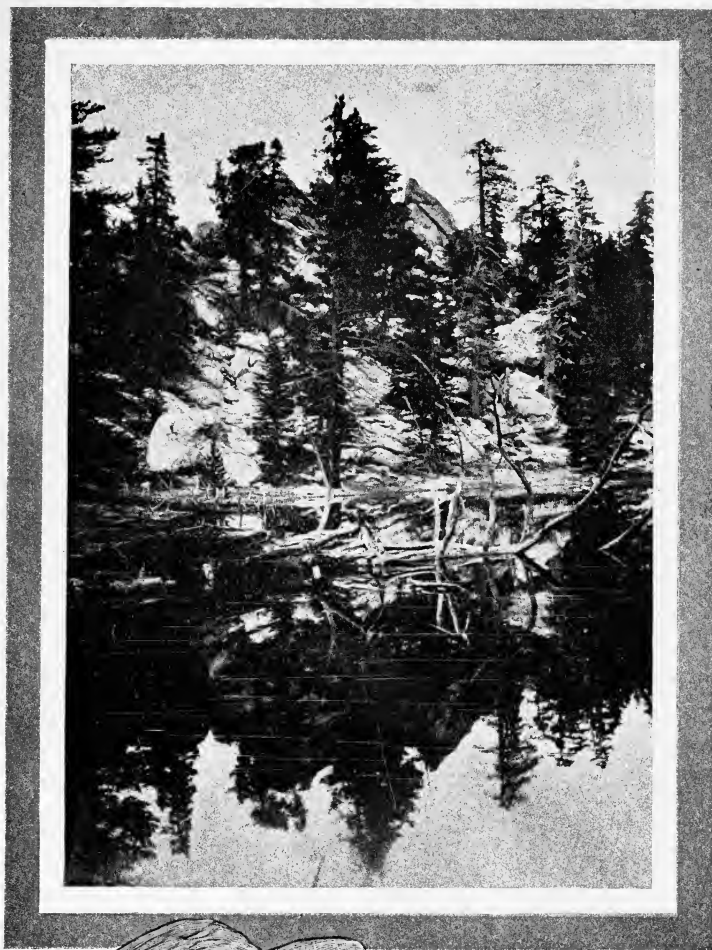
A stranger traveling on his way,  
O'ertaken by this dreary night,  
Footsore and sad, with heavy step  
Was plodding, weary, without light.

Dark thoughts and bad his mind entombed—  
Fit emblem of the night o'erhead—  
But deeper was its shade of gloom,  
And darker were his hopes, near dead.

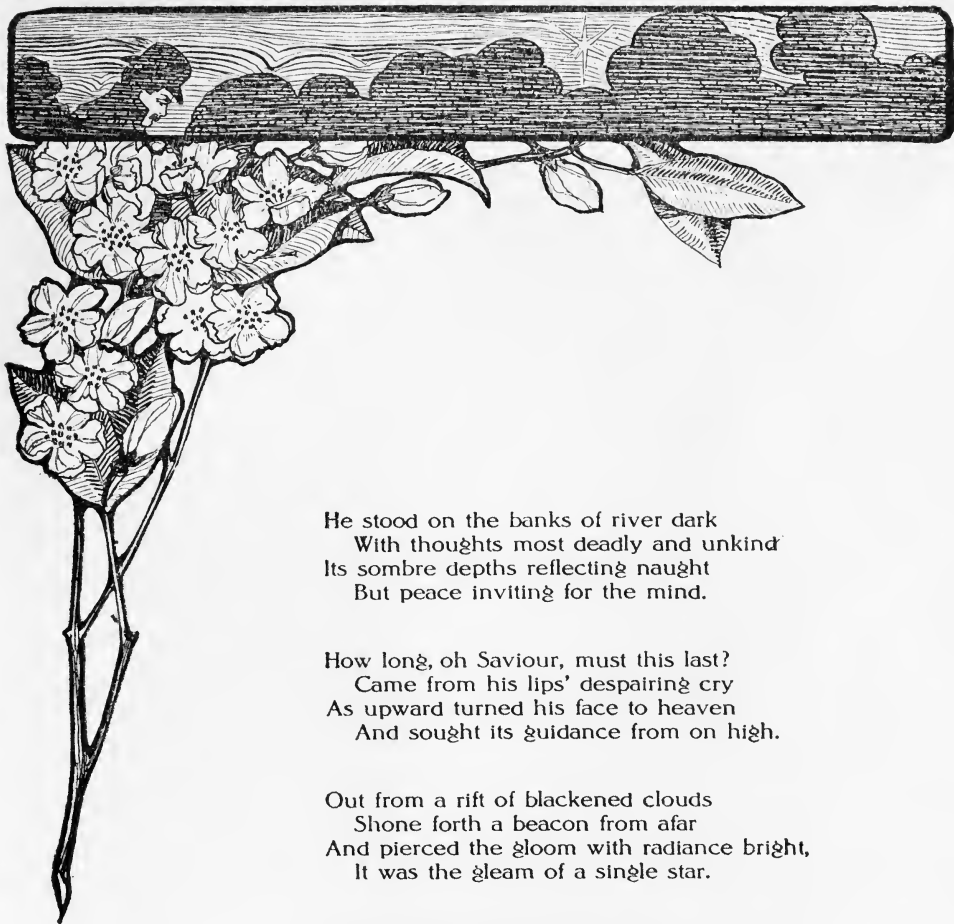
He groped and stumbled on his way,  
Heedless, heartsick, and in despair,  
Till life's dread burdens seemed too hard  
For his sad soul, so weak, to bear.



THE  
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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY







He stood on the banks of river dark  
With thoughts most deadly and unkind  
Its sombre depths reflecting naught  
But peace inviting for the mind.

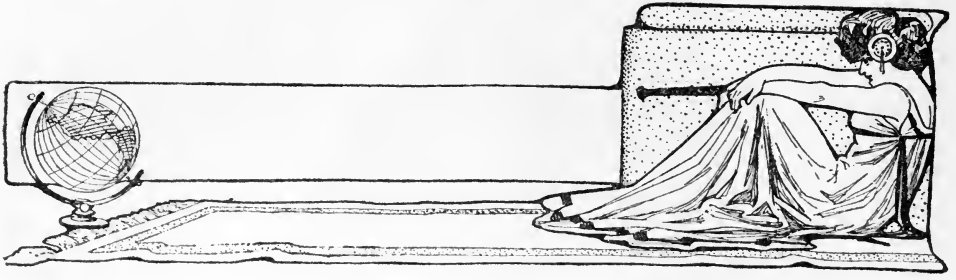
How long, oh Saviour, must this last?  
Came from his lips' despairing cry  
As upward turned his face to heaven  
And sought its guidance from on high.

Out from a rift of blackened clouds  
Shone forth a beacon from afar  
And pierced the gloom with radiance bright,  
It was the gleam of a single star.

This single star shone in his soul  
Illumed a mind that ceased to roam,  
Renewed his faith, his love, his joy,  
Turning his quickened steps toward home.

It filled his heart with hope divine,  
It shone in answer to his prayer,  
From deep despond this single star  
Freed his dark soul from sordid care.





### Don't Know, Don't Care

If at times you know not what to do,  
And burdens and cares obstruct your view,  
Don't fret, but find a shady grotto,  
And choose yourself this easy motto—  
Don't know, don't care.

When, in course of events, you see,  
In spite of your plans, you're up a tree,  
And your friends ask about your hoodoo,  
Your answer give, like a stoic Sioux—  
Don't know, don't care.

If asked by some scholar, sage, or bard,  
To perform what to you seems too hard,  
Don't storm, or swear, or donate a lie,  
But render them your quick reply—  
Don't know, don't care.





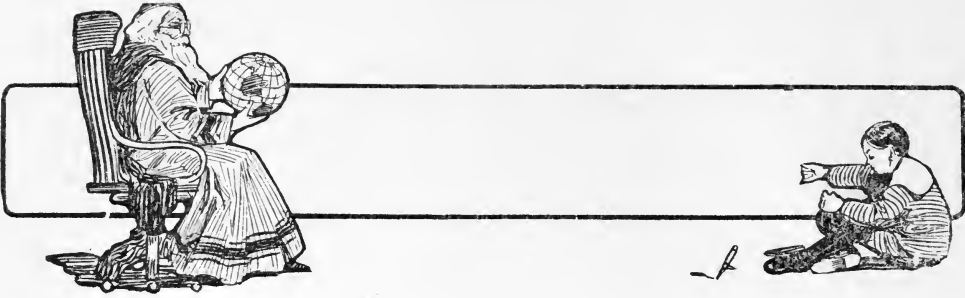


If things at times look black as a pall,  
And you lose some sawdust from your doll,  
Don't weep or wail till you get damp feet,  
But all your friends" with this motto greet—  
Don't know, don't care.

If down on your luck, and things look black,  
And your very best girl gives you the "sack,"  
Don't rave, or sulk, or think things bad,  
But sweetly say as though you were glad—  
Don't know, don't care.

If you would find the philosopher's stone,  
And through this world would go it alone,  
Just make no moan, nor tell your woes,  
But "spiel" to those who step on your toes—  
Don't know, don't care.





## Farewell

And now we say a long farewell  
To time and to a mortal few  
Who have not heard the tolling bell  
Nor caught a glimpse of life anew—  
Farewell.

Farewell to scenes of childhood days  
So fresh in youth and health and joy,  
The highest hopes, the brightest rays,  
Their imprint left without alloy—  
Farewell.

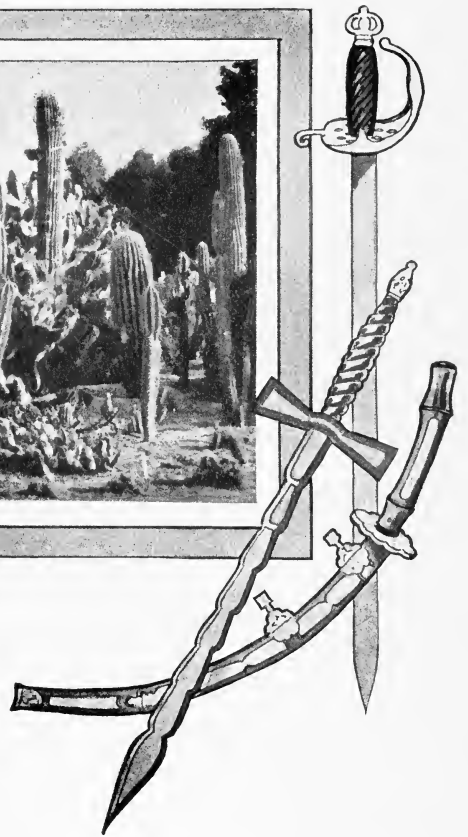
Farewell ambition's harder road  
In mature life we followed thee  
Till heavy grew the weary load,  
In value it has ceased to be—  
Farewell.

And now we bid a last farewell  
To mourning friends and earthly strife,  
Time's clock has struck our parting knell  
That sounds for us another life—  
Farewell.

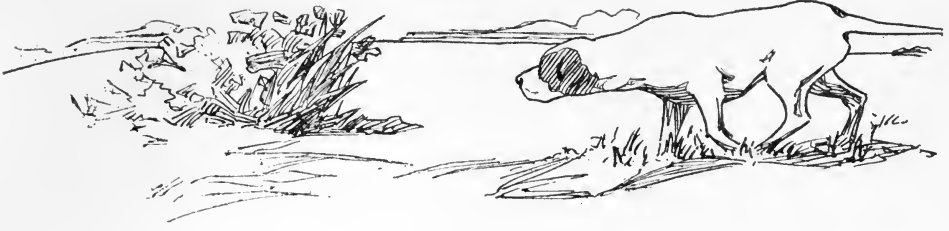




"In the garden of the gods"  
Thou art supreme.







## Out Without a Gun

Isn't it strange what you can see  
When hunting around for fun,  
On the earth or up a tree,  
When you're out without a gun?

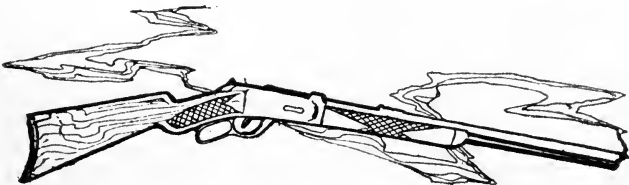
The dude struts upon the street  
And he thinks he weighs a ton,  
With his stare you'r bound to meet  
When you're out without a gun.

Mashers try to catch the eye  
Of each dimpled maid or nun  
As you pass them with a sigh  
That you're out without a gun.

The funny man, too, is out  
Ready to inflict his pun  
Upon every one about  
When you're out without a gun.

The small bore gets your ear  
And informs you he's undone,  
Tells his troubles with a tear  
When you're out without a gun.

Carry it sure every day  
If you're hunting on the run,  
Folks are getting much too gay  
When you're out without a gun.





## Don't

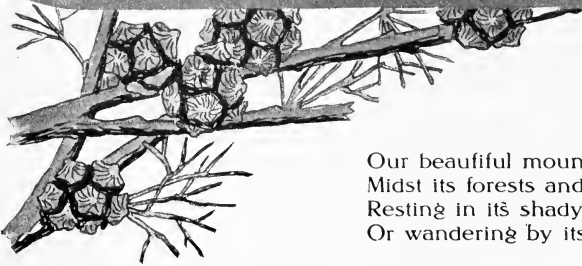
Don't think you are the only thing  
With price so high that you must bring  
Until your measure you have had  
Outside the influence of your dad—  
Don't.

Don't swell around with clothes so new  
And really think you are a few  
Till someone steps upon your corn  
And makes you wish you were not born—  
Don't.

Don't storm and scold when things go wrong  
Or sing all day a doleful song  
Till life a burden you can make  
And all your friendship thus you break—  
Don't.

Don't talk and talk and talk some more  
Till every living thing you bore  
To hear no thing but your own voice  
And give your friends no other choice—  
Don't.





Our beautiful mountain home,  
Midst its forests and cliffs we roam,  
Resting in its shady nooks  
Or wandering by its dashing brooks.





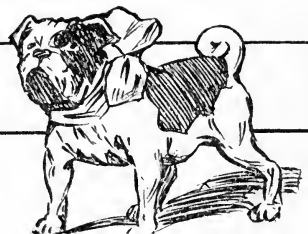
## Our Jack

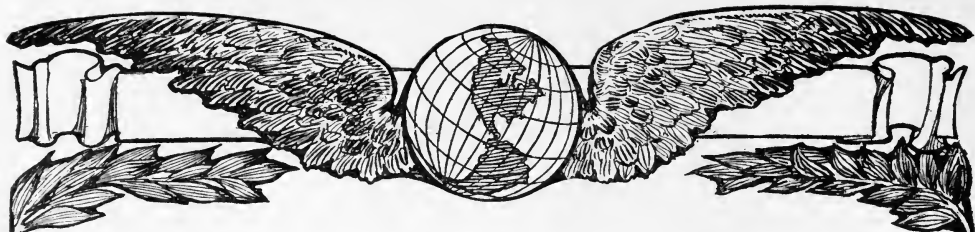
Old sturdy, stubborn, honest Jack,  
Whose pedigree dates from 'way back,  
A Pug who came to us one day,  
Liked us so well he was bound to stay.

And stay he did, and here he is,  
Attending strictly to his biz,  
To 'sleep and eat, and sleep again,  
Through sunshine, heat, in cold and rain.

He wants his way, and wants it bad,  
Won't budge an inch if he is mad,  
But never misses three square meals,  
And to the cook for more appeals.

Enjoy this life, our poor old Jack!  
Eat heartily—let nothing lack—  
For Mother Earth will be your bed,  
And you will be a long time dead.





## Tempus Fugit

On Time's fleeting magic wings  
Swiftly are we borne along,  
To the end it nearer brings  
Till we join the greater throng.

Youth's high hopes and higher aims  
Brook no waiting or delay,  
All the present seems so tame  
But the future bright and gay.

Onward, forward to the end,  
Youth makes joy and life so bright,  
Speeding feet our fancy lends,  
Brighter grows the future light.

Chasing fast the will-o'-wisp  
By ambitions fevered flight,  
From the time of baby lisp  
Till our hair is snowy white.

Retrospection we have none  
Till the end is brought too near,  
Turning then, one star alone  
Bids us onward without fear.

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Screened from our view  
the sad eyed doe  
Stood in hiding from  
fancied foe.



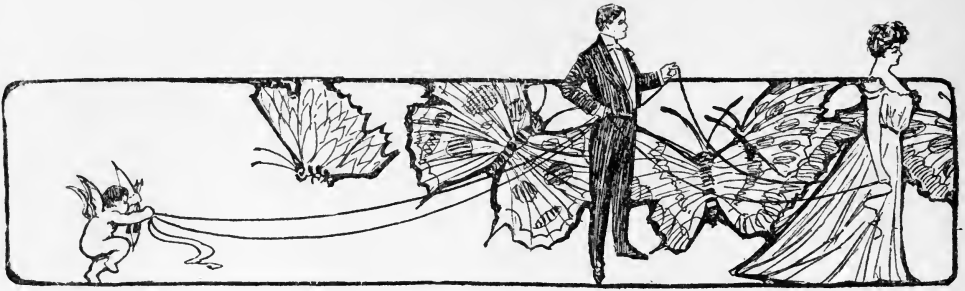


## A Mother's Love

A mother's love so deep, so pure,  
In every home it shines so bright,  
Nothing on earth one half so sure,  
Affection's guide to virtue's might.

In times of stress it never fails,  
In arms secure through infant days.  
To sympathy that boyhood hails  
In mother's love and mother's gaze.

Her loving life a blessing brings,  
Though many years she's passed and gone  
Bright halo 'round her memory clings—  
An echo of her cheery song.



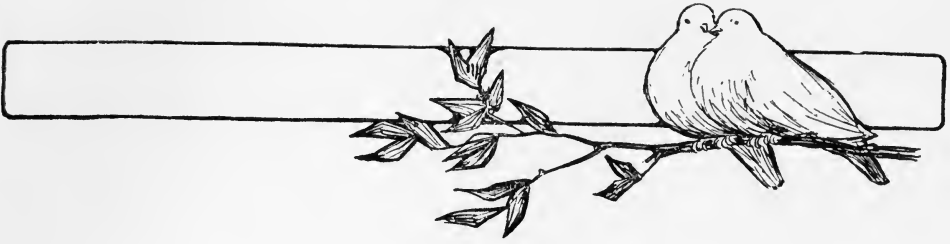
## Engaged

Kind friends and neighbors, one and all,  
Wherever you may be,  
Extend we you our friendly call,  
Our lives that you may see.

Warnings from you are somewhat late  
In our earthly venture  
Together we accept our fate,  
Please us do not censure.

Your good will do we much desire  
On life's uncertain road,  
Your thoughts we very much admire  
To help us bear our load.





With snares and traps our way is strewn  
On which we think there's more,  
We've learned from our kind friends the tune  
In modern old folks' lore.

Look then on us with kindly eyes,  
Weigh us not harsh measure,  
We'll sing to you in mournful sighs  
Thoughts that may give pleasure.

Thanks for your book with thoughts replete  
Of things we had not known,  
Between its covers thoughts complete  
You tell us what we've sown.





## Home

Home is where affection lies,  
On any land or sea,  
It is where the heart string ties,  
No matter where it be.

Love in hovel makes our home  
When heart is warm and true  
It is anywhere we roam  
Or dwell with loving few.

Not riches nor palace grand  
Can take affection's part,  
It rules the brave in every land  
When home is in the heart.

The humble loving roof tree  
Is home in every place  
The heart beats loyal and free  
Throughout eternal space.





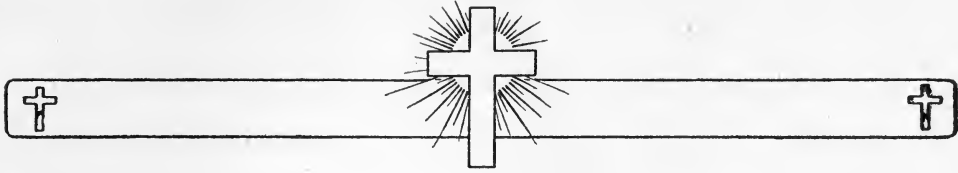
THE  
TROPIC  
FLOWERS  
BLOOM  
O'er  
this  
devoted  
home.



Neath the wide spreading vine  
Where the tropic flowers bloom  
The tendrils blossoms twine  
O'er this devoted home.

The romance of a life  
Was written neath its shade,  
Recording work and strife,  
In this beauty-bowered glade.





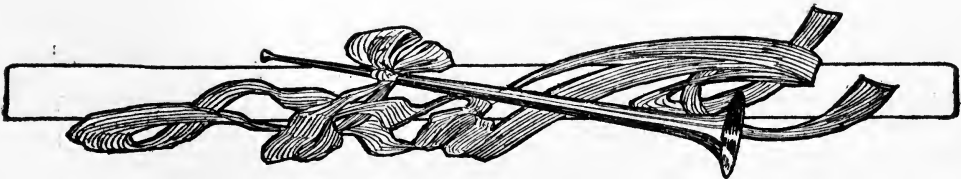
## Shall We Meet Again?

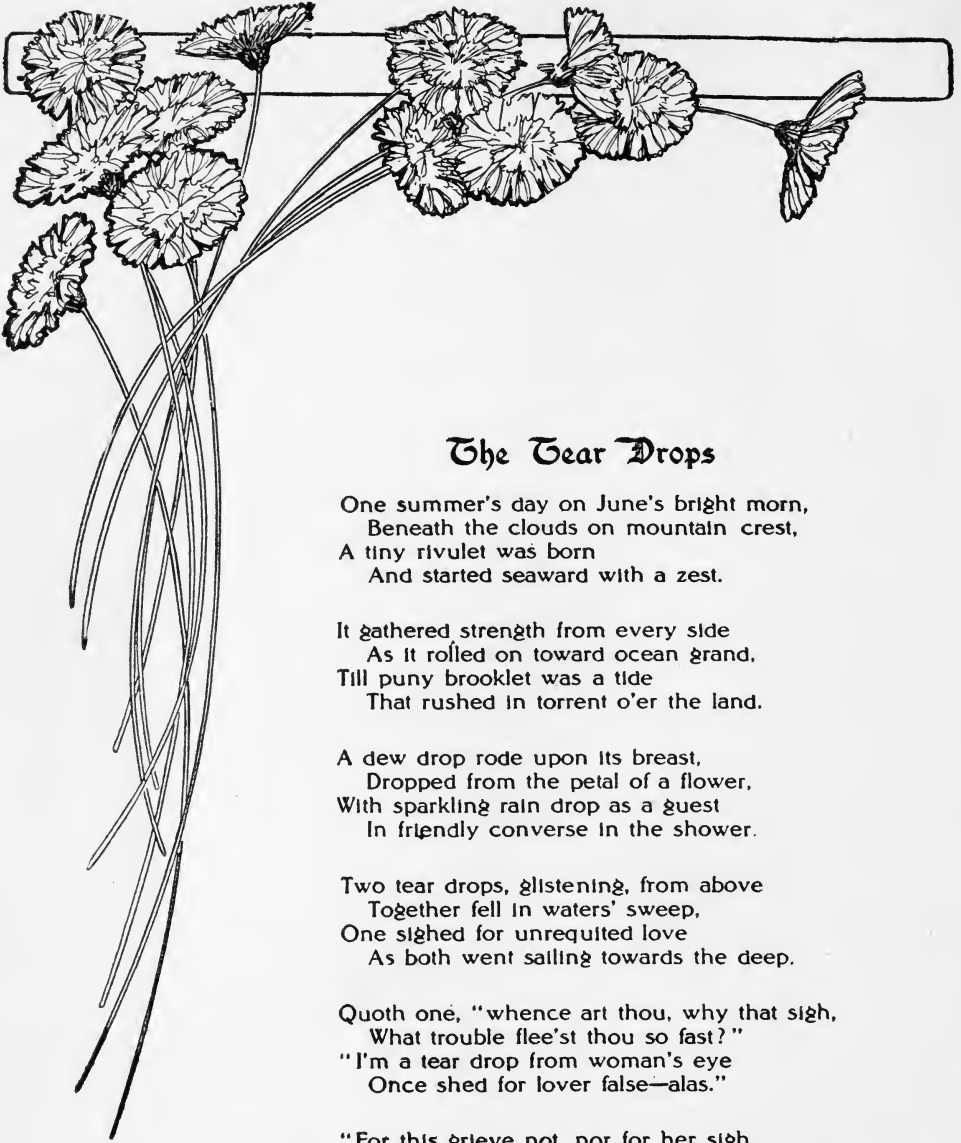
After life's fever of physical unrest,  
Parting from living friends, loving and best,  
After earth's sunlight has faded from our eyes  
And we've severed forever all earthly ties,  
Shall we meet again?

Is the upward struggle that we have bravely made  
Through sorrow and disaster in every grade,  
From bright, hopeful youth to the confines of age,  
That happens to all, the pauper, bard or sage  
To end in despair?

Can we not be sure when this life is ended  
That our living soul in future is blended  
With a bright joyous life to live forever,  
Through eternity's unending endeavor,  
Is open to us?

Let the craving of the heart in its desire,  
Give the answer supreme to that we aspire  
And the sweetness of life remain with us all,  
Till the trumpet of Gabriel sounds its last call,  
We shall meet again.





## The Tear Drops

One summer's day on June's bright morn,  
Beneath the clouds on mountain crest,  
A tiny rivulet was born  
And started seaward with a zest.

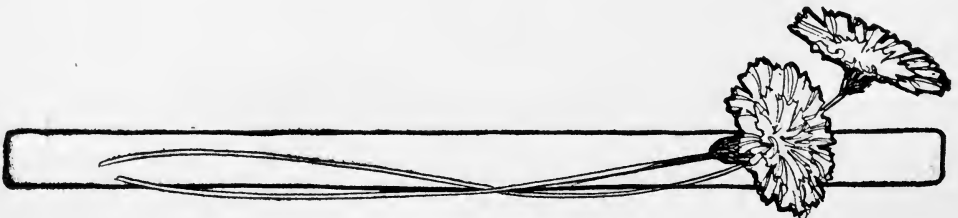
It gathered strength from every side  
As it rolled on toward ocean grand,  
Till puny brooklet was a tide  
That rushed in torrent o'er the land.

A dew drop rode upon its breast,  
Dropped from the petal of a flower,  
With sparkling rain drop as a guest  
In friendly converse in the shower.

Two tear drops, glistening, from above  
Together fell in waters' sweep,  
One sighed for unrequited love  
As both went sailing towards the deep.

Quoth one, "whence art thou, why that sigh,  
What trouble flee'st thou so fast?"  
"I'm a tear drop from woman's eye  
Once shed for lover false—alas."

"For this grievance not, nor for her sigh  
That basely from her he tarried,  
For I'm a tear drop from the eye  
Of the woman that he married."



THE  
MOUNTAIN  
MUSE



Through meadow and vale  
This limpid streamlet goes  
By hillside and dale  
Its sparkling water flows.

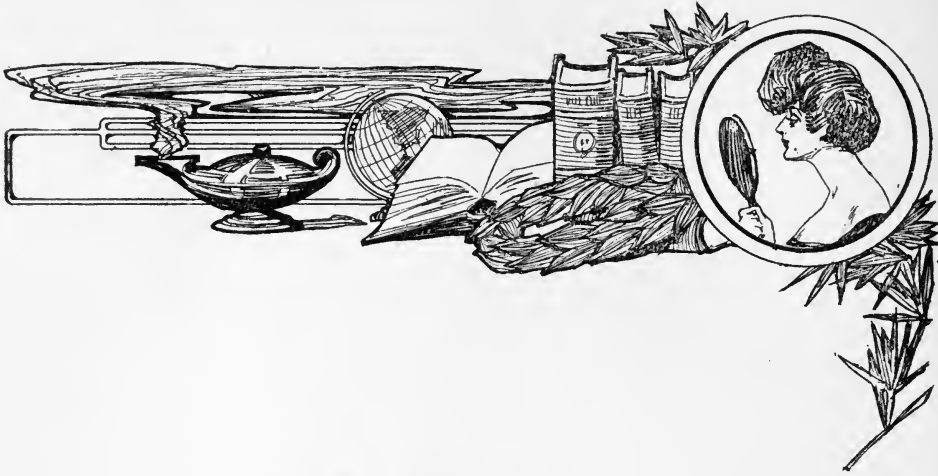




### The Old Mission

Solemn and stately thy massive  
structure stands  
Like a lone sentinel guarding  
surrounding lands,  
Venerable in years, thy solemn  
requiem tolls,  
We praise thee for what thou art  
to famished souls.

Beneath thy shadow ages have  
come and gone,  
Bringing to thy altars a worshipping  
throng  
To kneel, to praise and pray,  
and then to perish  
Leaving but a memory, friends  
to cherish.



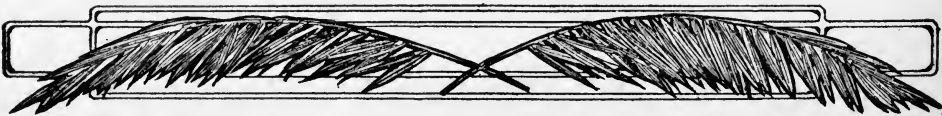
## Know Thyself

One problem in life, the hardest to solve,  
And struggle severe this task to evolve,  
By efforts supreme that we must not shirk,  
Through study incessant and sturdy work—  
Thyself to know.

Our acquaintance with great men may be small,  
With those in high places just none at all,  
Yet wisdom that counts in this "vale," forsooth,  
Is knowledge obtained by the way of truth—  
Thyself to know.

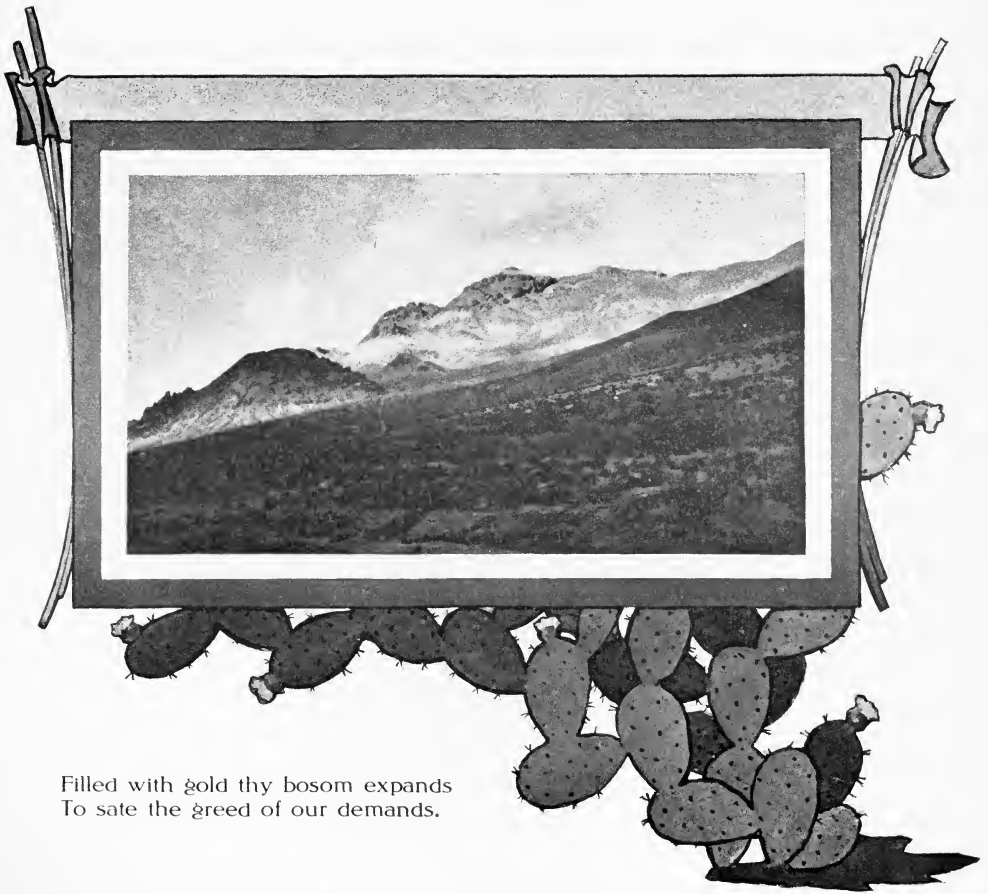
You may study events from morning till night,  
Absorb all the wisdom there is in sight,  
But always be sure there is one thing to do,  
Make knowledge complete thy task through and  
through—  
Thyself to know.

All other knowledge, though useful, 'tis true,  
May assist you to pass life's journey through,  
Yet no one thing can for a moment compare  
In wisdom acquired, with quality so rare  
Thyself to know.



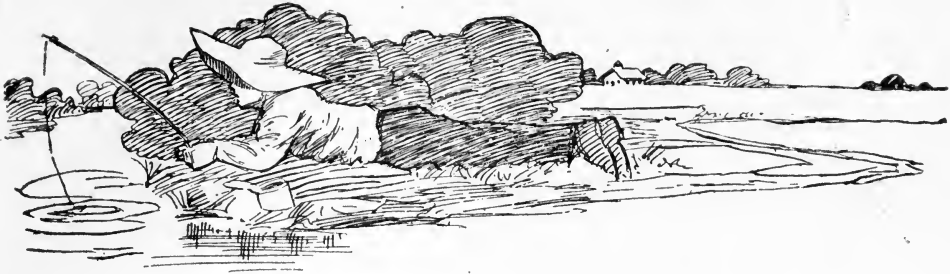


THE  
GOLD  
MINES  
OF  
CALIFORNIA



Filled with gold thy bosom expands  
To sate the greed of our demands.





## Youth's Arrogance

Behold the rising sun of youth,  
Disdainful of maturer age,  
Careless of knowledge, fact or truth,  
And greater than wise bard or sage.

He liveth once, and only once,  
In age self-confident and bold,  
From brilliant youth to stupid dunce  
He's seldom left out in the cold.

Could nature better them endow -  
The power to conquer each his fate  
Than plant within their bosom now  
This buoyant mood, this hopeful state.

Forgive, then, arrant self-conceit,  
Or cover fault with charity's cloak,  
When only nature's laws repeat  
Youth's weapon for successful stroke.





## The Yuletide

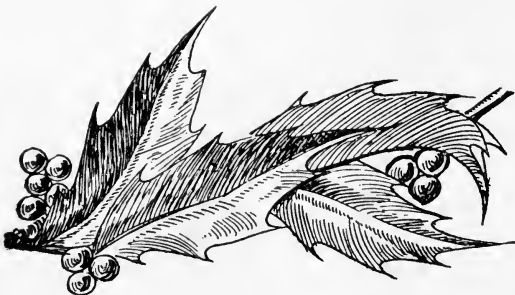
In each of our lives, the ebb and flow  
Comes to us here,  
Sometimes a caress, sometimes a blow—  
Each brings a tear.

The tide is moving, it will not wait  
On our delay,  
The tick of a clock decides our fate—  
It brooks no stay.

Our youthful hope the yuletide of life  
Is with us then,  
It passes us by in worldly strife—  
We know not when.

We still hear a rustling wing ahead,  
It leads us on;  
So others will by its token be led  
When we are gone.

May youth and hope long with you remain  
And Yule abide,  
Its sunshine and joy be your refrain  
A Christmas tide.

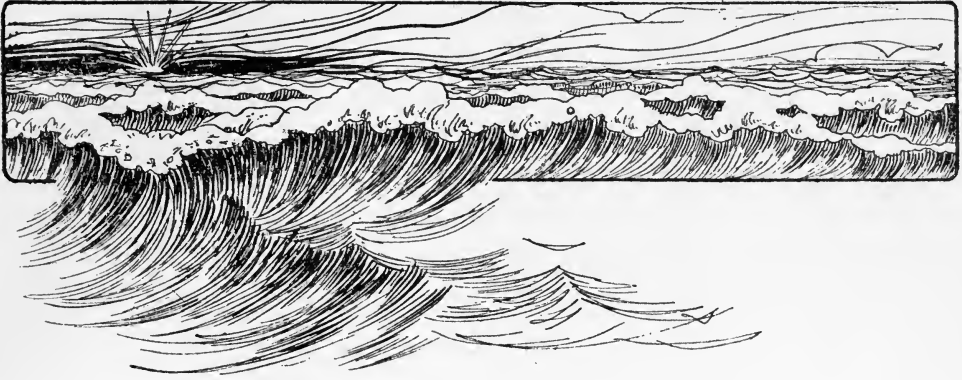


THE  
MOUNTAINS



These snow capped peaks  
That pierce the sky  
Are sturdy guards  
On mountains high





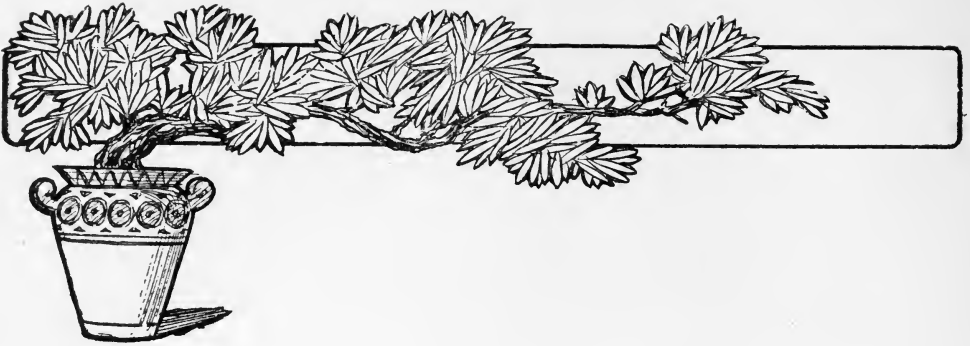
## Somewhere

Somewhere or other, perhaps beyond present human sight,  
Or hidden from our view, unsought, through mental stress unknown—  
Obscure, almost forgotten by us, a lingering light —  
Burns silently, like a twinkling star over tropic zone,  
Our beacon light.

Somewhere, perhaps above the storm clouds under the shining sun,  
Or buried beneath earth's cooling crest in fruition state;  
May opportunity meet us then in efforts begun,  
To reach our destiny yet unseen, tempting now our fate—  
In mortal sight.

Somewhere, sometime, seeing from afar in wonder knowing,  
We have reached the parting of the ways in life's short story—  
Where, meeting face to face, rejoicing with heart still glowing,  
Our destiny opens to our sight, a scene of glory  
Is here at last.





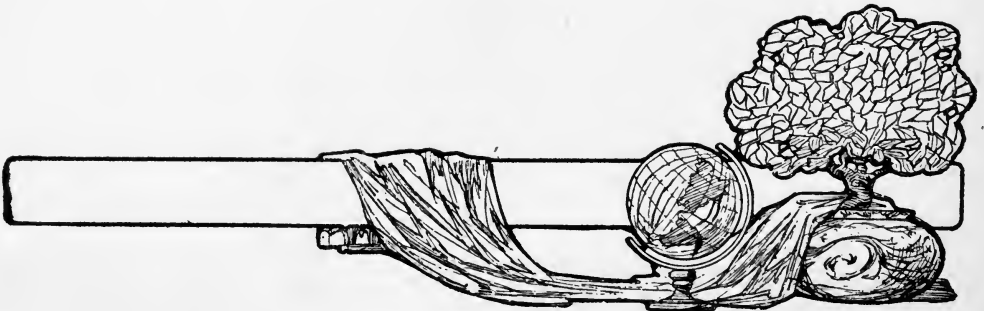
## Metaphysis

Could we with psychic gift bestowed  
Divine inspection make,  
Unveiling curtained heavens around  
Celestial view to take—

Or backward turning, ages eon  
Eternity's cycle see  
Where pictured in heaven's starry light  
Past, present and future be—

There, listening, hear with bated breath  
The music of the spheres,  
Till harmony of sight and sound  
Dispel our earthly fears.

Then visions dimmed by human touch  
Translucent ether seem  
And hidden mysteries of darksome  
Path in brightness beam.







Till life eternal for the soul  
In presence manifest,  
Its guiding star our way illumines  
And turns us to the best.

What then behold with visions clear  
That we in darkness sought;  
What mystic tangle there unveiled  
Through knowledge here untaught?

From doubting souls, midst earthly scenes,  
To worlds of dazzling light,  
While myriad bright refulgent rays  
Flash splendor on our sight.

Could we but know what then would show  
Our heritage from birth,  
We'd sing in rapturous melody  
Sweet songs of joy and mirth.



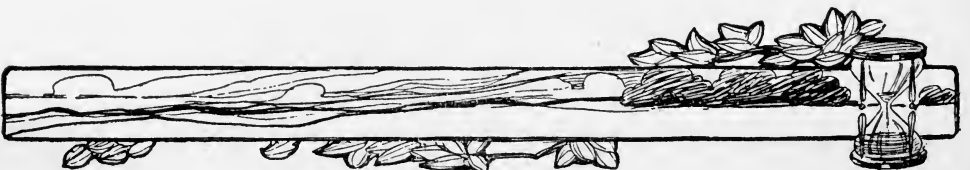


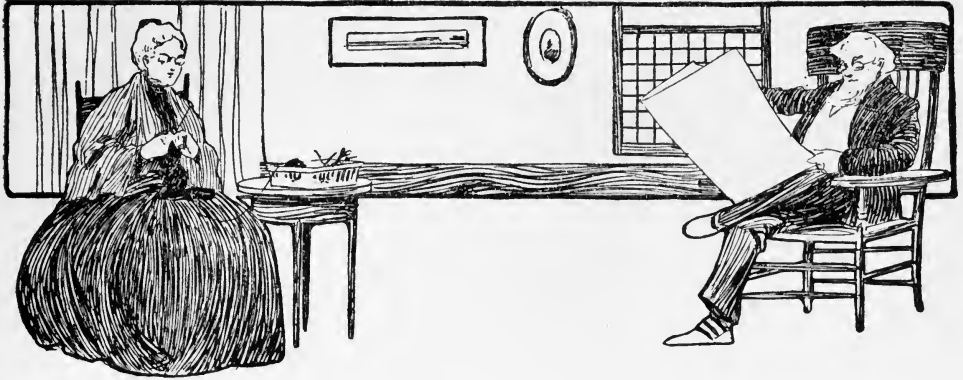
### In the Twilight

In the twilight when the sombre shadows  
Lengthen neath the trees  
And the ever flitting fireflies glimmer  
Through the trembling leaves—  
When the feathered songsters, nesting, twitter  
Soft their good night trill,  
And the denizens of nature each  
Prepare a rest tranquil

I have lingered in the twilight,  
Thinking sadly of the past,  
And recalled in musing memory  
Faces thronging thick and fast,  
As I pondered scenes of childhood  
Opened to my vision clear,  
And I saw as in a mirror  
Happy faces once so dear.

Faces long since gone before us  
And in visions only seen,  
In affection's fond remembrance  
Loved ones keep that memory green;  
Faces smiling full in gladness,  
Faces with a sunny gleam,  
And those faces full of sadness  
Which the future may redeem.





In my mother's smiling face is seen,  
By memory's mystic sight,  
The radiant beam of simple life  
A'tuned to mundane light —  
hear her charming voice resound  
In harmony sweet and clear  
That carries me through reflection's way  
To scenes in memory dear

And I long with sighs of sadness  
For the power them to recall,  
To efface each word of harshness  
And with love replace them all,  
For down low within my bosom,  
Where the heart throbs gently beat,  
Stern regret's slow poison pierces  
And its wound is long and deep.

And the twilight shadows deepened  
As I mused in memory's light  
When the darkness of the shadow  
Warned me of approaching night,  
Then I thought of time before me  
And of all the time that's past  
Till my faith soared onward, upward,  
And reached its haven at last.



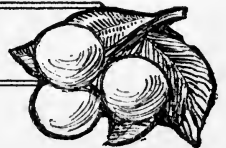
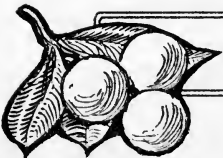


### Dearest

Do I love thee? Ask in vain  
If the flowers love the rain,  
And the echo from a heart  
That is broken when we part  
Sounds the answer strong and true  
That is given to but you.

Do I love thee? Ask again  
If the sunshine and the rain  
Bring the perfume all so sweet  
To the flowers at thy feet,  
And the answer is to know  
That their sweetness tells thee so.

Do I love thee? Let thy heart  
Give the echo as we part  
By affection's strongest tie  
That for thee was born on high,  
And my love thou didst not sue,  
Dearest, take it, strong and true.

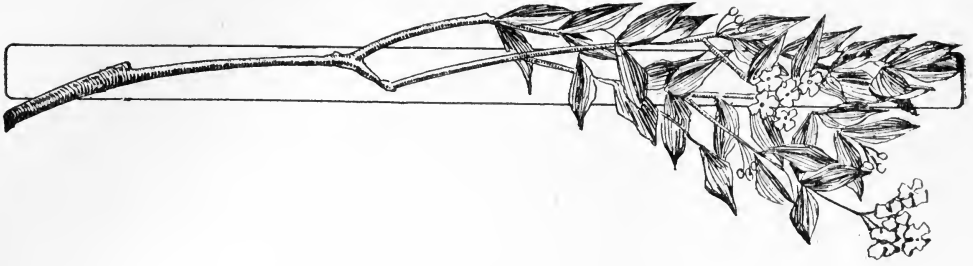


LAND OF  
CALIFORNIA



Calm and peaceful is thy bower  
'Neath the shade of forest trees,  
Bordered by both tree and flower,  
Gently kissed by summer breeze.

The diagram shows a 2D hexagonal lattice of atoms, represented by black dots. A central atom is highlighted with a larger dot. A dashed line connects this central atom to one of its nearest neighbors. The lattice is labeled with 'a' for the lattice constant and 'z' for the vertical distance between layers.



## Myrtle

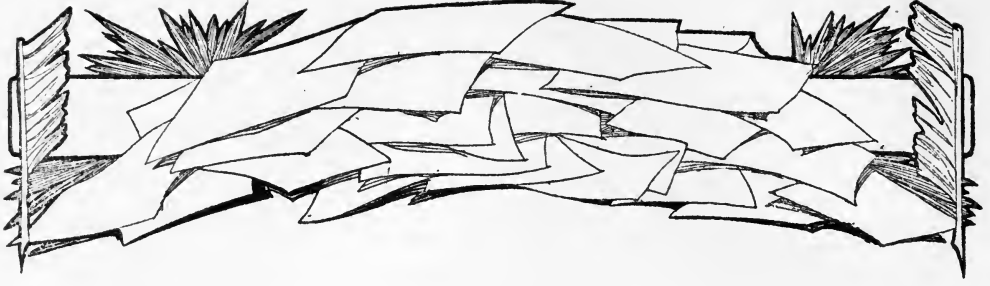
Sweet fragrance in the air  
Thy name suggests,  
So beautiful and fair  
All must caress.

Thy namesake fresh and green  
In morning light,  
In dainty robe—I ween  
A charming sight.

Though modest all admire  
Its dainty glow,  
You only can aspire  
This charm to know.

Sing then, O Muse, the name  
In dulcet song,  
For it doth just the same  
To each belong.





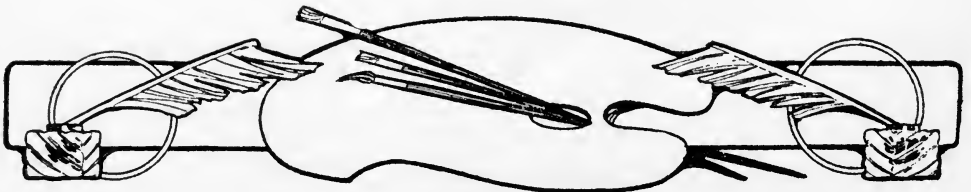
## Dreamland

Who in fancy has not wandered  
Through the silent dreamland maze,  
And in waking has not pondered  
On the scenes that met our gaze?

Such discordant thoughts are roaming  
Through these wearied brains of ours,  
As we sleep within the gloaming,  
Dreamland taxing all our powers.

Night dreams, chasing us in childhood,  
In fantastic garb appear,  
Day dreams, waiting us in manhood  
With their laughter, joys and tears.

In all countries and all ages  
We are dreaming time away,  
To the highest bards and sages  
Dreamland brings the brightest lays.

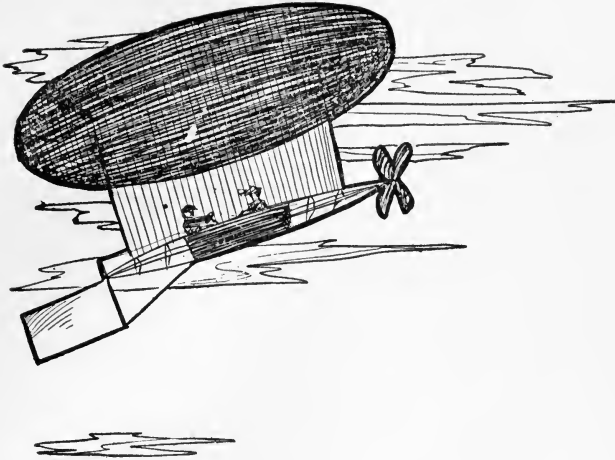






Neath cooling shade of graceful palm  
Clothed in its verdure bright and green,  
The sombre earth reposes calm,  
In tropic beauty nature's seen.





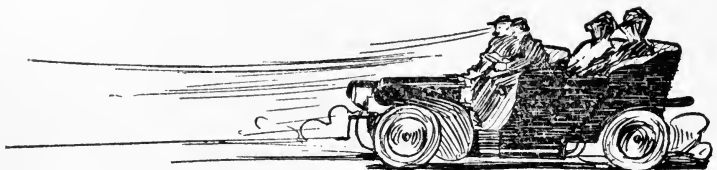
### Contentment

"Man wants but little here below"  
A swell automobile or so  
With a Rambler I'd be content  
If nothing better to me is sent.

Should nothing else present itself  
Plenty of "gelt" or other pelf  
Would answer my warm heart's desire  
Almost as well's a "Thomas Flyer."

A "Lansing Yacht" should fill the wish  
With Sir Isaac's tackle for the fish  
To pass serene a summer's day  
And in the sunshine dreaming lay.

The one sure thing that will content,  
And one on which my heart is bent,  
A motor airship in the sky  
In which with Betsy I could fly.



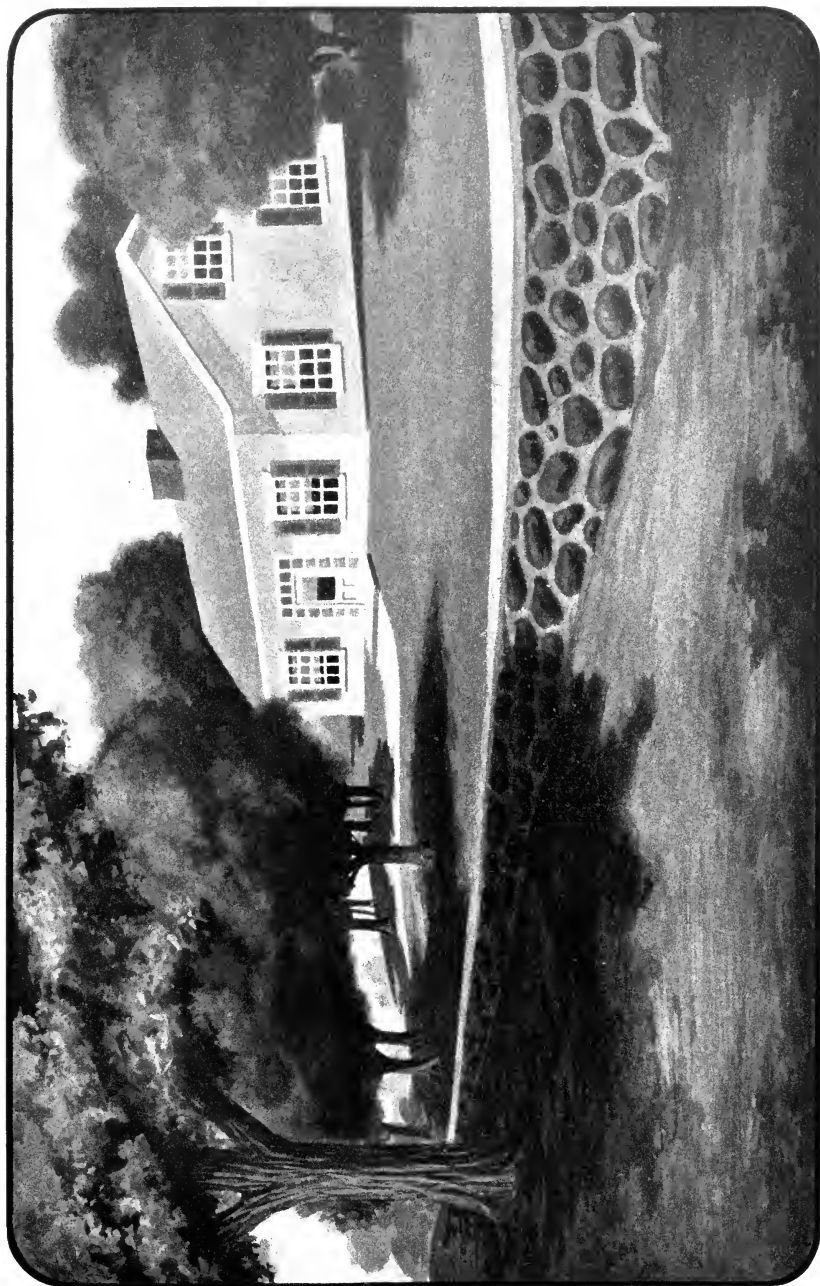


### Good Night.

Good night, dear one, good night,  
We part till morning light  
Shall shine in brightning day,  
By sun's refulgent ray.  
Good night.

Good night, sweet heart of joy,  
Pure gold without alloy,  
I keep thus, while we part,  
Thine image on my heart.  
Good night.





"How dear to my heart  
Are the scenes of my childhood  
When fond recollection  
Presents them to view."













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